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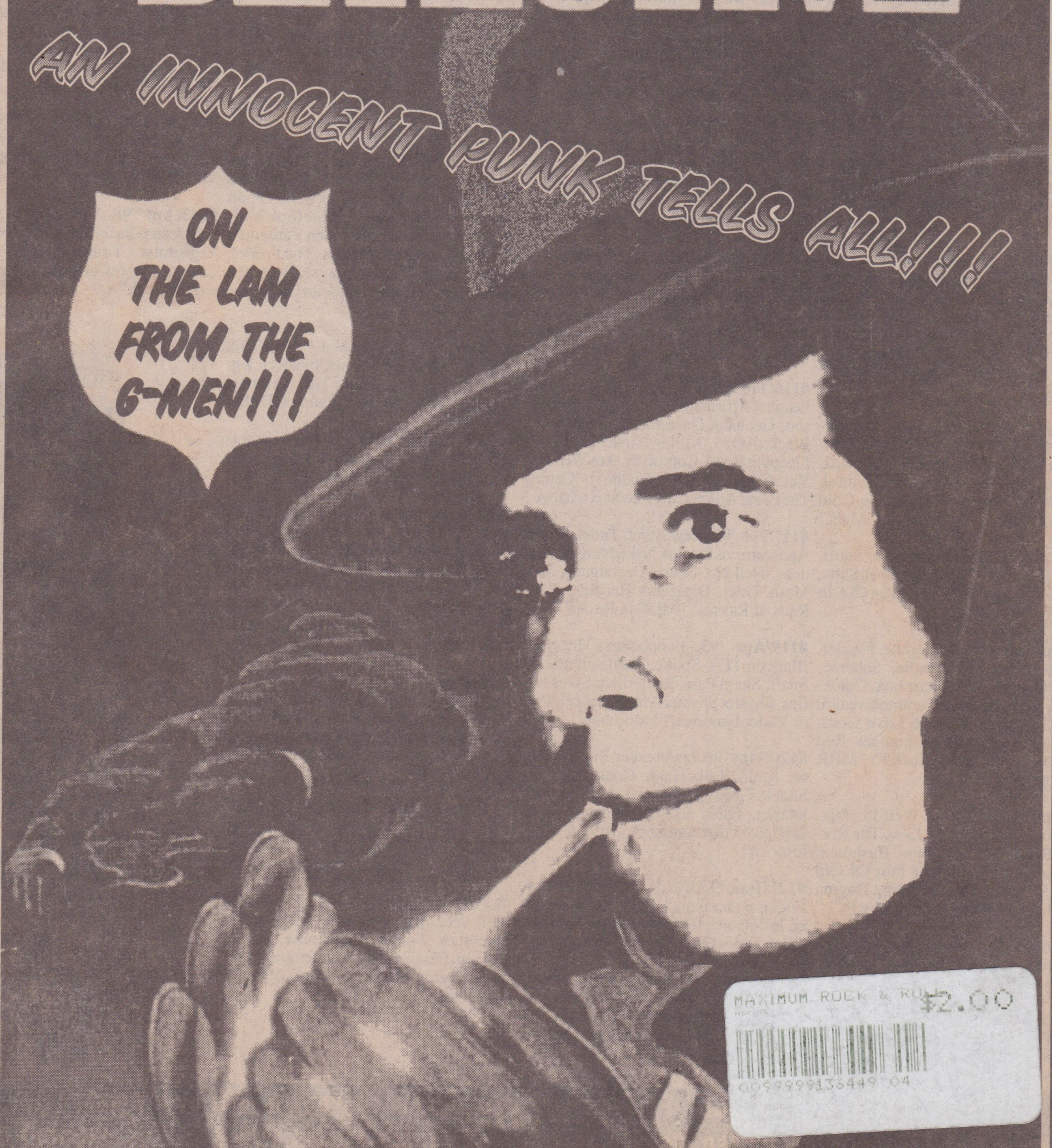
ON THE LAM FROM THE G-MEN!!!



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#58/Mar '88. Firehose, Squandered Message, Sheer Terror, CBMT, Zalozba FV, Will Shatter, Victor H of Alchemy Records.

#59/Apr '88. Va Bank, The Plague, Foundation, Black Uniforms, Damage, Four Walls Falling, Nazdor, Majority Of One, "Inconnu & the Hungarian Underground," "Pacifica vs the FCC."

#64/Sep '88. Flux Of Pink Indians, Walking Seeds, Naked Angels, Hungry Trolls, Art Phag, When People Were Shorter And Lived By The water, Sentimiento Incontrolable, Boom & the Legion Of Doom, Wig Torture, "Preventing Rape."

#76/Sep '89. Steel Pole Bath Tub, Tim Kerr, No Empathy, 3 Legged Dog, Underdog Records, Fiendz, Gruesomes, Drowning Roses, Freaks Of Nature, Second Chance, Funeral Swans, "Palestine, Israel and Intifada," "Anti Racist Action," "Burn Your Flag."

#78/Nov '89. Majority Of One, Ludwig Von 88, Slapshot, Rocks, Beruri-er Noir, Society Gone Madd, Mistaken Identity, Conspiracy Of Equals, Schpoostik Hospital, Momido7, "Touch & Go Retro," "Positive Force DC," Anti Racist Action," "German Squats.

#88/Sep '90. The Creamers, The Fixtures, Mega City 4, Dead Ends, Dandelion Adventure, Maniacs, Fiendz, Sludgeworth, Kolaborancji, Admiral, Crankshaft, Sleep, MTA, Long Cold Stare, 8-Bark, "Iraq's Boogey Man."

#93/Feb' 91. Chumbawamba, Snuff, The Fluid, Les Cadavres, Meat Shits, Psycho, D2D, Informers, "The CIA In Italy," "Paris Riots."

#100 pt 1/Sep '91. Ill Repute, Flipper, Nukey Pikes, Necracedia, Scherzo, Fitz Of Depression, Germbox, Crackhouse, Burn, Engage, Commonwealth, Ruth Schwartz, Voodoo Love Gods, Eye For An Eye, Ne Luumaet, Red London, "Does MRR Suck?", "MRR Bibliography Pt 1."

#100 pt 2/Sep '91. The Weirdos, Victims Family, Down By Law, The Rotters, Rorschach, Northen Bushmen, The Screw, Wheelchair Full Of Old Men Records, Just Say No, Dogma Mundista, "MRR Bibliography Pt 2."

#103/Dec '91. Sympathy For The Record Industry, The Didjits, Phleg Camp, Apostates, Jesus Lizard, Jeff Dahl, Urgent Fury, Strongbox, Eversor, Tripwire, Punishment Park, TVTV$, "Devon's Vacation," "Hippy Porn."

#106/Mar '92. Wat Tyler, The Cynics, Deviators, Verbal Assault, Philippine Violators, Slam Suzzanne, Molodoi, "Women's Health Care," "Attica 20 Years Later," "H.E.A.R."

#109/Jun '92. "Absolutely Queer" issue with Tribe 8, Pansy Division, Bruce LaBruce & Vaginal Creme Davis, Donna Dresch, "Queer Skinheads," "Coming Out."

#110 pt 2/Jul '92. "Bay Area Update" issue with J Church, Wynona Riders, Gr-ups, The Aborted, Special Forces, Rancid, Bumble Scrump, Strawman, Paxston Quiggly, Lung Butter, Good Grief, George Hated, The List Man, Grotus, Jack Acid, Grimple, Juke, Aaron Cometbus, Johnny Peebucks & the Swingin' Utters, Eggplant, Gag Order.

#111/Aug '92. Huasipungo, Real Cool Killers, Flux, Superchunk, Cosmic Psychos, Dr Strange Records, Pollution Circus, Erica Beck of Boy Records, Shelley's Children, Simple Machines Records, "Sexuality & Fascism."

#113/Oct '92. Jesus Lizard, Pete The Roadie, Svart Sno, The Stalin, The Queers, Oswald Five-0, Dare To Defy, Slaughter & the Dogs, Contempt, "Two Tales Of The Americas," "Professional Punx."

#116/Jan '93. The Diesel Queens, Bush League, Affirmative Action, Ken Sanderson, Genbaku Onanies, Schlong, Karen Black, AOS3, Killing Time, Charta 77, Sleeping Body, Coprofilia, Are We Dead Yet, Social Outcast, Godbox, "Getting The Point: An East Bay Needle Exchange."

#117/Feb '93. New Bomb Turks, Gaunt, Antiseen, Los Crudos, Naked Angels, Bivouac, Hell No, Souris Deslinguee, Sour Mash, Oiler, Datapanik Records, "Mad Ratts of Russia," "MDC in Russia."

#119/Apr '93. Econochrist, Insaints, Blaggers ITA, Spoke, Hasil Adkins, 16, Snair, Sham Pain, Spiderbait, Spit Muffins, Shyster Shyster And Flywheel, Volpi Vadoplyassova, "Marijuana".

#120/May '93. Jawbreaker, Supercharger, Avail, Lük Haas, Cockpit, Sugar Shack, Groovy Ghoulies, Lumpin Proletariet, Fobia Estatal, Negu Gorriak, Dolf of Trust fanzine, "British Antifascism".

#121/June '93. Tilt, Rancid Hell Spawn, Lockjaw, Lookout UK, Crust, Facepuller, Inflatables, Positive Greed, No Joke, "Emo Boy's Guide to Thrift Shopping."

#122/July '93. Sparkmarker, Grey Spikes, Smear, Desert Culturel, Rhythm Collision, Subterranean Records, Velocity Girl, Schwartzeneggar, Pleum, Pilgrims, House Of Faith.

#123/Aug '93. Lungfish, (ego), Plainfield, Quincy Punx, The Hidden, Bombs For Whitey, False Sacrament, Green Popsickle, Mersault, "Engagement Agreement".

#125/Oct '93. Chaos UK, Not So Happy, StandCo, C.D.F.L., Bap, Disco Biscuit, Malachi Krunch, Blindfold, Peter Bagge of Hate comics.

#126/Nov '93. The Gears, Teengenerate, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Sinister Six, Sad Pygmy, Moving Targets, Indian-@narchy, Destroy TV, Ayn Imperato, Bucky Sinister, Dave McCord.

#128/Jan '94. Les Thugs, Face Value, Policy Of 3, Horsey, Small, Strain, All You Can Eat, "Drug Maelstrom."

#129/Feb '94. "Work" theme issue with: Jim & Debbie Goad (Answer Me!), Beth (Cockpit), John McDonald (Count Backwards), Metal Mike (Angry Samoans), Queen Itchiie (Everything I Touch Turns To Shit), Joe Queer (Queers), Gavin MacArthur (Schlong), Herbie (Spit Muffin), Liz (Super Pussy), Ken Taniguchi (Beyonds), Aaron Muentz (The Probe), Scott Drake (The Humpers), Gretchen Holtz (Smears), Jim (Vatican Commandos).

#130/Mar '94. Wretched Ones, Gob, Tar, The Meteors, Spiral Objective, Zip Gun, Borax, New Bomb Turks, Harriet The Spy, ABC No Rio, Sandow Birk.

#132/May '94. The Freeze, UXA, Brainstorm, Stand Up, Parasites, Spore, Whatever, Spud Jones, "3 Strikes."

#134/July '94. All-Japan issue with: H.G. Fact, Senseless Apocalypse, Out Of Touch, Jack With Killer, Mr. Eimori, Lefty, Copass Grinderz, Side Order, Rabia, Volume Dealers, Def Master, The Fringe, The Beyonds, Iconoclast, Death Side, Gods Guts, Thunderbolt, Japanese BYOFL.

#135/August '94. Impatient Youth, Screaming Bloody Marys, Carburator Dung, Timescape Zero, Westworld, Mouthpiece, The Makers, The Monitors, "Punks In The Military".

#136/Sept '94. Mukilteo Fairies, Tourettes, NRA, Logical Nonsense, Fireworks, Smears, Shatners vs Apemen, Ben Hamper, Chicago Homocore.

#137/Oct 94. Guitar Wolf, Hellbillys, AFI, Jeck Kevorkian & The Suicide Machines, Sound Bite House, Trashwomen, Disassociate, No Demuestra Interes, Boston Archives, "Roots of Punk--the 50s".

#138/Nov 94. Skull Control, Good Riddance, Spent Idols, Crutch, The Statics, Randumbs, Public Nuisance, Kent 3, Stretford, Front X, Earl's Family Bombers, Scam Zine, "Putting on Gigs Pt 1", "Roots of Punk--The Cramps".

#139/Dec 94. Portraits Of Past, The Vandals, Hammerhead, Wartorn, Sexton Ming, Decadence Within, Cocknoose, Willys, Purple Onion, "Putting on Gigs Pt 2", "Roots of Punk--Velvet Underground".

#141/Feb 95. Universal Order Of Armageddon, Spazz, Sillies, No Knife, Ida, Black Fork, Bert, Bons A Rien, Lawnsmell, Fondled, Drunk In Public, "Corporations", "Roots of Punk--NY Dolls".

#142/Mar 95. Demolition Doll Rods, Seizure Boy, Oblivians, Bunny Brains, Suspects, Guzzard, Doctors, Notoken, Mouthfull, Hellbender.

#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Super Fly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, "True Crime", "Roots of Punk--The Northwest Sound."

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Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on next page.

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Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: Before 1st of month-- no later!!

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1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $40
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $50

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COVER: Tim Yo

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WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!?

articles graphics news interviews SCENES

We are downright reliant for contributions from our readers - scene reports, interviews, news features, articles, letters - if you got 'em, we'll take 'em. We have a scanner - a nifty gadget that reads documents *as long as they're neatly typed.* A type size of at least 10 pts is required, as our scanner is a bit myopic. It doesn't read handwritten corrections and poor quality photo-copies give it a headache. If you absolutely must make a last-minute correction, use a light-blue correction marker. The scanner is color blind and won't get all bent out of shape. Typing in all capitals is a childish thing to do and severely vexes our shitworkers, who must retype the entire document. If you're slick enough to have a computer, send it to us on a disk. We can handle any 3 1/2 inch disk, Mac or IBM. We make so much fucking money, we can even afford to return your disk.

Interviews are a particularly touchy subject here at MRR. We want quality! Don't even bother sending us a review of your best friend's band if all you're gonna do is kiss their ass. Here are some tried and true guidelines for you to follow. 1) Plan your questions in advance, but allow for conversational flow. 2) Be controversial. Attack that band for the fascist bastards they are - and don't let them off the hook when they pop off with something stupid. 3) Keep the conversation moving - let it flow from topic to topic. Try not to do all the talking yourself. 4) Avoid taping interviews in noisy restaurants, under freeways, etc. 5) Keep it concise. Transcribing is a bitch, and the longer you go on, the more likely you are to get bogged down in silly, meaningless shit. Try to get to the main issues as soon as possible. End it as soon as the dialogue begins to disintegrate. Avoid one-line-answer questions. 6) Try to get to the personality of the group. At all costs avoid this question: "What are some of your influences?" That's dull, dull, dull! 7) Graphics are important. Send as much in the way of logos, lyrics, photos and artwork as possible. Give us something to work with! Before doing an interview, call us to check it out in advance.

Scene Reports: Keep them short and to the point. Cram them with info... what is there to do in your town? What kind of bands and venues? Think of it as a tour guide for travelling punks, and include addresses for everything. Youth hostels, record stores and other places of interest to punks are important information. Send us nice photos, so we can make it look pretty.

Articles are somewhat rare here; that's because not many well-written ones come our way. Try to be thorough in your research. Pretend you're getting graded. Not all articles have to political or "heavy" social issues - we would appreciate a bit of humor, as well. As much as it pains us to admit it, Ben Weasel's "Punk Business" article was a good example of what we're looking for. If you've got an idea, call us and talk to us.

Graphic Artists tend to be flakes, which is why we have such a tough time keeping this 'zine sufficiently artsy. Send a sample of your work, as well as a rough sketch of what you might do with the 10" by 16" centerfold or a cover.

Book Reviews may not always get published, but if you send one in that we find interesting, we'll be thrilled to run it.

Radio Stations that cover punk are occasionally featured in MRR. Send us in a few paragraphs about your station, as well as some tasty graphics or logos.

Scum Pit is something that interests a rare breed of obsessive record collectors. If you think you know everything or something about rare and collectable punk records, send us an article.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL RADIO

Michelle Haunold
Radley Hirsch
Carolyn Keddy
Alisa Schulman
Jon Von
Paula Hirsch
Kenny Kaos
Ken Sanderson
Michelle Shipley
Last Will

CHRY	North York, ON
105.5FM	Weds 1AM
CKDU	Halifax, NS
97.5FM	Saturday 11:30PM
CKMS	Waterloo, ON
100.3FM	Friday 10PM
KALX	Berkeley, CA
90.7FM	Wednesday midnight
KCPR	San Luis Obispo, CA
91.3FM	Sunday 5PM
KDVS	Davis, CA
90.3FM	Friday 9PM
KMNR	Rolla, MO
89.7FM	Thurs noon/Sun midnight
KWVA	Eugene, OR
88.1FM	Wednesday 8PM
KXCI	Tucson, AZ
91.3FM	Tues 1AM
KZUM	Lincoln, NE
89.3FM	Sunday 1AM)
WESQ	Rocky Mount, NC
90.9FM	Wednesday 11PM
WKSR	Kent, OH
730AM	Wednesday 2PM
WNCI	New London, CT
91.1FM	Saturday midnight
WSPN	Saratoga Springs, NY
91.1FM	Monday 1AM
WUTK	Knoxville, TN
90.3FM	Friday 11PM
Free Radio	Berkeley, CA
104.1FM	Monday 9PM
4ZZZ	Fortitude Valley, Australia
102.1FM	Tuesday 10PM
Radio Pomme	Louviers, France
91.6FM	Wednesday 7PM
Radio Skidrow	Sydney, Australia
88.9FM	Wednesday 10PM

RADIO STATIONS: MRR Radio shows are available for stations **only**. Requests for info should be on station letterhead. Contact us at the address on previous page.

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

MATT AVERAGE

- 76% UNCERTAIN-Are You Certain?-CD
- American't-#1-zine
- RESIST-Ignorance Is Bliss-LP
- V/A-No Desire To Continue Living-10"
- Coke And Sympathy-#1-zine
- CAR BOMB UNIT-End The War Now-EP
- INFEST-Machismo-EP
- S.F.A.-Thanks A Lot-EP
- TRASHWOMEN-Deep Space-LP
- No Labels-#1-zine

SUZANNE BARTCHY

- RIP OFFS-live in Santa Rosa
- QUEERS-Surf Goddess-EP
- THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45
- BLUE DEVILS/MINI COOPER GANG-split EP
- V/A-Surf And Skate Vol 1-LP
- SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
- TRASHWOMEN-Deep Space-LP
- V/A-Bum Vs. Teengenerate-2xEP
- HATE BOMBS-She's The Girl-45
- MAN OR ASTROMAN?-Mr Atom-EP

LALI DONOVAN

- SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
- NO EMPATHY-live
- CHOKING VICTIM-Crack Rock Steady-EP
- THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45
- OI POLLOI-Guilty-EP
- NERVES/SUBSTANDARD-split EP
- GAIA-No. 1-EP
- STIFFS-Blown Away Baby-EP
- QUEERS-Surf Goddess-EP
- V/A-No Desire To Continue Living-10"

KARIN GEMBUS

- V/A-Education Compilation-LP
- THE FAKES-Real Fuction-LP
- GAIA-No. 1-EP
- ANDON-Vate Faire Encouler-EP
- Character Builder-zine
- PEACE OF MIND-EP
- SAMUEL-Lives Of Insects-EP
- JACK O'FIRE-OK Class-EP
- SFA-New York Demos-EP
- BEV. CLONE-Don't Use Hooks-EP

CHRIS HARVEY

- V/A-Bum Vs Teengenerate-EP
- THE SQUARES-Bewitched-45
- THE KAISERS-Alligator Twist-EP
- INLAND EMPERORS-Hey Hey-45
- VULCANEERS-live
- TRASHWOMEN-Invade Chinatown-45
- SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
- TRASHWOMEN-Deep Space-LP
- FRENCHY-live
- CEE BEE BEAUMONT-Incendiary Sounds-EP

MICHELLE HAUNOLD

- SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
- DIE LOKALMATADORE-Punk Rock Band-EP
- DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
- NEW BOMB TURKS-Live '93-12"
- V/A-Bum Vs Teengenerate-2xEP
- PANSY DIVISION-James Bondage-45
- VINDICTIVES-Alarm Clocks-EP
- THE VIKINGS-Rock All-EP/QUEERS-Surf Goddess-EP
- TRASHWOMEN-Deep Space-LP
- CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- HATE BOMBS-She's The Girl-45
- CLAM HAMMER-O-EP/CRUDOS-Shelter-EP
- DRIPPY DRAWERS-Jump Through It-EP
- RADIOPUHELIMET-Hygeine-EP
- STEELWOOL-Mechanical Servants-45
- SMOOTHIES-Overdose Me-EP
- BLACK TOP-Mojo Kitty-45/THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45
- DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
- MUSHFACE-Buxom & deSoto-Cd
- THE KAISERS-Alligator Twist-EP

RAY LUJAN

- GOOPS-On The Road With-EP & live
- JIMMY EAT WORLD-CD
- SINKHOLE-Space Freak-LP
- QUEERS-Surf Goddess-EP
- CANNED TRAVOLTA-EP
- SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
- TILTWHEEL-Know?-EP
- UPHILL DOWN-Timebomb-EP
- WAX-13 Unlucky Numbers-CD
- TOY DOLLS-Orcastrated-LP

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TOP 10

Please send us your records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for review and one for airplay), or CD-only release. We no longer review tapes.

TIMOJHEN MARK

DISCORDANCE AXIS-Ulterior-LP
I FICHISSIMI-EP/INFEST-EP
NEW BOMB TURKS-Live '93-12"
V/A-Bum Vs. Teengenerate-2xEP
V/A-No Desire To Continue Living-10"
GAIA-No. 1-EP
MALICIOUS HATE-Consumed By Hate-EP
RESIST-Ignorance-LP
V/A-Gay Pride-EP
HIATUS/FLEAS & LICE-split EP

SMELLY MUSTAFA

LOUDMOUTHS-live
COCKNOOSE-Bad Men, Butchers...-CD
PANSY DIVISION-James Bondage-EP
TRIBE 8-Fist City-LP
VALSE TRISTE-Perheeni On Sairas-EP
FUCKSHOVEL-Cum Drainer-EP
DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
JACK O'FIRE-OK Class, Let's Review-EP
NOSTRILSAURUS-The Little People Don't Forget-EP
SAWED OFF-Butcher Town-45

NEIL NORDSTROM

DISCORDANCE AXIS-Ulterior-LP
GAIA-No. 1-EP
MALICIOUS HATE-Consumed By Hate-EP
POSITI CAUSTICO/VIOLENT HEADACHE-split EP
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT-End The War Now-EP
V/A-No Desire To Continue Living-10"
RESIST-Ignorance Is Bliss-LP
SFA-New York Demos-EP
VALSE TRISTE-Perheeni On Sairas-EP
SUBSTANDARD/NERVES-split EP

JEFF RANDOM

STIFFS-Blown Away Baby-EP
V/A-Bum Vs. Teengenerate-2xEP
SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
HATE BOMBS-She's The Girl-45
TRASHWOMEN-Deep Space-LP
SQUARES-Bewitched-45
THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45
TRASHWOMEN-Invade Chinatown-45
NEW BOMB TURKS-Live '93-12"

BRUCE ROEHRS

SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-L
BLACKTOP-Mojo Kitty-45
FED UP/ADDVICE FOR ADDICTS-split EP
DIE LOKALMATADORE-Punk Rock Band-EP
STIFFS-Blown Away Baby-EP
ANTISEEN-It All Breaks Down-EP
DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
FIZZOGS-Slumbercrete-EP
SLEDGE HAMMER-Anthem-EP
THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45

KEN SANDERSON

V/A-Education-LP
OI POLLOI-Guilty-EP/GAIA-No 1-EP
V/A-No Desire To Continue Living-10"
MAN OR ASTROMAN?-Mr Atom-EP
DISCORDANCE AXIS-Ulterior-LP/RESIST-LP
RADIOPUHELIMET-Hygeine-EP
SPITBOY-Rasana-EP
SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
THE BAD TRAP-EP/JACK O'FIRE-EP
V/A-Bum Vs. Teengenerate-2xEP

JON VON

SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
QUEERS-Surf Goddess-EP
HATE BOMBS-She's The Girl-45
KAISERS-Alligator Twist-EP/GOOPS--EP
DIE LOKALMATADORE-Heute-LP
THE VIKINGS-Rock All-45
TRASHWOMEN-IChinatown-45 & Deep Space-LP
BORIS THE SPRINKLER-Testacles-CD
STIFFS-Blown Away-45
CANNED TRAVOLTA-Time To Change-45

TIM YOHANNAN

OI POLLOI-Guilty-EP
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IGGY & THE STOOGES-Rough Power-10"
FIZZOGS-Slumbercrete-EP
DEMOLITION DOLL RODS-Unauthorized-EP
I FICHISSIMI-Un Mondo Fichissimi-EP
MEATMEN-College Radio Loser-EP
V/A-Surf And Skate Vol 1-LP
SWINGIN' UTTERS-The Streets Of San Francisco-LP
TRASHWOMEN-Invade Chinatown-45

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Rorschach—"Protestant" lp
Hell No—lp/cd

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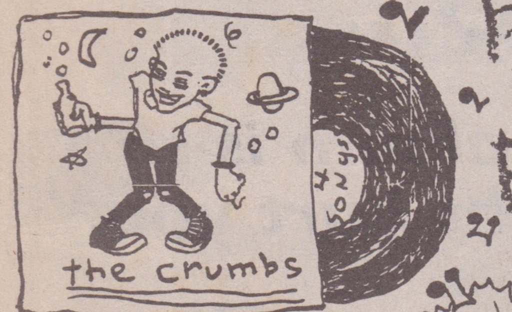

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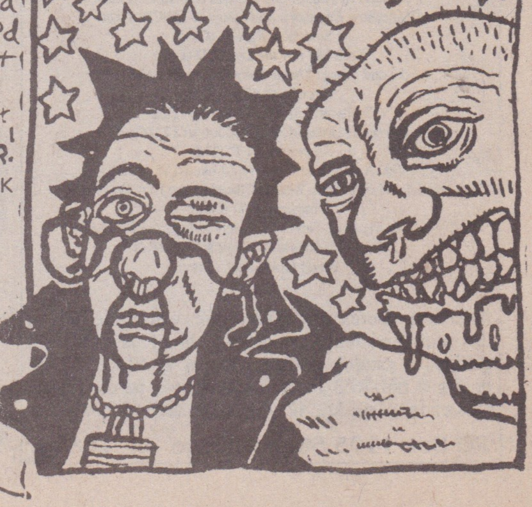

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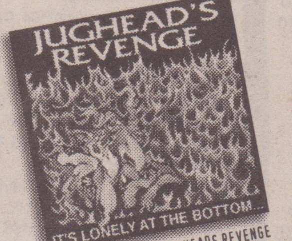

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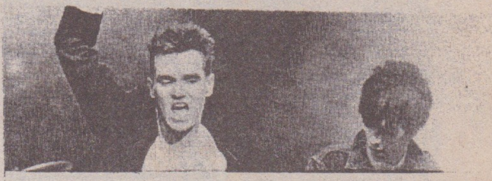

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Letters

A Hey Gregory Smith From New York,

You idiot. You whine, "What is wrong with MRR?" You then proceed to explain that MRR is awful cuz they: 1) didn't kiss Kurt Cobain's ass after he died, like the entire mass media did 2) they didn't kiss Jello Call the-Pigs Biafra's ass when he got his knee busted 3) print George Tabb 4) print Mykel Board.

O.K. First off, who is "MRR"? Are you talking about Tim Yo? Are you saying, "What is wrong with Tim Yo?" Cuz I mean if you're gonna knock MRR you're basically knocking Tim.

First off, Tim Yo, contrary to your belief, was very considerate in the wake of Kurt C.'s death. In one of his editorials he mentioned that politics aside, he was sorry to see Kurt kill himself. Not that it matters too much. Hell, I didn't shed a tear.

Secondly, Tim Yo printed a thoroughly researched article about Jello's attack that showed all sides of the incident. It was a very fair article. Maybe it poked a little fun at the whole thing, but I mean it isn't like Jello was killed. Also, Tim wrote a very considerate, yet critical, letter to Jello which was reprinted in Panic Button #9.

Next, you attack George Tabb. Lighten up Gregory. Tabb is an interesting read always even if he may not be an outstanding politically correct role model. I'm surprised at your lack of any kind of sense of humor. But I mean, hell, what should I expect from someone who signs their name "Gregory"? People who call themselves Gregory like to watch Regis and Kathie Lee and laugh at Garfield.

Finally, you attack Mykel Board. The problem with most Mykel Board critics is this: they attack him personally instead of attacking his ideas. True to form, instead of criticizing any particular part of his columns you slandered way he him by saying, "he's probably mad because the only can get laid is to go to Thailand and pay for it." Now all things said, that's not a bad line. But I know you stole it from somebody cuz your name's "Gregory" and you're a twit. Best wishes lamo,

Tim Wright/ 127 Woodside Rd./ Sudbury, MA 01776

PS I know this is off the topic, but I thought I'd just comment that the Rip Offs are still the best band in the entire world just in case some people didn't know.

B To Editors, Readers and Punks alike,

I am writing in response to Beth Johnson's column in the January issue of MRR. I was taken aback by Ms. Johnson's closed-minded analysis of current punk trends and city "scenes," as well as her conclusions of who belongs or "is allowed" to claim punkdom. Your column did not only "SEEM classist as hell," it damn well WAS classist as hell.

I have, in fact, found "refuge" for my "misfit soul" in the punk community. I am different, however, from your vision of a perfect punk. I was raised in a loving, well-off family. I was not an alien in my family but more in "my" society. I found that the society I was raised to be a part of was hostile to me as a woman, an anti-establishment supporter and a free thinker. I was unimpressed by mainstream (My god am I sick of that word. Someone please coin a better word) press and music. Ms. Johnson indicates that my disenchantment with the establishment is invalid. She tells me that I can't reject the establishment because I am part of it. Well a big fuck you to that, Ms. Johnson.

The argument you posit is this: "What kind of anger or aggression or dissatisfaction could possibly come from a family situation where there is plenty or too much of everything. Where parents are so eager to make sure their little darlings are happy that they support every whim and wish that crosses their kid's minds. What is there to rebel against?" I find fault in your logic in the following ways: #1) Rich families are not always nurturing and caring. I know, I know no one wants to hear "how tough it is to be a rich kid" Well, no matter, the truth is abuse happens in ALL families not just lower-class families, not just middle class families and not just upper-class families. Rich does not equal supportive and loving. That is a fantasy. #2) Anger is not always generated because of family-life. Society has been known to spark some anger and aggression in people (understatement). Society is very capable of constructing models and forms that is coerces us to fit into. In many cases, families are merely tools by which are society tries to perpetuate these ideals.

At this point you say to me: "How can you blame society when you are as much a part of society as the shmoe sitting next to you?" To this I respond: This is why we actively find ways to live out an anti-establishment lifestyle. Each person finds the way that they can best actively convey their discontent with the status quo. Punks come in all shapes and sizes. Short ones, skinny ones... so the song goes. #3) As for your argument that little rich kids don't know what it is to be radical or that they have no desire for change, god, fuck you again. I don't want this status quo shit anymore than you do. Then again maybe YOU do want status quo... you can't seem to handle that the punk scene may metamorphose and change... it sure as hell isn't going to remain static. If I wanted status quo, I wouldn't call myself a feminist and demand that women need to fight for change. If I wanted status quo, I could be making a lot more money than I am, but I'm not. (I'm neither asking for pity nor am I complaining.) Funny I sound a wee bit defensive ,eh?

I feel personally affronted that you tell me my beliefs are of no value that I am merely following some fad and that my parents are supporting me through this. You don't know who the hell I am and I resent that you think you do. I am 22 years old. I'm not on my daddy's bankroll. If I am such a farce based merely on the upbringing that I've had, then why would I go out of my way to support locally-owned businesses? Why would I volunteer at a local co-op grocery. Why would I refuse to take higher-paying corporate-run jobs? I am trying to live a life that I can be proud of. Is there something wrong with that?

Did you ever stop to consider that punk means do-it-yourself? If you are so upset about the lack of a "scene," get one started. Write editorials to local newspapers. Find local artists, open some young people's eyes. Ask the rich brats what they really think. See how they feel about punk. Try being a mentor instead of an enemy. Did you ever think that this is what these kids are looking for. Maybe they want a different role model than the ones they see everyday in their families and on their TV. Don't blame them they are the manifestation of the problem, not the problem itself.

There is no doubt this trend of "punkiness" dilutes the message of the movement but let's look a little deeper. What happening? Don't we want some type of revolution? Is there any way we can use this to our benefit? Is it a chance to air our views? Instead of spending our energies complaining about the kids who don't know what the hell they are doing ....let's recruit them. Or do we just want to keep our own little private club...?

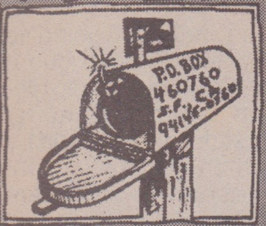
A few notes about some other columns. Ben Weasel had it right when he pointed out that we all come from the same primordial soup of mainstreamdom. "we were all dorky, clue-less jerkoffs who knew nothing but mainstream culture at one point in our lives." We had to live in the mainstream before we rejected it. No denying that. I wanted to thank Adrienne Droogas for addressing issues of image mangling, and body hyper-consciousness in a well versed and articulate manner. Thanks,

Polly/ 291 S. Finley St. #A-2/ Athens, GA 30605

C Dear MRR:

Beth Johnston's Column in MRR

Letters



140 was a slap in the face. Somehow, I expected much more from a regular columnist. Her entire column basically discussed how being an older punk, she feels removed from the scene and unable to identify with rich suburban white boys. She laments the old days of punk saying things like ' I never see this anymore' or 'it used to be...'. while I can understand her possible disconnection from the scene because of her age, just moving to a new city, and maybe other things, I'm frustrated that she tries to blame everyone who is not like her - ie, rich which suburban kids, and that she fears change.

Her whole attitude is one that I have been fighting for a long time - that of elitist, separatist, us-against-them, I've - been - around - longer- than - you old schoolers. It really frustrates me that people can be so judgmental and arrogant and close minded. Beth makes a value judgment about a group of people, a huge generalization, despite the fact that kids have no control over whether they live in the suburbs or not. People are born into the place their parents set them, they have no control whatsoever. I did not chose to live in the suburbs, but as with most kids, teenagers, and many college age punks, I don't have any choice. Beth also confuses anger at society and the status quo with rebellion against one's parents. Personally, I like my parents. I think they are great people, I respect them, and I have no desire to rebel against them. This does not mean that I do not understand that the status quo is fucked, and it does not mean that I think that society is good the way it is. My parents are not the singular factor in status quo.

I know that there are kids out there who are using their parent's money to support record labels and to go to shows and to do whatever they want with it. I could care less. Actually, I'm glad. I'm glad their parent's money is going to buy MY zine. I'm glad it's going to put out good records and support punk bands. See, I know what it's like to work two jobs, and I know what it does to you. Beth even brought this up, giving us the sob story that she had to miss shows because of work. Doesn't it make sense that if someone can avoid that, they should? Doesn't it make sense that if a kid doesn't have to work until later in life, he should be spared that burden? Isn't it good that the money is going to something positive and productive? Oh of course not, if that kid didn't have to sweat blood at some minimum wage job for it. I would love it if my parents could help support me financially in anything I wanted to do and I don't wish tedious, reward less work on anyone. How fucking radical is that? I think it IS quite radical. Imagine, getting your parents to understand what punk rock is about, and not giving up the older generations as lost causes. Imagine, taking money that would otherwise go to support the status quo you hate so much, and putting it toward punk rock. That, to me, is a victory. And where are all the working class kids these days? Maybe they've found something better to do with their time then hang out in a fucked up, classist scene. Oh, I forgot, as she mentions, punk appeals more to HER "alienated, down and out, outsider perspective." Thank you, Beth, for informing me that being alienated from your peers is an exclusively working class phenomenon. I've been working class my entire life without knowing it. Bullshit!

She asks how those kids could possibly want change. I feel like the answer is so obvious that anything I bring up will sound stupid. I guess I should just say that suburban kids aren't blind. They aren't dumb, and they're not fucking stupid. I can see what's wrong with the world, and that's why I want change. If she "can't see how squeaky clean types' participation as valid" then in that one statement she discredits and devalues a lot of the good in punk rock today, and effectively denies all that I have worked for in the past few years.

Beth also brings up her dislike for kids who turn "temporarily" hardcore - while at the same time going on and on about how she feels so old at shows and that there is no one her age. Maybe it's because all those kids who were into the scene when she was younger were just going through a phase too? What happened to all of them? She is trying to hold the younger "generation" of punk kids to a higher standard than she holds her own.

I'm tired of things not being good enough for anyone. If you want change, make it. If you judge me on something I can't control, then maybe you're more closed minded and less "punk~ then you thought you were. If you can't stand being at a show with kids who are different than you, then get the fuck out.

Jen Angel/ PO Box 43604/ Cleveland. OH 44143 / aa704@po.cwru.edu

Dear MRR (Beth Johnston)

The first time I saw that there was someone from Atlanta writing for MRR, I was pleased. I thought this is what we need, a little representation. That is probably one of the reasons that when I read your column I was so shocked. I soon found that you don't even know Atlanta! Your accusations were totally wrong!

First of all, I have been in a local band for 5 years now and have a very nice drum set. I busted my ass at a shitty job for a long time to get it. Now you say our parents pay for everything!?! You don't even know us! All of my friends in other bands pay for their own stuff! Half the time they must put off a long time before getting equipment because of lack of funds! Not just equipment - but all of our 7"s and anything else. My band is so in debt, we wish we had a parent to bail us out!

Which leads to something else; you talk a lot about how it was so great in the old Atlanta scene, but in reality, what did they do? Very few bands put anything out, and except for the Anti-Heroes, they are all gone. Nothing is left of them, even the Metroplex has burned to the ground. They changed nothing.

The Atlanta scene that you knew died. We were left with nothing. We started from the ground up. We started bands. We got with clubs to let us do what we want. You mentioned that bands come thru town on a weekly basis, who gets most of these bands to come? We do!

It is true, a lot of us do live in the suburbs, but does it matter? What matters is our actions. We have done many benefits already. You have to remember that all of this is new to Atlanta. We can't be a perfect scene in a day. It takes time. We claim to be Atlanta bands because that is where we play and that is where we meet to see shows.

Those of us that go by "Atlanta Hardcore" is simply this: Your "old Atlanta" is a bunch of punk types that go to shows, get drunk, fight, then go home. The words hardcore show a difference. A new beginning if you will.

You talk a lot about how you can't relate and can't speak our language. Maybe it is because you haven't tried. I go to shows all the time and have never met you. Try leaving the hippies in Little Five Points for a while and go to one of our shows. Better yet, try meeting us. The Atlanta scene needs all the help it can get if it is going to make a change. Your pointless crying is helping nothing. Simply put, you need to lead, follow, or get out of the way. A retraction is in order,

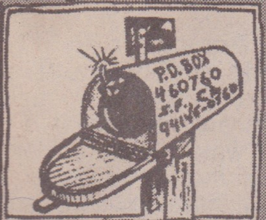
thank you,

Alan/ 637 Glochester Pl/ Narcross, GA 30071

P.S. I realize in MRR you will probably get the last word, but that doesn't change that fact that you are wrong.

Dear Beth,

Your article in the January MRR depressed the hell out of me. From time to time, I did question what kind of peer scene would be there for me when I am older. Coming from someone who's already



there, I see I haven't much to look forward to.

Not that being 18 means there ate that many people I can relate to either. You think it's bad that you have to deal with spoonfed rich brats at shows- I put up with them every day. Their locker is next to mine, they sit behind me at school, they shop in the music store where I work.

And they all come in looking for a taste of punk rock rebellion. "Do you have that Offspring record?" they ask. "Which one!", I always fucking snarl. They drive up in their brand new Jeeps or Saturns, wearing their brand new clothes, using mommy's charge card.

Maybe I sound a little bitter. You better bet I'm fucking bitter. Why the hell are they going to see Face To Face when I have to work. How is that fair? I was working all Christmas break-they carted off the Sloppy Seconds Christmas show.

These things begin to make me almost resent these bands. (Along with other, even more mainstream ones: Bad Religion, NoFX, Screeching Weasel.) But I can't, because they are the ones that introduced me to punk rock. You said, where are the people who took refuge in punk rock? Here I am.

My stepdad has been out of work for 1 1/2 years. My father only sends about 1/2 the child support the courts called for. My mother started her own accounting practice right before my stepdad was canned, but she is slowly selling it off to pay off the mortgage, etc. It didn't make her much money anyways. She and my stepdad are both drunks, so they don't do much of the grocery shopping or fixing meals. I work 35-40 hours a week, on top of going to high school. If I don't get any scholarships, I probably can't go to college anytime soon.

But through it all, all I need is a new 7" now and then to keep me going. $3 a week keeps me sane. If I have a little extra, I'll get 2, or a whole album. I usually can't go to any big shows, because by the time I get off work, I couldn't drive to Chicago or Indianapolis in time. But-local shows give me the same rush, closer and cheaper.

I've only been "into the scene" since I was about 15(I'm 18 now). I really don't feel like I can rightfully call myself a punk. I may know a lot about punk, but I never feel like I know enough. I haven't been listening to it since the Sex Pistols or the Misfits. But even though I may not be the embodiment of punk, I have the mentality of one.

The fast, clean beat, the often harsh-but-true lyrics, have kept me coming back again and again for more. This is the best drug I've ever used. The music is more of an escape, then beer or acid or dope ever was. And it's twice as addictive.

The personal aspect continues to amaze me too. The fact that you can mail order a record and along with the package comes a quick handwritten note thanking you for your measly 5 bucks. Or that you can send cash to someone you don't even know and feel secure that you will get your zine or whatever.

Sure, I get pissed that I may have had to wait until I got my Friday paycheck before I could buy the new Screeching Weasel album, when some rich bitch comes into the store and buys all 5 at once. But that's not the band's fault. Too many people turn against good music because it becomes popular. Yes, Green Day played at Woodstock '95. *Kerplunk!* is still a good album.

The children of yuppies can interfere in our music, but if we can begin to hate bands because these suburbanite teenyboppers and jocks like it, then we are letting them do more than interfere: we are letting them destroy part of our unity. It's that unity we need. Just knowing that I have friends as poor or disadvantaged as I am, who are driven by the same music, keeps me going. And compared to people I know, my life is pretty damn cushy.

I don't want there to ever be time in my life where it takes more than a new record to make me happy. I may not have much, but it's simpler and easier that way.

I hope you and Rich are able to find more people to relate to. Hell, I hope in 10 years, I can find someone to relate to my age in the punk scene. I hope I don't change. I sincerely hope I don't. I am happy-finally. And even if you still have trouble finding punks your age, have faith that there still are people my age who are true to the music and will keep fresh things going.

Name and address withheld by the request of the letter writer.

Dear Beth Johnston,

This letter is in regards to Beth Johnston's column in the last MRR magazine. Beth, FUCK YOU. You have no clue what my house looks like, let alone what I look like. You live 35 minutes away from my Lilburn house. Yes, I live with my parents, big deal. Damn, I guess I'm not punk rock now because I have parents who support me. But do you know what, they always haven't supported me. At first they hated my haircut, hated the clothes I wore, and hated the music I listened to. It took me six years to get them to understand that this was no phase and that they just had to get used to it. My sister turned me on to Suicidal Tendencies at the early age of 12. I was in the fifth grade wearing ST t-shirts. She went to many shows at the Metroplex, and eventually became friends with ST. I went on their tour bus to meet them when they played the Plex in '87 while they were on their 'Join The Army' tour. I have been in the Atlanta punk scene for eight years, when do you think that I will stop "going through the motions"? When has punk ever been about your background? Punk was against judging people. I never read in my punk rock manual that you could not be rich. But I guess I am straying away from my intentions of writing this letter: I, nor my parents are rich. I just bought a used PA for $250 with my own hard earned money. I have a job, and my mom and dad do not buy my equipment Even if they did, would you really want me to decline free equipment? Are you trying to say that if you were born into a "Clean, white conservative suburban family", that you would disown your parents and move into the city so you would be more "Punk".

Earlier I said that my parents support me: they are proud that I am trying to change something, and that I am doing this on my own. They don't understand it, but they are happy for me if it is what I want. But I had to work hard before they finally quit hassling me about the way I was. As for the "Bands coming through on almost a weekly basis", most of these bands stay with members of the Atlanta Hardcore bands. Why don't you ask them how rich we are? Or how much of "pampered brats" we are? And we book those bands and half of the time pay them to come. Just ask NoFX. We give them guarantees, if we don' meet those guarantees it comes out of our hard earned money, not the club's, and certainly not our parents. You have no clue as to what you are talking about.

The "Old Atlanta Scene" was very violent and got nothing accomplished. If you stepped into the pit with any of the OGS (Old Glory Skins) you would get punched in the face. The "Old Atlanta Scene" is dead and left nothing behind except a bunch of crybabies who support nothing and only participate "nationally known band" shows at the overpriced Masquerade, who don't give a rat's ass about the scene. Try listening to the LA Youth Brigade's song, "Lost In Nostalgia" sometime, because it sounds to me that they were referring to people like yourself. The Plex is not even destroyed pieces of bricks, it is entirely gone. Gone Atlanta, and will NEVER come back. Gone with it is the mohawked era of punk. Hardcore and Punk have grown, and things have changed. Mohawks aren't really a big deal anymore. The shock value has gone. It is a trend now to

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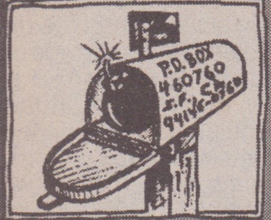

dye your hair and to shave it. Once again, I don't recall reading in my Punk Rock manual that to be a punk, you must look punk adorned with safety pins and all. The Youth Brigade once again hit it on the nail in "Fight To Unite": "Times have changed and so have we". You get more done when you don't look like you came off the streets. What have you done to support the Atlanta scene? What changes have you made in society? None. You just turned a couple heads with your mohawk and that is it. We put out our own releases with our own money in a time where it would be so easy for us to cash in on punk and sign to a major and make millions, but we don't. We stay true to our hearts and to our belief If you want to slag someone, slag the people who bitch about the Atlanta underground music scene and do absolutely nothing to change it.

We are the new generation of punks and we are going to keep it alive. Do you want us to drop out and let the Atlanta scene die with you and your "Old schoolers"? I think you need to spend one day meeting me, you don't know what I look like but you talk like you know me more than I do. I invite you to come to my house and see how rich I am. I work just as hard as you do and spend my money on myself. You bitch about our parents having money, my dad worked in a warehouse and eventually worked his way into supervisory positions and now has an office downtown. He worked hard to get what he wanted, and that was to provide his children with a good life. We used to live in these shitty, white trash apartments in Indiana, but moved here because my parents heard of the job opportunities. We now own a house after my parents have been married for 25 years. We live in Gwinnett, which is cheaper than living downtown. Our jobs pay more than jobs do in the city. Living in the city, unless living in the slums, is more expensive than renting a single family home in Gwinnett. The reason we call ourselves Atlanta hardcore is because 1) that is where we play our shows, 2) we hang out downtown at shows, and 3) no one knows where Lilburn is so we just make it easier and say Atlanta. I am sure you never have been to the Gwinnett suburbs or you would realize that they are all not big houses. We are pissed because we have many of the same problems as you. We are pissed because living in the suburbs we do see the elitist attitudes and see more of prejudice because of rich assholes. Money makes happiness according to you because you say we don't have anything to be angry about because we are rich. You say we don't have problems because we are rich, well why condemn us because we make sure we have money and good jobs so we don't have to worry about it.

Get out of Little Five and get a real good paying job so you won't feel sorry for yourself. It is your personal choice to live life hard and without money. And speaking of Little Five Points, you are working in one of Atlanta's newest tourist attractions. It is so trendy to go hang out at Little Five. You even charge parking now, trying to cash in on punk. And most stores raised their prices. I can't afford to buy $175 Doc Martens or $12-$15 shirts at Little Five, but I can afford to get $25 combat shoes from the suburban Sears store or $12 pants at the suburban Uptons store. I have been working jobs since I was 15 too, so what? I am now 19 and get paid $6.25 an hour in a supervisory position at a marketing research place, even with my devilock and shaved head.

Also, why do you feel you need a "Peer Group"? Can you not go to shows on you own? You ask, "why do I never see any letters to MRR from kids...". You bitch about kids in the scene and feeling so old and yet you want kids to write MRR? Conservative? You talk about our family life being conservative which means tending to maintain the present ways. Then you say you remember times the way the were and how you want them to be like they used to be. Sounds pretty conservative to me. You are clueless as to what is currently going on in the Atlanta scene. We are the scene, get used to it. We are the bands, we get clubs to give us all-ages shows and have free parking, we put out our own ads, fliers, shirts, and records. We find our own distributors, and pay for our own tours trying to promote the Atlanta scene. Instead of bitching about how you think we are, why don't you find out how we really are. Attitudes like yours are why Atlanta has split scenes. We have our Ska/Skinhead scene, our Punk Rock/Oi scene, our Angst Rock scene, and of course our Hardcore scene. All of which are totally separate entities. I challenge you to check your source and get background info on your topic before you go slagging people in international fanzines. Go check out 641 East Morningside Drive in Atlanta. The drummer of the legendary Atlanta band, Neon Christ lives there. It is almost a mansion and is ritzy as hell. He lives with his rich parents. I am not saying anything bad about him, he and I are pretty good friends, but his parents are real rich. So what? We have caught shit from many states and MRR because they all thought we were nothing but skinheads because of Moonstomp and the Anti-Heroes, we have caught shit like that we are posers or that we are rich, and that we are jocks, and once even that we were a skinhead because I wrote a song about skinhead violence at our shows, and said it was about a problem that we had with some skinheads, and that not all of the Atlanta skins were bad. Come check us out, help the Atlanta scene and quit supporting a nonexistent scene. Guess what, I'm closing with a line from the Youth Brigade, "I don't want to hear another word about me from you". You are clueless. Preppy and snottyingly yours, Brad Castlen, singer of Crisis Under Control

G MRR:

This is a response to Beth Johnston's column, "Between Hell and Reason," Issue #140.

Being a novice MRR reader I hesitate to criticize any experienced MRR columnist, and even after rinsing the distaste from my mouth, I still hold more respect for the MRR shitworkers than I do for many of my relatives.

The point I wish to address is Beth's (and I'm sure many others') view of the 16-22, white suburbanite who went to a good school, possibly college and was able to afford a car by age 21. Beth notes that the idea of punk cannot be embraced by this socio-economic background and I beg to differ. In fact I am living proof that the stereotype won't always match up. That 16-22 year old was, is, me from a "perceived" upscale neighborhood (which in fact is only a foreigner's interpretation). To me the ideal of punk, indeed the whole reason I embraced this musical utopia in the first place was because it seemed open armed for any confused, suppressed, extorted individual, of any age, any socio-economic standing, to escape their shitbox of reality.

Angst, frustration, isolation, rejection are, in my eyes, primary motivators for starting the punk rebellion. When X number of people decide to strike those characteristic 3-4 chords we must remember that the music is a product of and not the reason for division. Think of all the individuals that release their aggression/frustration in other "man-against-the-world" performances: poets (The Beats drive to escape civilization is incredibly on target) painters, novelists, playwrights, religious leaders have tried to imprint into this amalgam of metropoli and materialistic culture some catalyst for change. It just seems that for the age group in question, music seems the most accessible. But this does not mean that punk rock holds the "punk ideal" exclusively.

So I sit in a semi-comfortable three bedroom home, can afford a record or two when I save, have two parents that

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work and drive two recently purchased automobiles and I live on a street with other similar houses and driveways, the neighboring two+ cars parked out front, the decrepit swingset in back. You drive by and immediately have me pegged. The white shutters prejudge me as a snot, a condescending, patronizing ass that could never in her life understand you or any other. The plethora of stereotypical knowledge Americans hoard so well give you ample material for which to work with. Why do I not turn to the next, more affluent neighborhood, a three-car garage village of clipped greens, and pass the same judgment? Why do I not eyeball some poor schmuck at a show and hate him because he pulled up in a Rabbit or BMW? Because I will not suppose so far to think that money or status can mask how fucked up growing up can be. Does money make you happier? More miserable? Rich, famous, unknown, I don't care who or what anyone thinks s/he is, where you live or what your parents do will not transcend the fact that everyone experiences the same rejection, disappointment, frustration, and unless you're the tyrant of an unfortunate third world country, government-set limitations. Discriminations should not be made don't come down so hard, Beth, on these people that show up with their spit-shined Vans, donning Helmet tees. I would take pity, try to sympathize with them, perhaps they're the fucked up ones, most in need of DIRECTION. You know that you've been punk ever since you figured out what it was, so understand that you've found your identity and give these "ruling-class sons" a chance to find theirs.

I remember my freshman year at college and the pompous bitch I was. It took three years but I finally acknowledged the fact that the world did not revolve around me and my good looks. You know what saved me?: a few great teachers, a couple slaps, some punk and a little growing up. I feel fortunate that I no longer run with the fads or spend $26 on Lollapaloza because "everyone" is going.

I wish it was as easy to wipe out insecurity as it is to point the finger. I think trying to segregate music is as stupid as segregated schooling. Unfortunately it still happens. To remember when I first understood the words to Fugazi's "And the Same," the song I had been hearing and hearing, that some how finally became lucid, this understanding that pretexts my entire reason for writing this response, an understanding that I would never deny to anyone that might be capable.

Zoey Rawlins/ Box 902/ Vineyard Haven, MA 02568

h Dear MRR,

This is a response to the Beth Johnston's column. I understand her opinions and I am in agreement with her. Dear Beth, according to the official statistics, in America, over a 50% of white individuals earn over $ 50,000 a year and about a 60% of families have a fortune of $ 500,000 in their homes. I guess you already know that, as you are American. USA is a very, very wealthy country. Americans know it, but sometimes they don't admit it. No surprise of mine if a lot of punx/hardcores are middle or upper class. Nay, most of them are the most rich guys. They live in the best suburbs, they go to very expensive private or boarding schools which cost $ 15/20,000 a year, not exactly peanuts. How can they talk about punk, anarchy, squatting or DIY? It's a contradiction. They complain and hate Corporate Amerikkka and U$A, but there isn't one of them, and I say one, who leaves the country! Who knows why? They hate money, but in point of fact they do have pots of bucks. And all of those SXErs, vegans, hare krsna? What about them. I dunno why, but they are concentrated in wealthiest places such as the NW district of Washington DC (average salary $ 70,000 a year), West Palm Beach and New England or East Coast and Silicon Valley, nearby San Francisco. These people are politically-correct (that bullshit of movement exists in USA only) and "radical-chic". And the working-class punks? I'm 100% sure that most of working-class kids listen to Bruce Springsteen or Madonna instead Fugazi, or anyway, I don't notice a difference between a grunger, a rapper or a hardcore kid. Maybe the grungers are less nuisance than a SxEr. Maybe, working-class people are even right-winged, who knows? Personally, I think that the majority of these punks are simply bored kids. Never anything to do in those suburbs, their rich pals are too foolish, so they discover "punk". What an anarcho spirit! In Italy happens the same thing. When I was a kid, I rarely was fed-up. Maybe this is the reason why I am not a "punk" and I have never been a punk, even if my family is pretty well-off (my brother is an University teacher, my dad is an esteemed teacher, my mom worked for a technical mag and we live in a really nice apartment, plus maybe I'm going to work in America in the next future). I love Minutemen, DKs or Pussy Galore as well I love Duke Ellington, Palestrina or Bach. And as a musical critic, I must listen to anything, from Tim Buckley to Kriss Kross. Anyway, do you wanna know two coolest (and not phony) guys? Write to: Jerry Nelson, 13543 S. Kerry Lane, Lockport, IL 60441-9132 and Mark Headache, 909 Terrace Place, Modesto, CA 95350. They are friends and they are both two extraordinary persons. Their fanzines are awesome. To conclude this sermon, as Frank Zappa said about 25 yrs ago, "We're Only In It For The Money". My god, it's true!

Leonardo Di Maio/ Via Macedonia 72/ 00179 Roma/ Italy

i Dear MRR,

This letter is in response to Beth Johnston's column in MRR #140 (Jan. '95).

Beth, I know exactly what you mean when you say that shows in Atlanta seem to be full of rich, suburban kids that come into the city to act punk on the weekends. However, the scene in Atlanta has for years been primarily made up of suburban youth. I know this because I myself grew up in a suburb of Atlanta called Marrietta. When I was in high school practically every show I went to was full of three types of people: skinheads, college-rock types and all the 'cool' punks from my school. To be completely honest, there weren't even a lot of those at MY school, but combine all the ones from surrounding areas and you get the idea.

I didn't know a lot of these kids from the suburbs, but I sure as hell recognized them. They were the 'punks' that called me a poseur. They were the 'punks' that laughed at my homemade Dead Kennedy's t-shirt. They were the 'punks' who every other night of the week hung out at the mall trying to shock people and buying stuff with somebody else's credit card.

Where are they now? I know that one of them joined the Army, got married and divorced; one of them is now a hippie; a lot have graduated from college and are busy kissing somebody's ass in hopes of 'moving up in the world'; some are dead. Me? Well, I'm still here. I don't live in Marrietta anymore, I left when I turned eighteen. But I still try to go to as many shows as I can. I still care. Punk is still one of the most important things in my life.

I guess the point I'm trying to make is this. Just because kids in the mid-late eighties wore leather jackets with one arm blue and the other red, had mohawks and liberty spikes and wore safety pins all over themselves doesn't mean that they were any less candy assed than the kids who wear tennis shoes and ballcaps today. I'll be the first to admit that shows do at least LOOK like a bunch of kids that just left a golf tournament and that I LIKE spikes and chains a lot more. However, fashion is just that and if the spirit isn't there then no matter WHAT

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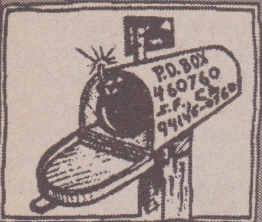

SOMEONE IS WEARING they're never gonna get it.

You said that there are never any letters from folks that say punk spoke to them and gave 'their misfit hearts some refuge.' Well, here is a letter from such a person. Like I said, I am still here. Why? Because I am still as angry as I was when I was sixteen. Because I still can't relate or completely understand what other people refer to as 'normal'. Basically, because without punk, I don't know if I would have ever been able to grow as much as I have.

I guess it was the constant references to the suburbs that got to me. I don't feel guilty for living there, I didn't choose that. That was the decision of two very hard working people who honestly thought that they were providing a better life for my family - my parents. How were they to know that it was such a fucked up place? I have never even been close to rich, but I WAS from the suburbs. See, you and I don't think that differently at all, but you might have misjudged me years ago just because of where I was from. That's a shame, I think. I hate the rich kids in the scene as much as you do, but they have always been here. They will be gone and a whole new crop will come next year. We'll still be here. What punk means to us can't be taken away. The excitement and the feeling that we get is ours, not theirs. And we know that. Thanks,

Gordon Lamb/ *Atomic Ballroom* fanzine/ PO Box. 48321/ Athens, GA 30604

P.S. If you and Rich want to hang out sometime, drop me and Diana a line. We are 23 and 21 (respectively), a little younger but not that much different.

Dear Beth,

To tell you the truth, you sound like a frustrated, elitist hippy to me, even though you were wearing diapers when it all happened. First of all, I am someone over 25 years of age. Secondly, I come from a working class family and am fully self supportive. Now that I've got my credentials in order, I'd like to tell you that I think you sound like a whining baby, and frankly, this is starting to seem like a trend among your letters. It seems that you're struggling with the dilemma of fully embracing the mainstream American lifestyle [you already took one big step] or keeping one foot in "rebellion." All you seem to be doing is searching for an answer. I think you already know what your answer is and you're simply trying to rationalize it so you won't feel like the conservative dinosaur you really are.

A lot of people seem to feel special and superior because they know a little secret. They get upset when others whom they despised get in on their secret. They have superiority complexes. That's why people get upset when Green Day or Bad Religion sign to a major. "Now "normal" people will like my secret and my rebellion." They want to distance themselves as much as possible from society and its problems. The truth is we are all part of this society and part of the problem. Society knows we exist and they couldn't care less. Do you think they truly worry about a bunch of freaks yelling anarchy and throwing some rocks at a bunch of armored tanks? They give us punk rock because it keeps us quiet and apathetic. We couldn't garner any true credibility if our lives depended on it. Real struggle and change will only happen from within.

Beth, you seem to want to climb deeper into your self pitiful hole. Punk is and always will be what you claim it to be, "a refuge for misfit souls." It is about dissatisfaction and ostracism, about alienated outsiders. What you seem to think is that poverty has a monopoly over these feelings. You seem to consider yourself special because you had it tough. Well boo fuckin' hoo! We all had it tough. I come from a Latin country where poverty is the name of the game. It ain't about punk rock, it's about fucking survival, about where the hell I'm going to get money to buy shoes for my hungry kids. There is no punk rock. There is no comfortable little cushion to break my fall. It hurts!

Let me tell you that our "password and secret handshake" is getting popular not only because of MTV, but because it is, in fact, a refuge. Punk rock is the split personality that allows us to handle the painful reality of "civilized" society. There is pain and suffering among the rich. The rampant addictions prevalent in our society should be proof thereof. This is the nation with the most twelve step programs in the world, the most murders and serial killers anywhere. The only nation that beats us in teen suicides is Japan, another pillar of monetary surplus. Money breeds alienation. Not money per se, but rather the disproportionate proliferation of it. Money separates classes and people. Show me one rich family with a relatively functional life. Rich families usually spend their entire life rearing their money, rather than their children. They seem to think that IT is the answer to all the problems.

Poverty, on the other hand, deals you a different hand. Sure you've got problems, but they're more at the bottom of Maslow's pyramid. Poor people usually end up climbing the pyramid from the top down. Of course this only holds true for relatively safe poverty. Not the poverty that we see Sally Struthers begging for money for on TV late at nights. People not obsessed with work and money usually value the "self" more. They grow from within before growing from without. This is why I understand the alienation prevalent among the white suburban class kids. This is why I can accept them. Why not teach them rather than shun them and run away from them. Doesn't it get tiring to preach to the converted?

Beth, I don't mean this to be an offensive letter, it's just hard for me to leave my passion aside. Maybe what you write about is personal and stems from traumas or hang-ups inside of you rather than outside. Please feel free to write me back to the zine address. I'm sure we have more things in common than not. I've felt like you do, but seeing it in print helped me distance myself from those feelings and take them on with a more objective mind.

Self serving plug dept: Hate letters and soiled panties should be addressed to the *Rational Inquirer* [Nelson Magana] 2050 W. 56 S., Ste 32-221. Include 4 stamps and get a huge zine, not unlike punk planet, but better. Santiago Ochoa, a good friend of mine, is locked up on conspiracy to traffic drugs. He didn't do it. Our judicial system, as well as drug laws, suck. He's in for 9 more months, but could sure use some letters of encouragement. Send him zines, GG Allin stuff, pictures of naked people, letters of encouragement, and K-Y to lubricate his sodomized ass.

94 R 2350/ PO Box 3600/ Marcy Corr Facility/ Marcy, NY 13403.

MRR,

This letter is coming in response to a statement made by Pete Ketchpel in issue #140 when reviewing a 'zine I believe was called "Skank" The statement was something to the effect of "This is why people under 18 shouldn't do 'zines" Wait a gosh-darn minute. Don't stop there Mr. K! C'mon, how about PEOPLE WITH NOSE RINGS SHOULDN'T DO ZINES! Yeah! PEOPLE WITH BAD HAIRCUTS SHOULDN'T BE IN BANDS! Yeah! That's the fucking ticket. Considering that a large part, and in a lot of ways, an important part of the punk scene involves people under that seminal age of Hate teen, and also a large part of the MRR audience, it makes no sense to give the impression that these people should NOT do 'zines, because there simply is no reason not to! Even if a 'zine is pointless and not worth the money, that doesn't necessarily mean that it's writers should stop. Since when do you have to be a legal adult to do anything good in and for punk rock? I suppose you're right, leave the punk stuff to the big boys, we high

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school morons should toss out our records and go get the new Screaming Trees record, we should forget about doing 'zines, we should go buy *Spin* and *Raygun*. Um....No thanks.

Oh, and to all bands contemplating touring, please don't do the cool thing and overlook Kansas City, Missouri. We do have a punk scene here, though it seems somewhat limited and there is an all-ages club here that is run by very cool customers. Plus I'll give you free food! Pinky Swear! Bye,

Brandon, Dee Dee's Kids fanzine/ PO Box 591/ Kearney, MO 64060

Brandon,

I still stand by my original statement. Should eight-year olds drive automobiles? In both cases, judgment is lacking. Most people under the age of eighteen don't have the background, knowledge, and skills necessary to produce a worthwhile fanzine. To a rookie fanzine writer, Stranger Than Fiction might sound like a good record if you just stopped listening to NKOTB and haven't heard Radios Appear or Life Of Crime. My statement was intended more as friendly advice: do you really want a permanent, public document of your ignorance? People new to the scene should be putting on shows, listening to records, reading fanzines, learning to play instruments, and meeting other people. "If a zine is pointless and not worth the money," yes, the writers should stop. In that case, they should be writing a journal and letters, not a zine. And I wholeheartedly agree with you, "people with bad haircuts shouldn't be in bands."

Pete K.

P.S. Please read my guest column regarding the purpose and value of fanzines.

Dear Brandon,

While I haven't seen your zine and can't comment as to whether it sucks or not, I totally disagree with Pete and think his across the board age generalization is really dangerous, something that saddens me to read in these pages. Tim

Dear Maximum (in particular Gardner Fusuhara),

I'm not writing to complain about your "critique" of our zine. You have your opinion. I just don't think that you read the whole thing. You really didn't even review our 'zine, you criticized a response to a letter written in response to the first issue! Is that how you review 'zines? I know I don't review like that. If you would have read the rest of the 'zine you would've had a better idea of my opinions. You should've read the first issue too. By the way, out of all the people who received issues one and two, only two people complained. You and the writer of the letter you reviewed.

I still say that people who contract AIDS through unprotected sex don't deserve my sympathy. Come on, we all know the risks. Do you feel bad for drunk drivers who die when they crash their cars? Did you feel bad for Magic Johnson? I'm tired of people not taking responsibility for their actions. I guess we should feel bad when smokers get lung cancer too.

I sincerely doubt I have a prudish attitude toward glory hole sex. I do a sex 'zine in addition to Married Punks, you idiot The current issue has an almost total homosexual slant with homosexual erotica, etc. Hardly the work of a prude. I'm also a contributor to EIDOS, probably the most open minded sex paper available today. I don't even see how you got that I was prudish out of my response. Please explain.

I also did not insist that Spanish speaking people learn English. I said that people who live in this country should learn to speak the language. You made it sound like I said that everyone who spoke Spanish should learn English. If I moved to a foreign country I would learn the language too. I wouldn't expect people to cater to me. I could care less what someone's primary language is, but if you live somewhere you should put an effort into coinciding with the citizens In some respect. I'm not saying adopt the culture, but at least learn the language.

Again: it's your opinion, but don't misrepresent me or our 'zine. When you base a whole review on a letter and a response to it, that is wrong. Did you read my interview with the transvestite? I'm surprised you didn't go off on that. What about the other articles'? Again, no mention. I welcome your response to me. I appreciate your concern. Just don't paint the wrong picture.

Doug Chaos/ PO Box 991424/ Redding, CA 96099-1424

Mr. Chaos,

Let me see if I have this right; You are tired of people not taking responsibility for their actions... Now since these people are already dying, I am confused as to what more you think they should do to shoulder this responsibility. You're tired... So, they're dying... and you're annoyed. Are these people coming to your house? Who is it that is asking for your sympathy that you are so adamant in refusing? Do you know what the word "sympathy" means? Personally, yes, I do feel bad when smokers get lung cancer, or drunk drivers die in car wrecks or when people get AIDS, even when they get it through unprotected sex. Hell, I feel sorry for Reagan now that he has Alzheimer's disease, and I hate him. That is called "compassion". I feel bad when horrible things happen to anyone, even when they "deserve it".

This is something which should be looked at. What are these people, who tire you so, guilty of? Poor judgment? Lack of willpower? Stupidity? Am I to infer that you, Mr. Chaos, have never used poor judgment, or done a stupid thing which endangered your safety? I suppose you have never had unprotected sex, and never will? You, sir, are an arrogant uncompassionate fuck, and probably a hypocrite. I really doubt anyone wants your fucking sympathy, but you could at least shut up and keep your holier-than-thou heartless ideas to yourself. Have you ever watched someone die of lung cancer or AIDS? I have, Fuck you. What happened in your life that makes you care so little for other people that their dying annoys you so?

I think the most disturbing thing about your letter is that somehow you consider this a minor aside in your zine, and that I should have gone on to review the rest of it. There are certain ideas that I find so offensive, that once expressed, I no longer care what else the author has to say. This lack of compassion, this false sense of "superiority", this bullshit American value of people having to "start taking responsibility for their actions", as if we aren't all flawed, all weak, all in desperate need of help and understanding from each other is exactly what's wrong in this fucked up country (world), and in case you haven't noticed, it's getting worse, and fast. With all this shit coming from the Right, and now even "liberals" starting to moan about "the family", I'll be damned if I'm going to read about how certain people are disposable in a "punk" zine, and gloss over it to talk about how rad the record reviews are.

Uh...otherwise...I was wrong about the prude thing, and the Spanish-English thing has already been done to death, so all I'll say is what country did California belong to before it was stolen by the U.S.? You are probably a nice guy which just makes all this the more upsetting. Sincerely,

G.F.

P.S. Punks don't get married.

Dear Eric Yee,

Just to set it straight, I would like to clarify somethings about your review of the "East Coast Asshole" split 7". Joe Rowan was a well known white supremist

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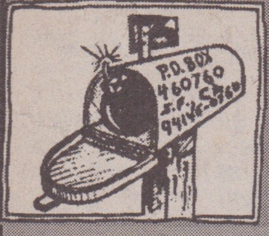


in a band called Nordic Thunder. Joe also had a lot of hateful views, with which my band and I do not agree with. But, nevertheless, Joe was one of my best friends. He first opened my ears to punk music some ten years ago. I've known him almost all of my life, and he was a great friend. That is why I dedicated the record to him. Not for the memory of Joe Rowan the rest of the world knew.

I knew dedicating our record would definitely get a rise out of some people. but his death had a real impact on me. The same hate he preached, also killed him. It was senseless and could have been avoided.

I believe in none of the views or hatred Joe preached and followed through with, and I can speak for everyone in Violent Society and Infant Mortality, that we all feel the same way. Sorry for the misunderstanding, and thanks for listening,

Pat/ Violent Society/ Newton, PA

MRR Readers,

Hello. This letter is about suicide. First off, let me tell you about myself. I'm in my early twenties, middle class with caring parents. Been reading MRR for about 11 years. I've published zines, put our records, toured, etc...

I think of killing myself every single day. Why? I dunno. Life just seems to bear down on me. There's millions of people who have it a lot worse off than I do... so why am I so depressed? I wish I knew. I'm writing this letter to MRR in hopes that they will print some 1-800 numbers where people can receive help. I plan on getting some help, so I hope other people can also.

If you need help, please seek it. Thanks to everyone at MRR for keeping me in touch with great music/individuals over the years C-ya...

Music Consumers,

I am a volunteer DJ at a college radio station, so I am lucky enough to hear a lot of new records for free. Recently I listened to a CD by a band called Magnified Plaid Not only was the music shitty, but the lyrics read like they were lifted from the Holy Bible. A lot of typical Christian bullshit about mortal weakness, the glory of groveling, blinky lights from up above, and other stuff you can hear at churches or out in front of abortion clinics. They sounded like an Epitaph band musically, and sure enough they're sporting NoFX and Rancid t-shirts in the band photos, but they were on a label called Tooth and Nail Records. I found about four other CD's on this label, each representing some different type of alternative music, and all featuring lousing music and shameless idol worship.

I'm not a Christian, so it's not my job to tell you what to do. If you're brilliant enough to explain how organized religion has anything to do with punk rock, go ahead and buy. What bothers me is that Tooth and Nail Records is obviously trying to exploit kids' growing interest in punk and independent music without showing their true colors in the record racks. As far as I can tell, they are an independent label and, from the outside, their CD's look like average mediocre punk releases. One band even includes Resist in their thank you list. That's enough to fool me into buying something.

Alright, so the point of this story is that unless you want punk to become the next stomping ground for moral majority missionaries, watch what you're buying, especially if it says Tooth and Nail on it. See you in hell, sinner.

Fletch Nelson, 1757 Pomona Dr./ Davis, CA 95616

An open letter to Kansas City;

The 454 is KC's only all-ages club, started and operated by young people, many of them musicians. It's a place for artists of all ages and all styles to share their music, which often represents their feelings or politics. This has been done in an alcohol/drug free setting, while still drawing crowds between 50-250 people, of all ages. While it was created for people who are not of drinking age, it is open to everyone who enjoys music. The last show at the 454 was one such show, but was stopped by "city inspectors" who carried guns and night sticks, while elsewhere in the city people sold drugs in the streets. The few shows that were held were successful though: free of fights, (employees patrol both the club and the parking lots), drugs, and alcohol. This has given us the drive to work until the 454 opens again.

Unfortunately, the 454 has been unable to re-open because of refusal of the city of KCMO to grant the required licenses. City hall has consistently been uncooperative, and, to quote a city official, "they (city hall) know about the 454 and aren't going to let it happen, " and added that "you (the 454) should give up now." For the club to open, the city has finally provided a list of codes to be met, which, (much to the advantage of corporate companies, and our disadvantage) will cost thousands of dollars and may change before we finish. Because of the service being provided, there is not much money to be made; usually only enough to pay rent, bills, and the bands. As a result, we can't depend on certain people and organizations who other wise claim to support the music scene and young people. Profits were to go back into the club to make every show better than the last. The only way the 454 will open is if the owners and staff can get the support needed from the local music scene. Among the many things needed are money, materials, legal assistance, and support in any way that it can be provided. Anyone who picks this flyer up should share it with everyone they know, including their parents (especially your parents) if possible, because it will take everyone to make it happen. This means you who are reading this- if you say, "well everyone else will so I don't have to," then the 454 will never open again, and KC will not have an all ages club: something it needs to have. Anyone can contact the 454 by calling (816) 842-7869, or write to: The 454, c/o Sub KC Productions/ PO Box 10275/ Kansas City, MO 64171

All help will be greatly appreciated. Musicians, parents, students, and all people are invited to visit the 454, just call the number above so someone is there when you come. When possible, the 454 (located at 1514 Charlotte) will open and stay open, featuring live music and speakers, local and national. From the owners and staff of the 454...

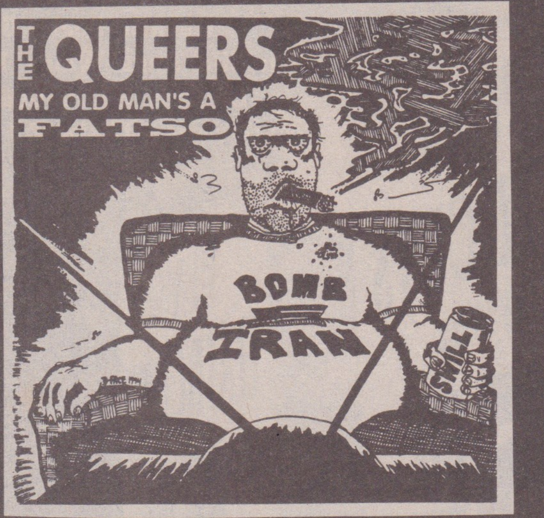
Dear MRR

Here's something you will probably hear a little more about from the band itself and you may have heard this same plot before but here goes: In Baton Rouge, we have one punk band—Clowns For Progress. Sound familiar, huh? Like the band from NY. Well, when these guys came up with the name, they knew nothing about that band! When they did hear about them, they figured that it wouldn't matter because Louisiana is far away from NY plus this is punk rock—plenty of bands end up with the same name and it doesn't matter, right? Apparently not, as CFP (BR) received a letter from CFP (NY)'s lawyer asking them to change their name—my, how punk, how Green Day...

Needless to say—these guys (CFP-NY) don't deserve shit. They are not very punk rock in my book... Beware of these "sell-out wannabes" As for CFP (BR), they're changing the name to Clown Nation—I sure hope there aren't any bands with that name! (Or at least that they don't have fuckin' lawyers!) Your pal,

Margaret/ 14426 N. Holly/ Baton Rouge, LA 70819

The QUEERS are COOL!



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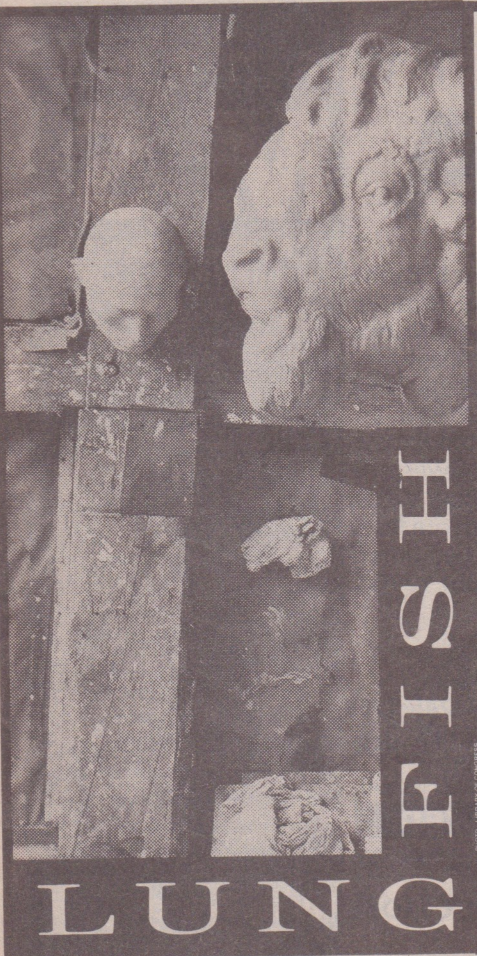

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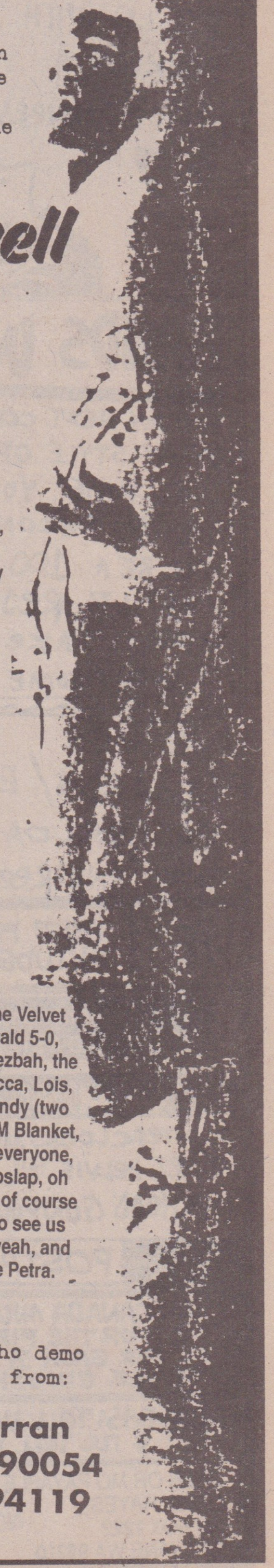

is still catching up on orders. Please be patient. Sorry about the delays.

ShoTwell Coho

(formerly Shotwell Chinook, Shotwell Comet, etc.) would like to thank: ARCATA: Resolve, Morganschlagen, Buckaroo, the Hell House, the Jambalaya, the dancers in the dance contest, the guy who pushed Jimmy through a window, ephedrine, BELLINGHAM: Sour Mash (190 times), Jimmy at Casa Que Pasa (ten thousand times), the A.H. Robbins Orchesrta, Chris, Lee, the "wifebeater" dancers, the kid at the comic store, SEATTLE: Julian, Dave, Megan, the sound guy at the Colorbox, Dead Moon, Function of Hornets, Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live, the Velvet Elvis, EUGENE: Oswald 5-0, 22 Sparkling Smiles, Dezbah, the Crabs, OLY: Quitty, Becca, Lois, VANCOUVER: Jen & Andy (two billion times), Enfa lak, M Blanket, Submission Hold, and everyone, PORTLAND: Erin, Pimpslap, oh everyone there too, and of course everybody who came to see us and helped us out. Oh yeah, and Jilayne and our roadie Petra. Cheers!

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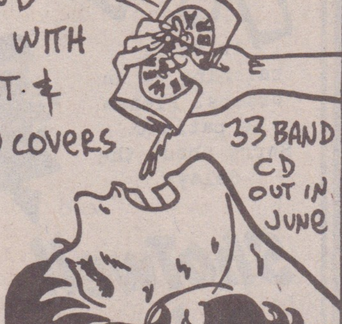

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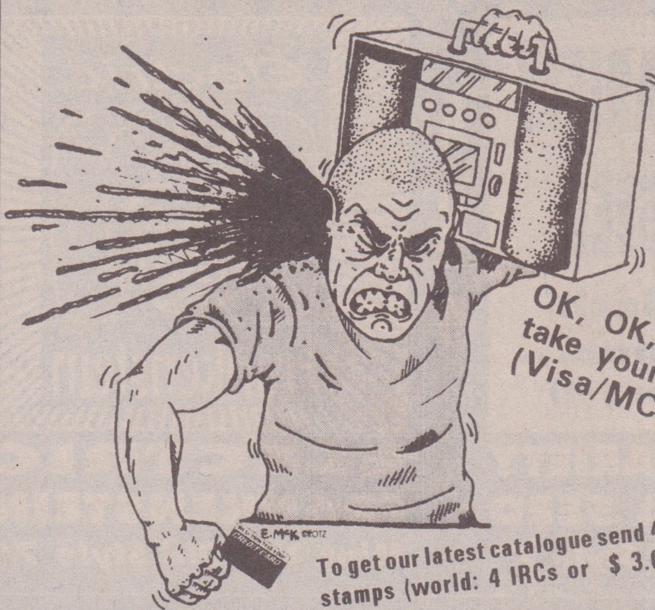

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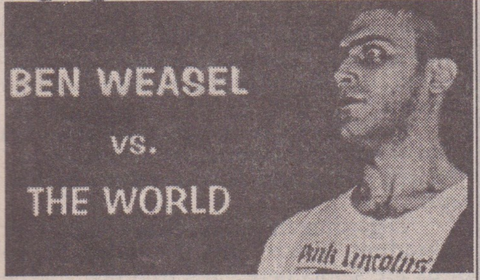


A PASTICHE OF UNRELATED TALES AND OBSERVATIONS

It's been a hectic month. I was in San Francisco for three days, during which time I got tattooed, visited a few friends, ate some good food and then high-tailed it back home. Speaking of tattoos, people who have never gotten tattooed worry that they're "addictive." I got my first tattoo in 1989, my second in 1992 and these two new ones in 1995. Tattoos are not addictive unless you're a childish nincompoop.

But now, like Mitchum in *Night of the Hunter*, I've got some tattooed contrast going, although instead of LOVE on the knuckles of one hand and HATE on the other, I've got Madonna on my left arm and Buddy Holly on my right, which you can take to mean that I've got the business side of music on the left and the MUSIC side of music on the right but Jeannie ain't the girl that I'll be with tonight, and when you ask me which one I like the best, I'll tear open my shirt and... oh, never mind. I also got my number tattooed on my shoulder. It's not really my LUCKY number because it's given me no luck, good or bad, but it's a number that's been popping up in strange places my whole life. It's also part of the logo for the Riverdales, so I guess that makes up for the fact that I never got a weasel head tattooed on me (though judging from the response I got from my column of a few months ago, there are a hell of a lot of people who had no problem at all with getting said weasel permanently etched on their flesh). If my permanent inking pattern persists, my next tattoo will be in 1998, though I do have some sort of vague plan to get Greg Kulz to do my left shoulder blade next time I'm in S.F. in order to give some symmetry to my back; I've been walking lopsided since '92.

A week after I got back from California, I travelled down to Lafayette, Indiana with my two comrades to record the Riverdales album and although it hasn't been mixed yet (that happens next week in California [a trip I won't be making; in keeping with my NEW ATTITUDE for a new band, Mr. Vapid will be making the journey to supervise the mix]), I can say with the utmost confidence that it's the best album I've played on, despite the fact that, unlike any previous recording sessions I've been involved in, I had not one, but TWO major temper tantrums, primarily brought on by the fact that I'm slowly but surely losing my voice. At one point, I was half an inch away from blowing town, leaving the other guys to salvage the tapes as long as they promised NOT to put my name on the album. Once I got the vocals done, I calmed down considerably. By the time Green Bay Norbie arrived to do his radio announcer schtick on "Fun Tonight," my spirits were soaring and I was convinced that we were making an album of the highest quality.

While in Lafayette, I took over our host's television every night. I love television. I fall asleep with the tv on. While watching the Dick Van Dyke Show on Nick At Nite after a long day in the studio, Vapid mentioned that I seemed to be addicted to tv.

"Yeah?" I answered. "So what?"

"Well, I think that's probably bad."

"Why?"

"Because you're ADDICTED to it!"

I pointed out that I'm also addicted to eating, breathing, sleeping, shitting, fucking, farting, writing, playing music, shaving, brushing my teeth and washing dishes. Vapid was unswayed, claiming that a tv addiction was bad.

"I'm addicted to smoking cigarettes," I said. "Now, THAT'S bad. What the fuck does tv do to me that's bad?"

"It's just that you could be reading a book, or writing, or working on songs."

"HA! I work all day! The tv doesn't get turned on until 6:00, unless I get up early in the A.M. in which case I knock off at 5:05 and catch another hilarious episode of Growing Pains on TBS! I like tv. It hasn't hampered my creativity, my eyesight, my knowledge of current events, my intellect, my health or my ponderings on the meaning of the universe one smidgen, whatever the fuck a smidgen might be. What the hell's wrong with that?"

"Well, but you can't fall asleep without the tv on."

"So what? Millions of people can't fall asleep without a pillow under their head, or without the radio going, or without their favorite blanket tucked in neatly around them."

I didn't convince Vapid. Oh well, I still like tv, and if I'm addicted to it, so be it. Hell, I just found a reason to wake up by 9:00 on Saturday mornings: The Tick, at 9:30 on channel 32. Not since The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes has there been such a clever, funny, ridiculously entertaining Saturday morning cartoon. The Tick and the American Maid (the latter's powers seem to be limited to throwing her shoes at bad guys - but hey, I've only seen three episodes!) are the only two in a group of superheroes with any balls; the rest of the superheroes in town flee at the first sign of danger (except for Deflator Mouse, who faints when confronted with the forces of evil). I might be addicted to tv, but Vapid will never know the joys of The Tick.

And Saturday morning, in addition to getting my Tick fix, I also opened up and played my copy of the best record of '95 so far (ok, it's only February 7th as I write this, and the copyrights read '94, but it's the ONLY good record I've heard this year); the Head "Street Level Assault" 12". If ya wanna hear something besides the lame shit passing for pop punk these days, get the real thing. Head fucking rules. They rule despite their decision to drop what they call the 'Meet The Ramones' sound (hey, the RAMONES dropped it after THEIR first record, so who cares?). They're simultaneously funny and stupid, their drummer has no toms in his kit and at least one of their guitarists plays a Mosrite (though it's not as cool as my second Mosrite which, aside from the top pickup being angled and my removal of the sissy bar, is an exact replica of the Mosrite shown on the insert of the first B-52's record) and they rock harder than any band around. Plus, their record has the best production of any record I've EVER heard that was released by the band itself (unless ASTA KASK released their own records). Buy the 12", then check out their discography on the insert and buy everything else they've ever done. You'll thank me later.

Weird enough that there's one Seattle band that's blowing the doors off everything else around, but the Fastbacks new album (which isn't really new anymore but it's close enough) is fucking outstanding as well. Grunge is officially dead and Seattle is well on its way to being cool again (not that I'm exactly sure it ever was cool to begin with). Add in the fact that the new Moral Crux album, despite its cruddy production, is another punk rock gem, and you've got three Washington bands who are kicking some serious ass. I'm as shocked as you are.

FANZINE ALERT: Aside from employing a few bonehead writers, The Probe is quickly becoming a great fanzine. Aaron still needs to choose a little more carefully what's interesting to just him and what's interesting to his readers when he goes off on one of his many tangents, but when he's on, he's a hell of a writer. The Probe is known for printing nude photos of lovely nubiles (and in issue #4, Michelle Flipside wins the Weasel-Got-A-Boner award, even though I'm a little steamed that a cruddy fanzine like Flipside has such a beautiful girl working for them. Michelle - come on over to MRR before all your brain cells evaporate!) and up until this issue, said photos were probably most people's only reason for buying The Probe. No more. Now, you can say with complete honesty that you read The Probe for the articles. Pick it up while you're out getting the HEAD 12".

A BRIEF INTERLUDE

Or a quick by the way, if you will: it *is* possible to be serious and be joking at the same time so please fuck off about my punk rock fashion rules. They're MY rules. They won't apply to YOU until I take over the world. And I hereby give you another month to get your white Converse; I had to go to five different stores before I could find them in my size and I figure all you size ten-and-a-half's deserve the same slack I gave myself. I know, I know, I'm too kind.

WHO SMELLS BULLSHIT?

If you've been sent the latest Epitaph press release about Rancid and you DON'T smell bullshit, see your doctor about your olfactory problems at once. For those of you who don't do fanzines, here's the letter:

January 26, 1995

Dear Fanzine Writer:

Don't believe the dirt...Rancid are staying on Epitaph. Blood is thicker than mud.

There have been a lot of rumors fueled by the highly publicized major-label feeding frenzy surrounding Rancid, and we would like to set the record straight. Although it's true that the band was courted furiously by a lot of major labels, the truth is, that at no time did Rancid decide to leave Epitaph. In fact, all of the media attention was merely speculation by outsiders and third parties. Isn't it

remarkable that not a single writer covering this subject got their facts from the band members themselves?

Here is an official group statement for you: **"We feel it's important to stay where your friends are. All the bands on Epitaph are our family. For us, staying with Epitaph is a spiritual decision—one that's from the heart and not motivated by any financial stuff."** They added, **"We love Brett. This is a guy whom we're truly close with, both creatively and personally. He has a special understanding of where we come from."**

Meanwhile, Rancid are set to head into the studio in February, and they've already written 20 songs.

So that's the story straight from the horses (sic) mouth, but if you'd like to hear more from the band, call me at (*blah blah blah*) or fax me at (*blah blah blah*) as soon as possible. Although the band is super busy rehearsing and preparing to record their new record, and for the time being, don't want to be in any major publications, they feel it's important to talk to the fanzines, and will do as many interviews as their schedule permits.

Looking forward to your call/fax,
Jeff Arbarta

The "blah blah blah's" are mine; the rest is "straight from the horses (duh) mouth". Since they were so eager to hear from a fanzine writer like myself, I sent them a fax:

2/7/95
5:15 P.M.
Epitaph:

I was shocked to read your press release on Rancid, which appeared in my post box like a smelly sock yesterday afternoon.

"Rumors fueled by the highly publicized major-label feeding frenzy surrounding Rancid"??? Gimme a break! "...the truth is, that at no time did Rancid decide to leave Epitaph"??? HUH?

Umm, maybe we've got a semantics problem here, but when I talked to Brett just before Christmas, he expressed a hell of a lot of anger and resentment over the fact that Rancid had left Epitaph and were currently sitting at the table with Epic/Sony. Brett made it clear that he wasn't angry with the band - that they'd been misled by their management - but he was undoubtedly disappointed and frustrated. He even expressed anger at not being able to talk to the band directly (he did not speculate as to why his calls weren't being returned). Furthermore, Brett told me that he had made an offer to Rancid to pay them more than any major would offer them and that he was turned down; he told me to feel free to quote him on that in Maximum RockNRoll.

I have no beef with the band. In fact, the only part of your press release that doesn't smack of utter bullshit is your claim that nobody in the media got their information from Rancid; at the time, Rancid weren't talking to anyone and I don't think anyone, including Brett, understood their motivation for attempting to strike up a deal with Epic. Again, when I asked Brett why HE thought the band was doing it, he said that he felt the band had been misled by their managers - he insisted that money was not the issue, since, as I already mentioned, he claimed to have made them a better financial offer.

Rancid's business is their own and I really don't care to talk to them about their reasons for staying with Epitaph (though I can't resist pointing out that I find it hard to believe that anyone in Rancid would use the word "whom," even considering that the word is severely misused). What shocks me is Epitaph's phony, it-was-all-a-big-misunderstanding attitude. Bullshit. I repeat, BULL FUCKING SHIT. If you wanna try to dupe some dopey doofus in Pennsylvania who does a 12 page, xeroxed fanzine, be my guest, but lemme give you some advice when you're dealing with me: YOU CAN'T BULLSHIT A BULLSHITTER.

I consider this ridiculous press release to be an insult to both my intelligence and perception. If you'd care to REALLY set the record straight, answer me these questions:

1. Did Rancid have an "all but signed" deal with Epic/Sony, as Brett told me in December?

2. Did Brett indeed offer Rancid money above and beyond what they were being offered by any major label to stay on Epitaph?

3. Did Rancid **at that time** turn that offer down?

4. Did Rancid really speak or write the words that are quoted in your press release?

I'd appreciate a response today, as I'm trying to finish my column and get it into MRR by tonight.

Not quite bedazzled by the balderdash,
Ben Weasel

THE RETURN PHONE CALL

I waited until well past closing hours at Epitaph before giving up on them. Minutes away from sending my column in with a bunch of blank space underneath this particular heading along with another heading entitled "The Return Phone Call (Revised And Totally Fabricated Version)" (which was a pretty fuckin' funny take-off on the Godfather if I do say so myself), Brett Gurewitz, owner of Epitaph, had the operator break into my phone line (of COURSE I don't have call waiting!).

Brett said that he hadn't seen my fax but that someone at Epitaph had called him at home about it. He was about to go out to dinner, and his son was yelling: "DADDY! DADDY! DADDY! DADDY! DADDY!" but the man talked anyway.

To begin with, he didn't deny saying any of the things he said to me in December. That was a good start. I didn't have the tape recorder going, so I kept typing quotes into the computer and telling him exactly what I was quoting him on as I went along.

To Question 1, Brett responded: "No one will ever know but Rancid's lawyers. They went to their lawyers on the day they were supposed to sign a letter of intent and said they were signing with Epitaph instead. But until I flew up and talked to them man to man, straight from the heart, I thought they were leaving the label."

Question 2: "Yes, I told Rancid's lawyers I'd beat any major label royalty offer by 25%."

Question 3: "I don't know if they were ever told about that offer. At that time, I was still playing by the rules. I know it sounds stupid to you but when you get involved in situations like this where a band is shopping around, it's considered unethical to go to the band directly. They had managers and lawyers so I took the offer to their managers and lawyers."

Question 4: "Yes. (slightly sardonically) I don't know about the 'm' at the end of 'who.' The rest of the release was written by Epitaph."

Regarding the press release, Brett went on to admit, "You're right." He added, "None of us are saints here... It's true that maybe we're trying to paint the picture more rosy."

Ok. Now that we know that the press release is bullshit, here's what Brett had to say about the situation:

"At the time all this was going on, even I didn't know exactly what was happening; I was getting all my information from the rumor mill, too. There were rumors in the mainstream press that they'd signed a deal and I learned later that wasn't true. The day they were going to sign a letter of intent, I flew up to San Francisco and talked to them and they decided to stay with Epitaph."

So what happened was what I already explained in the fax I sent to Epitaph; Rancid had a deal on the table with Epic/Sony and they walked away. Seems to me that THAT would have been a way better story for a press release than "it never happened." Brett admitted that the press release was basically misleading, but claims that the reason for that is that he didn't wanna gloat or name-call.

So please ignore the latest press release on Rancid from Epitaph. I hope the band will have the balls to admit to their fans what REALLY happened, and if it hurts them to do it, just think how much it must've hurt Brett to tell me I was right and that I could quote him on it.

FINIS

So to sum up: HEAD rules; The Tick is rad, tattoos are not addictive and television is but it doesn't matter 'cause television is GOOD for you; you have an extra month to buy your white C.T.'s; if you haven't bought the HEAD 12" yet, bring along extra money to get "Answer The Phone, Dummy" by the Fastbacks and "I Was A Teenage Teenager" by Moral Crux; something is rotten over at the Epitaph press release department but at least the company's owner admits it, but simply by association, that makes Rancid at least HALF full of shit (if only because we all know that nobody in Rancid has ever used the word "whom" in their life) and that's being kind about the whole thing; and finally, it's 10:15 P.M. and all is well here in the place where the sun doesn't shine and the grass doesn't grow but my gut's full of beans, so look out below. Salaam.

It was 11:20 when I found out my friend Dave McCord had died by taking his own

life. I remember it was 11:20 because time sort of stopped for me that day. I was working in Comic Relief and the store was empty and it was pouring rain outside when I heard, just like it does in books or in the movies. It was so surreal I just couldn't comprehend or believe that I would never see my friend again. I thought the world was fucking with me, but it was true, he had left this earth forever, voluntarily, and there was nothing I could do but let him go.

If you don't know who David McCord was, you're missing out. David McCord was an underground/cult fiction writer for over 10 years. Dave was like a teacher to some of us in the underground writing scene. He published 4 short story collections: *Exercising Demons, More Lines on Paper, The World Owes Me Lunch, Bad Bunny Blues*, and the crime-suspense novel *Shadow Lies* and performed a lot of awesome spoken-word readings in San Francisco and Oakland during that time. Dave had developed a steady readership and many people have consistently written me at Andromeda Press asking how to get their hands on his stuff. Dave also played bass for that old Berkeley punk band Kwikway and also Oakland's Third Rail.

Besides his many accomplishments, Dave was an interesting, unusual, intense and caring friend to many people. He was one of those rare people who could balance a hard-edged outlook with a deep sensitivity towards others, and I respected him like I respect few other people. It's hard to describe Dave's brilliance. He was complex. He could be very very quiet sometimes so a lot of people probably never knew the real Dave. The crazy, brilliant Dave.

One of my favorite punk-Dave stories (that I just recently heard from some of his high school friends) is about when Dave graduated from high school. During the graduation ceremony, when they called his name, Dave walked up to the podium in his triple mohawk (he cut holes in the graduation cap to accommodate), decisively walked over and spit on the American flag in front of hundreds of students, teachers and parents, and then turned to receive his diploma from the horrified principal. That was Dave's style. A silent, yet powerful fuck you to all the bullshit.

I knew Dave for about 3 or 4 years. I always was fascinated with his intense and hilarious writing style. He did so many kool things for me and was a friend in so many ways to me at different times in my life. He hooked me up with a truckload, virtually thousands of free copies at Kinko's when he worked there. He helped me get published in our school's magazine and was totally encouraging to me about my own writing. Sometimes he sat and listened patiently to my problems and always had some useful insight to offer that I could draw on. I won't ever forget those things.

Before he died he wrote letters to some of his friends with explicit instructions as to what he wanted done with his writing and his belongings, and to say things he wanted to say to us.

A few days after I heard about it, I drove up to Chico to get the books and letter Dave had left me. On the drive up there it started to pour rain again, and it occurred to me that almost every time I thought of Dave it had started to rain. Sometimes I think maybe it's him doing it to add a backdrop to our grief. Dave always was one for drama like that.

But how can I describe what it is like to go to a dead friend's house to pick up belongings of his that he wanted you to have. (With me, it was his books and writing he wanted me to have.) There is little to say during the process. I found myself struggling over the right words to say to his father who let us into the garage where all his things had been brought to.

How can I describe reading a letter that a dead friend wrote to you days before committing suicide. A letter that was never mailed. A letter that, although written in a sloppy, frantic style, is surprisingly coherent, calm, articulate and sane. A letter that praises you and gives you lavish encouragement for your own life, even though he couldn't handle his own. The only way I can describe getting a letter like that is that you hold onto it very tightly - because that's all you have left of that person and you take what you get and live with it because it can't be any other way and deep in your heart you know it.

Although I don't completely understand and don't agree with his decision, I am trying to respect his decision to do what he did. The sadness I feel is for what could have been - all the stories he could have written, all the advice and philosophies he could have shared, the friendship that I and many others would have had with him in the future. I have trouble with loss. And most of all I am sad for the thought that things could maybe have gotten better for him if he had waited it out. I think he didn't know of or couldn't find a better way to deal with his troubles.

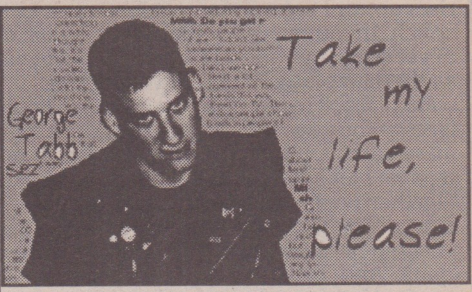
But part of me isn't sure of anything anymore. Dave walked on the edge for many years. He was a functional heroin user for a long time. Ambulances rushed to his house to save him on more than one occasion. Dave had a lot of problems to escape. He also had a wild spirit which he expressed in his life and on the page. This world doesn't like wild, creative minds and I know that is part of what helped kill him or at least kill his spirit.

Dave was not proud of his heroin addiction. He hid it successfully from many of his friends, co-workers and college teachers for years. Before he died, he told his dad that he hoped his life and his succumbing to heroin could be a lesson for other people - to not make the mistakes he made and to not travel down the road towards drug addiction that he did, because it is rarely a place that you can come back from.

Me and my friend Sarah were just talking the other day and she was telling me how she dreads the new year because it reminds her of everything that she lost the previous year. Now I can't help but think that it's only January and already I've lost something.

There is nothing more to say. Now I just gotta deal with this. It's hard most of all to deal with the loss. And it's the loss of Dave's contribution as a writer and a friend that I will miss.

If anyone wants to read Dave's stuff, you may be able to find the books in your local library, or you can order the books through: Andromeda Press, P.O. Box 423592, San Francisco, CA 94142. Peace.



It was like the fifth day in a row that it was over a hundred degrees. And of course, the van had no air-conditioning. Actually, it didn't have a lot of things. A radio. Good tires. A left head-light. Brakes. But who the fuck cared. It was punk rock. And besides, our vehicle was still better than the old school bus that carried the other bands, D.O.A. and The Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers (C.C.M.). We (the False Prophets) somehow always ended up on tour during severe weather. One time we toured the mid-west when it was under minus five degrees for over four days, and we had no heat in the van. But that's another story.

I joined the False Prophets in 1985. They had been together for almost five years at that point, having had a couple of singles out, and some cuts of various compilations. The way I heard that they were looking for a guitar player was that I saw an ad in the Village Voice classified section. There was also an ad for a band called Artless, who were also looking for a guitar player. Being that I already had been playing PUNK ROCK for at least five years, I knew both these bands. The False Prophets were a local band with a huge left-wing cult following. They sounded a lot like the Dead Kennedys with a real singer. They were kinda funny, and really cool. Artless was a local band fronted by this guy named Mykel Board, who wrote articles in this magazine called Maximumrocknroll, which I read every month. So I called the numbers in both ads and set up auditions.

The first audition was for Artless. It was a hot August day, and the guy on the phone told me to meet him at this place called the Music Building on Thirty-eighth street and Eighth Avenue. When I got there I noticed it was a high class area. There were peep-shows on every corner and hookers hanging out in front of the building. I looked at my watch and noticed I was like a half-hour early. In those days I was always early. I hated being late. And I hated when people were late. I mean, I used to set my clock ahead so I'd be early. I still set my clock ahead. But now I know it is set ahead, so I take my time, and am no longer early. Maybe I'll set my clock even more ahead, then I'll start being early again. But I guess eventually I'll know I set my clock ahead, and then give myself some more time.

Anyway, so, since I was early, I figured I'd have a look around. I peeked in some of the sex-shops that called out to me with neon signs flashing "Naked girls, twenty-five cents". I figured, hey, that's a good price. A bit steep, but what the fuck. So I go into one of these sex-shops and there are these little booths in the back. I enter the booth, close the door

behind me, and put a quarter in. This window rises up, and there, in front of me, is this girl's crotch. If you can call it that. It was scary. I'd never seen anything like it before. There was all this hair between these two large legs that were pressed together. More hair than on the faces of the guys in Z.Z. Top. And there were these scars. Oh my god. It seemed as if this woman had been cut in half, then sewn back together. So this crotch continues to gyrate in front of my face, and then the woman stops pushing her legs together. She spreads them apart. And then it happened. Geezus. Oy revolt. Out from between her legs pops a penis that had been hidden between her/his thighs. A big one, too. I ran out of there and on to the street. Whew. I was kinda in shock from what I had just seen. But then I felt my heart sink down to my bowels, then rise up to my throat. I had forgotten my guitar in "there". I went back in, and this large woman walks up to me with my guitar and asks in a very deep voice if I forgot something. I tell her she is holding my guitar, and can I have it back, please. She gives it to me and laughs as I run out of the place. It wasn't until years later that I entered one of those places again.

Eight years to be exact. It was Halloween, and me and Wendy and Chicken John from the band that can not be mentioned, and the guys in New Republic, and Evan, and Scot and Marc from Iron Prostate, and Scot's girlfriend Laura, and whoever the fuck else had just got done trick or treating in New Jersey. We were in Chicken's van, and all the way back to the city, Chicken keep telling us how horny he was. So we decided that as a token of our appreciation for him, we'd get him some oral sex from a hooker. Hey, it was his idea. And it was only twenty bucks. Or so we had heard from our pal Unk, who knew about such things.

So we start driving on all these side streets in the city where all the hookers are. And there are hundreds of them! Wow, I couldn't believe it. They were in all shapes and colors. It was amazing. Some were fully dressed, some were wearing skimpy underwear, and some were even naked. Wow! So as we are driving past all these girls/guys dressed as girls, me and Evan begin to feel like we are on an episode of "Wild Kingdom" or some National Geographic or something. "Look Evan", I say to him as we pass a girl in a black leather outfit, "there is the wild mistress beast which is very common to this locale". He nods his head as he points out the skinny topples woman with the large gazongas, and explains to me that she is a rare species of Homo-siliconas. I nod my head.

Chicken starts whining in the back of the van that he is really horny now, and wants a woman. So I figure we might as well start getting quotes. Chicken points out a fine breed of hooker, and we drive up to her. Evan rolls down the window and asks how much. She looks at everyone in the van, and says, "What, you want me to do all of you? That'll be expensive". Evan explains just one guy, and she says she'll do it for thirty. Evan and I, being the Jews that we are, know we can get a better deal. We drive on as Chicken grabs his groin and whines like a girl. Finally we see another girl that Chicken wants. We drive up to her, and she kinda looks familiar. As soon as we roll down the window, she says, "Hey, it's George and Chicken John from the band that can not be mentioned". We kinda smile sheepishly, then speed away. By this point, Chicken will settle for anything. He is in the back of the van asking the guys from New Republic how much they would charge, and then he starts asking me if he can buy Wendy. I tell him I wouldn't sell her to a donkey show, but maybe to a circus. Anyway, we spot another girl that looks okay. Well, okay is not the word. This girl is beautiful. She has long blonde hair, and legs that go up to her neck. Must be really rough to shave, though. Anyway, so we pull up to her, and she smiles and leans into the window of the van. Evan explains that we have a friend who needs some "attention", and how much would it be? She asks who, and we tell her Chicken. She steps back from the van and starts yelling, "What? You want me to do a Chicken? Look, I do oral, I do anal, I do half and half, but I certainly don't do no animals!". She then runs to her pimp. The guy is wearing a large hat with a feather in it, and gold on every joint of his body. Straight out of Starsky and Hutch. I wonder where Huggy Bear is. Then the pimp starts doing his pimp walk toward the van. You know, that kinda walk where it looks like ya got a back problem so ya keep straightening yourself out. Everyone in the van now starts screaming that we are gonna die, so we speed away. And Chicken is still unsatisfied.

So we figure, okay, we'll go to "Show-world". Show-world is a porn castle on Forty Second Street in New York. We got there so Chicken can relieve himself, and so we can have something to do. The place is huge. Three or four floors of wall to wall porn. Except the place is decorated like a circus. There are video booths, and booths were you can see naked ladies. Suddenly I had a flashback of the last time I was at one of these places, and a large penis came to mind. Doh. But we all decided to check out the naked ladies together. Now ya gotta see this in your mind. This lady dances naked in the middle of the room. The room is circular, and little windows go up and down all around the room. So we all go into different booths and all can see one another cause we are all in a circle. So we all start waving to each other, and there is this naked lady dancing around in the middle of the floor, and she is wondering what the hell is going on. We keep waving to each other, and finally the lady gets mad and decides to block my view with her crotch. I of course run the hell out of there, not wanting any "surprises".

We spend the next half hour of our lives in Show-world looking for Chicken John. He is hidden somewhere behind one of like the three hundred doors to video booths and live shows. Wendy is getting tired, and I really gotta go to the bathroom. We keep knocking on all the closed doors saying, "Chicken? Chicken, are you in there?" All these deep male voices yell that we should leave them alone. One voice says, "Chicken? How much?"

We finally find Chicken behind the door of a video booth on the second floor. He says he is "almost done", and to wait. We do. Finally he exits with a smile on his face, and we then start to leave. As soon as we get to the van, we realize that Scot and Laura are missing. We find them having some kind of drunken sex in one of the booths.

So, where was I? Oh yeah. So I go back to the Music Building, and out front is this blonde haired guy who looks like Billy Idol, complete with a crucifix around his neck and everything. Also there is this little guy. I mean little. And he has a black t-shirt on that says "Rat-fucker". He is kinda balding, and wearing all black. He says, "George?" I tell him yeah, and he explains he is Mykel Board, and this other guy is Joe Shmoe, and we are the two guys today auditioning for Artless. We all shake hands and go up to the room where all the amps and stuff are. The rest of the band show up, and the other guy goes first. He plays guitar like a sissy, and does lots of faggy new-wave poses. Mykel thanks him, and then it is my turn. We do a couple of Artless tunes including "How Much Punk Rock Do You Hear In Russia?" and "I Am A Rock". Mykel thanks me for coming down, and I go home. I couldn't tell if he liked me or not. I mean, right before he shook my hand when I was leaving, he picked his nose. Oh well.

The next afternoon I went to audition for the False Prophets. They had a space of their own on Avenue B and Tenth Street. The East Village. The very East Village. Out in front of their studio were hookers as well. Also lots of junkies and strange looking people. I knocked on the door of the False Prophets studio and a really strange looking guy answered. He had a Hitler mustache, pierced ears, and the longest fucking fingernails I had ever seen. He told me his name was Stephen, and he was the lead singer. As he took me into the room, he introduced me to Steve, the bass player, and Ned, the drummer. Nice enough guys, I figured. Strange, but nice. Ned looked cool with his long red hair, but when he played the drums, he would go into this zombie like trance. And Steve, he looked kinda old to be playing punk rock. His hair was all gray, and he kept saying, "ugggh" a lot between words. But they were all really nice. I played some songs with them, and had a good time. They told me they would call me if I made the audition. And if I didn't hear from them, to call them in a couple of days. I wound up calling them.

I got Steve on the phone and he told me there was someone else they were interested in. He said that maybe they should have two guitar players, and to show up tomorrow so they could audition both of us together. I showed up, and there was this GIRL there. A girl! They wanted me to play in this punk rock band with a girl! Now, no offense or anything, but I had just got done being in a band with two GIRLS in Florida. These two girls, were gay. And they both decided to go out with each other. And they fucked up everything. It always became us against them. The them being the two girls, and us, the rest of the band. I figured shit, now they want this girl to be in the band, and if she winds up going out with one of the guys, it will be "us vs. them" again. I introduced myself to the girl. Her name was Debbie. She was cute. I figured this was gonna be trouble.

We started to play and this girl rocked. She played awesome leads and everything. I played my Johnny Ramone style of punk, and together we sounded awesome. It was really

cool. When we got done playing, the guys asked both of us to join the band. I said yeah, and she said yes, but that she would never date anyone in the band. And she didn't. And the band was great for years. And she finally did. And the band died.

The next day I called Mykel Board to tell him I joined the False Prophets. He said that was okay, 'cause they didn't want me anyway. They wanted this cute chick named "Debbie". Go figure. Anyway, he didn't get either of us.

So, where was I, oh yeah, it was the fifth day in a row at over a hundred degrees, and we were on one of our wonderful U.S. tours. This time we were out with D.O.A. and C.C.M. Both great bands. Both totally nuts. D.O.A. liked to drink beer. Um, that is putting it very mildly. D.O.A. existed to drink beer. These guys drank more beer than anyone I had ever seen. We played this club in Kentucky with them, and each guy almost put away a whole case. Wow. And C.C.M... What can I say about a bunch of guys from Italy who could hardly speak English, and who had a lead singer whose stomach looked like an Atlas road map, and who, along with his girl-friend, Pigmy, had gotten the worst case of body lice I had ever seen.

Anyway, it is really fucking hot, and me and our roadie at the time, Marc, who later joined Letch Patrol and Iron Prostate, are overheating. The school bus with the other bands in front of us pulls over to the side of the highway. The driver, Gary, gets out and goes and lays down in the middle of the field. I ask him what he is doing, and he says "Power-Napping". He then falls right asleep, and wakes up totally refreshed five minutes later. Punk Rock. Meanwhile, Marc and I are feeling sicker by the second. We had played a show in Rhode Island the night before, and both a bit hung over. Also, we were kinda weirded out from the girls we had met.

One was named Betsy, the other, I can't remember her name. Maybe Marc does. We met them at the show at AS 221, the coffee house/club we had played at. They took us home to their house were we of course tried to sleep with them. I got further along than Marc, who spent the whole night begging the girl just to let him sleep in the same bed as her. I mean, she was walking around naked, and kept touching him, then told him she liked him, then made him sleep on the floor. Meanwhile I was having fun with Betsy, not knowing she was the promoter's girlfriend. We were lucky to leave the state in one piece. For some reason, Marc and I dubbed it the "Eraser Head State".

So after Gary wakes up, he gets back in the bus and begins the rest of the drive to Dayton, Ohio. Ya wanna talk about shitholes? Forget what I said about Florida. Florida is Disneyland compared to Dayton. We get there and it is only one hundred and seven degrees. We get to the house were we are staying. Of course, there is only one kind of water running. Hot. And I need to take a shower. Bad. Well, actually, I always need to take a shower. I love the shower. I take like four or five of them a day. Ya can never feel too clean. And here we are in Dayton. With no cold water. So I practically burn my skin off, but get clean. And now I feel really nauseous.

Marc and I decide we are hungry, and ask where the nearest place to eat is. The hippie we are staying with says there is a McDonalds two blocks away. We're there, dude.

We enter the place, and we are like the only punks there. Actually, we are the only people there. Except for the four people behind the counter. Oh yeah. Of course there is no air conditioning in the place. Anyway, they have these big signs for something called "McPizza". We had never seen something like this, and each decide to get one. I bite into mine, and there is all this brown stuff inside. And it tastes terrible. Marc bites into his, and the same thing is inside. He then marches up to the counter and tells the girl, "This isn't McPizza, this is McShit". We both left, pissed and hungry.

We saw a sign for downtown Dayton, and it said one and a half miles. We figured, what the fuck, it was now only a hundred and ten, at least according the to lit up bank sign, and we had nothing better to do than to go find food. And air conditioning.

So we walk and walk, sweating like the last mayor of New York. We finally reach downtown. We get to the corner of First Street and First Avenue, and low and behold, we see a Wendys. I figure a salad bar would do me good. Light and cold. Marc wants a Frosty.

We enter the place and it is freezing. It feels great. I eat like five plates full of salad, and Marc has three large Frosties. Chocolate. I go into their bathroom and take a shower in their sink. By the time I'm done, the floor is under water. But no matter. We feel great. We feel as though we can make it back to the house with the hippie in it with no problem.

We step outside. It is so hot that our bodies go into some sort of shock. Marc kneels down, and throws up all three Frosties. All these people are walking by, and think nothing of it. I can't believe it. This guys just pukes all this brown stuff, and no one even blinks an eye. So I start yelling, "Hey, look, this guy just threw up, gross!" But no one cares. Then I start to feel sick. I tell Marc there is no way I can walk back in this heat to that house. We decide we will get a cab, except we remember we spent all our money, and the rest our dough is with the rest of the band. Shit. So then Marc gets this idea.

He starts yelling that he'll eat his own vomit for a buck. People just look at him funny. I run inside Wendy's and get a piece of paper. I write on it with my graffiti-stick, "See a Man eat his own puke, $1 dollar!" I hold it up to people walking by. No one cares. Quite a place, this Dayton Ohio.

Finally we give up on the idea of a cab, and start to walk back. I tell Marc I feel sick, and he dares me to throw up on the church steps on the next block. I do. Punk Rock.

We make it back to the house, and do the punk thing. Use my mom's credit card, and get a hotel room. No one in the False Prophets wants to help pay for it, so it is me and Marc. But then Sid, the singer from C.C.M., and his girlfriend, Pigmy, say they'll split it with us. We tell them okay, and we all take one room. Then Sid and Pigmy cover themselves with this lice killing oil, and stink up the place for the whole night. They both sit around naked, and me and Marc can't help but laugh. Finally they wash themselves off, and we all get some sleep.

The next morning we wake up and go outside. The heat wave had ended. It was only ninety-nine degrees.

Take my life, please.

Endnotes:

1. Scot, the singer of Iron Prostate, quit. Bye-bye Iron Prostate. But never fear....my next band is gonna be fucking awesome. The best thing I have been involved with yet. More infested then the Roach Motel, truer than the False Prophets, more unmentionable than the-band-that-cannot be-mentioned, and younger than Iron Prostate. Get Ready!!!

2. My Destroy thing on Go-Kart will be out, eventually. But the guy is kinda slow on getting things done. But look for it soon. And E-mail me at Ramones007@aol.com. or you can write me through the U.S. Post Office at Destroy Television / P.O. Box 323 / Village Station / New York, N.Y. / 10014-323. But it might take me a while to get your letter that way, since I gotta go there, to the post office that is, and deal with the most moronic assholes in the world. I kinda sometimes feel like a disgruntled postal client, and wanna go in there and.... um, speaking of which, did you hear that they are gonna have a new MRR stamp with Tim's picture on it? Geez, first Elvis, now Yohannan. I wonder who is gonna be next?

3. RED POP are a really cool band from Indiana. Locally, SWEET DIESEL and NEW REPUBLIC rule. And the newest issue of GREEDY BASTARD is a hoot.

4. My pal, Aaron P., who lives in the north-west, wonders if he still is a punk. He is.

5. Why did G.G. stop eating shit on his last tour? He went off-duty!!!

6. The coolest club in New York City award goes to the Continental, a place that books awesome punk bands. The booker guy, NOEL, takes a lot of chances, and I think they pay off. This cool band, STRYCHNINE AND THE RAT TRAPS are playing there this month. As well as this bunch of dildoes called THE GREEN DOOR GIRLS.

7. THE QUEERS rule.

FAR ENOUGH

Adrienne Droogas

"TIM!" I yelled, clapping my hands while jumping up and down in the Maximum computer room, way too excited to even make an effort to pull off a cool attitude. "I'm going to write a column about working out!!". Tim reached for his cigarettes and gave me another one of those 'Why did I ever agree to let this woman work on my magazine?' type looks as he searched for his lighter. I knew that I needed to explain. See, I work out a lot and I really enjoy it. My goal isn't to achieve the pumped up 'Hi, I'm Henry Rollins and I've worked out so much that I've seemed to have

misplaced my neck' look, but to feel good. That if I need to be able to run, I can do so without wheezing after half a block and asking whoever is chasing me to hold on for just a moment as I catch my breath. That if there ever comes a time when I have to make a fist and use it, I want that fist and the power behind it to be taken very fucking seriously. I look forward to a winter when I'm not sick every other week with some sniffling, snot ridden, let me lie in bed and whimper type cold. As I began to think about my column and exactly what my motivations behind working out really are, I started to realize what wonderful implications being physically fit could have for all punks, far and wide.

Take drunk punks, for instance. If they started pumping up a bit on the upper body, just think about how many more kegs they could carry to parties! Get 'em pumped up enough, and each of them could carry their own keg under their arm with the tap attached directly into their mouth! No more waiting in long lines at the party waiting to get your cup filled with mostly foam and a tiny swallow of beer. And for the morning after, the smart drunk punk will have been also doing massive sit-ups and crunches so that he or she can vomit even more effectively. Instead of hanging your head half in the toilet bowl and almost drowning in piss and shit, you can simply stroll (or stumble) into the toilet, lean over and use your highly developed stomach muscles to projectile your vomit wherever you wish!

Or riot grrrrls. I figure if they began working on their upper back region three times a week. that would mean that they could carry even heavier back-packs to shows. And maybe with a little tricep/biceps workout also, they could carry TWO lunch pails instead of one. I would also have to recommend an intensive aerobic work-out so's that at Bikini Kill or Antioch Arrow shows, they could do the wiggly, jumping up and down while flailing their arms dance with even more vigor and passion.

And just to work on scene unity, it would be a good idea for the riot grrrrls and the anarcho punks to get together for their aerobic work-outs. If there was ever a group of people that need a good cardiovascular workout, it's gotta be the anarcho punks. I mean, how can you ever expect to overthrow the government if you barely have the energy to throw yourself out of bed? So put on some nonleather running shows, do some stretches, and start joggin'! I think you'll be amazed at just how much easier it is to outrun cops when you're physically fit. Or how many more bricks can get thrown at bank windows with just a little weight training with your upper body. Not to mention how much more stamina you'll have for handing out flyers about animals rights once you're in shape!

Aerobic work-outs also apply for all the moshers and stage divers at punk shows. I would actually have to advise wearing running shoes while in the pit because you're doing such an intensive aerobic work-out running around in those little circles that you shouldn't have to worry about shin splints or getting bad knees. Plus for those really good stage dives, you're just gonna have to do some lower body weight training if you want to be able to jump up *real* high and land on everyone's head *real* hard.

It's time that we all unite and kiss cigarette smoking and beer bellies good-bye! Warmly embrace sweat pants, running shoes, jogging bras, and jock straps! Take over the early morning streets for a six mile jog. Flood the YMCA with financial aid applications until their membership is filled with as many punks as Gilman street. I look forward to the day when Tim and I, instead of sitting in the Maximum living room breathing in stale cigarette smoke, will run out the door and have a brisk jog to the local vegetarian restaurant for some steamed veggies and rice. Hope to see ya' there!

(This column is dedicated to the memory of Husta Landers, eternal soulmate of Jimmy Carl Black. Husta passed on Jan. 22.) Remember when you came back to grade school in September and they asked everyone what they did over the summer? This is that type of column because I had an unusual summer, the first in 17 years where I wasn't forced to tour in order to survive. Amsterdam—No, it's not that type of column. The previous column has been preempted by a request for thoughts on the subjects of relationships, more the stuff books are made of than columns. At least for a change it is something I have some knowledge of. I've been married to the same person for 15 years, which someone tells me is the average age of MRR readers

(Excerpt from transatlantic phone call, Jan. 26, 1995): .

"Big Jim is alone now. . . for the first time in 37 years . 'Cus I was married for 20 years, then with Husta for 17."

"Who's gonna take the **garbage out now?**"

"Same person who always did... ME. I did ALL the cooking, ALL the cleaning, ALL the housework. Nothing changes." (Country and Western footnote #1: I was referring to the great Ernest Tubb/Loretta Lynn duo number:

"I take too much abuse from you That's all I ever get

Callin' a man like you a husband is just like callin' a wildcat a pet

You better start doin'' right

Straighten up and start movin' on

He: but who's gonna take the garbage out when I've packed my bags and gone?"

Greensboro: Eddie Kirkland is a veteran bluesman who cruises the land in a psychedelic turban. One of his many ex-sidemen (they drop like flies because he plays with such intensity) tells me "Eddie believes in a mystical system of 14-year cycles in all musical styles. This type of music goes through periods where it is not allowed to be mentioned in certain publications.

" But now, Eddie is due both a record contract and a major tour based on this system. Some of Eddies solos are also based on this system."

A guy still drumming with Kirkland passes through town and sleeps in his van in my driveway." Eddie's got a system," he says. "He'll tell ya about it constantly." Today no work accomplished on relationship column.

Oslo— "The jealousy and envy are the unraveling" was what Joni Mitchell wrote, and that's all they need, they should print that on the cover and forget the rest.

Greensboro—"I'll stay as long as there's work," Jimmy tells me. "It's not like I have anyone to come home to."

He told me on the Copenhagen-Hamburg train that when he got back to her in the hospital, he was going to have a talk with her, outline some of the reasons she had for living. He needed her. He needed her to run the computer. He needed her to run the mail order business. "There's lots for her to do!" I remember them asking the German festival worker driving us from Moers to Amsterdam if he would pull over so they could have their picture taken in a bright yellow field full of hops flowers.

Amsterdam—I see the "Relationships" issue on the counter of the record store. It's official. I have missed the deadline

That night Emmy calls, speaking to two of my Dutch friends before getting me on the line. Jimmy has left a message: Husta died while he was on the way home.

I had found a country songbook particularly laden with the work of Bobby Braddock, one of the finest songwriters. I had played 'He Stopped Loving Her Today' several times, once beginning to cry.

I tell the Dutch guys about how they had to force George Jones to record this because he thought it was too dreary, he in fact never sang it all the way through, the first and second half were recorded a year apart, then spliced together.

"It is always so sad," Vonder says.

I am surprised that although my recollection was that the subject of the song was a man who stopped loving a woman finally when they were both dead, it is really about the man in love with a woman who leaves him, and he only stops loving her when HE dies. This makes more sense. 'First time I'd seen him smile in years', the narrator says in description of this country corpse.

Copenhagen—There is an hour to kill before showtime and the manager has set me up with his computer.

"He is writing a column for Maximum Rock and Roll" he tells his assistant.

"They still exist?" the assistant asks, then tells me his band was featured on the P.E.A.C.E. compilation. I make up a buncha crap about how this was one of the best-selling compilations in the history of the U.S.A.

Then I work, but abandon the half-finished effort. It is too negative, makes me feel bad. The way relationships sometimes do. I decide that a relationship is such hard work that as a little 'perk' for being a good guy and

staying in mine, I get to skip filing the relationship column, thus depriving the MRR readership of my knowledge of the subject.

Ann Arbor—Interest in actually filing the relationship column is revived, plus I finally feel good about mentioning the Rolling Stones. Up 'til now this had been a bizarre obsession: tie in the now decrepit Stones (I exclude Charlie Watts: he's got class!) with the subject of relationships as revenge against them for all the trouble they had caused me from puberty on.

I was still a virgin when their record came out with the zipper on the front, for instance. A humiliation.

For many years the only way to attract attention from any woman was to be like one of the Stones:

A big cock and suck lips like Mick.

A heroin habit, like Keith.

Stand around and say nothing, like Bill Wyman. (These types always attract girls.) Beautiful long blonde bangs like Brian Jones.

The rest of us were excluded. I really could not think about the relationship subject without thinking about the Stones. An emotional problem? You bet. There were the relationships I did have, but looming more important were the ones I might have had if I had been lucky enough to be more similar to one of the Stones. Would you like me to name a few of the women who would NOT have rejected me if I'd had some of the previously mentioned personality traits? Never mind.

You can see the wisdom involved in shitcanning this line of thinking, that is until the evening following the Diamanda Galas/ John Paul Jones concert—now there's a relationship for you. And a concert so dull that a group of audience hanging out later quickly switched their conversation to My obsession: The Stones.

One of the women had made friends with a Stones security guy, leading to invitations backstage in several towns, one of them New Orleans.

"I was IN the voodoo lounge," she began. She referred to people such as Jagger, Richards, Wood, et al as "Mick", "Keith", "Ron",... the more she went on like this, the more her mild mannered, bespectacled husband winced. Since I didn't know this guy so well, I wasn't that aware of how uncomfortable he was until the folks driving me back to Detroit mentioned it: "Didya see his face? Christ he must get tied of hearing about the Stones! And jealous!" Jealousy? See previous mention of Joni Mitchell lyric.

Copenhagen: Once again I tell the clubowner I need his computer, admitting that I still haven't finished the column I was working on.

Frankly, I tell myself, I would rather be someone that gets to perform in Copenhagen in both September and January than one of these loudmouthed shreeves who always has a column in MRR.

"And I won't get to work on it tonight, either," I tell the guy as he tries to see if the printer is down or up.

"No? Won't they get tired of waiting for your column?"

"No, I have to help Jimmy file a court brief, a response to a lawsuit by Gail Zappa..." This particular show was a duet with Jimmy Carl Black on the night he before his deadline to respond to a breach of contract, dishonest enrichment and assorted pumped-up bullshit lawsuit filed against his group the Grandmothers by the widow of Zappa, now in charge of administrating his sizeable estate. It was fun typing up this response. Jimmy allowed Me to toss in a few of my own comments comparing the Grandmothers to exsidemen tribute bands that sprang out of the Hank Williams and Duke Ellington bands.

All for naught, though. The letter was returned by the L.A. court because nobody paid a $182.50 filing fee. There was no mention of this fee on any of the papers.

I read the suit filed by "Gail the Whale" as she is called by people who don't like her. (As for people who DO like her, I have to admit I haven't met any. I don't travel in such elite circles.)

I recall the days when Matt Groening, the inventor of the Simpsons, used to come to my shows in L.A. and buy my tapes from me, I would sleep at his house sometimes, we would go out to dinner, he came and videotaped one of my solo concerts... he was supposedly a buddy of Zappa's before he died. The BBC documentary on Zappa—shown on the Arts and Entertainment Network recently—features footage of Groening philosophizing about Zappa's mustache.

Nowadays Groening will not take or return my calls or respond to letters from me. I guess he has "dropped" me. I have another friend in Hollywood who is even a bigger cheese then Groening, and he hasn't dropped me, so it can't be just because I'm a small fry. But this friend doesn't know the Zappas, and perhaps if I could get Groening's ear I could convince him to see if Gail Zappa might be talked into leaving these old guys alone. She's ticked off because some of the Grandmothers' shows have been advertised as The Grandmothers of Invention and even The Mothers of Invention, both names the former members of this classic '60s anarchist outfit are barred from using.

Zappa, the biggest critic of American society to ever step off an album cover, now cowers behind all the things that make this such a frightening country to live in... massive wealth and incredible lawyers. I'm convinced that once the mourning period is over, he will be remembered not as a great composer, but as a great businessman.

How appropriate that his wife's lawsuit against his former bandmates kicks off with the boast that Zappa had been inducted into "the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame." Who else would have him I ask? After all, pop music is THE area where money speaks louder than talent.)

It is late at night and Jimmy and I are sharing a room in a fascinating building that was once an asylum for mentally disturbed adolescents.

"Tell me what you think," Jim begins "I want to write a letter to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland..."

"What the fuck for?" I ask Him. He explains that giving the award to Zappa alone, and not the entire group The Mothers of Invention, was a violation of the rules established by the institution. (Zappa's recordings as a solo artist did not begin until several years after the deadline specified for Hall of fame eligibility, according to Jimmy.)

"The first year we were all nominated," Jimmy says. That was 1992 or 1993, I don't really pay that much attention, but the band didn't get the award that year. Then Zappa died, and was given the award by himself as a gesture of sympathy.

"It's not fucking fair," Jimmy says, And we could really use that goddamn award."

"You know what I think?" I say. When they gave the award to the Animals, they all came to get it except for Eric Burdon. "You know why he didn't come? He was singing in some bar in Dusseldorf. And I bet next year when the awards are announced, he still will be working in the same kind of places. The award doesn't do shit for you. It's a waste of time even thinking about it."

"Well, I sure could get some mileage out of it." Jimmy insists.

Oslo— It's Oct. 3, 1994 and the best day of My life. I smacked a soldier "upside the head" as detailed in many a blues lyric with my banjo case. And got away with it.

It was a military parade celebrating the opening of Parliament.

"These parades are not so common," my host Rune tells me. "This is the same boulevard the Nazis marched down."

My case must be carried on my shoulder like a rifle because the Norwegian airline has destroyed the handle. We are in fact on the way to their office to file a claim for damages when we have to cross through several lines of soldiers. I feel the case hit something quite hard and turn I turn back to see a young soldier rubbing his head with a foul look on his face. No one shoots us. We break into a spontaneous revelry as soon as we are out of their sight.

In January, the airline sends me a check for $53. I wonder how much the Zappa estate would have been able to get out of them, though.

Copenhagen: A familiar scene: 3 a.m., Jimmy huddled over a pow-wow of beer bottles regaling some of the locals about his Zappa problems. A hilarious spoken work bit on the Uncle Meat album is being analyzed, it is the part where the band members complain about their income.

"Do you know what that fucking was?" Jimmy asks. "That was a goddam band meeting, which he taped without telling anyone and put on a goddamn album. Then it says 'All music written by Frank Zappa.' Now how the fuck did he write THAT?"

I have my own point of view about this stuff. "Wait a minute, I do consider that his composition. It was a decision he made to put certain types of material on album that nobody else was. It really meant a lot to me at the time. "All the other groups, like the Stones for instance, they projected this completely dishonest image, like they weren't even people. Kids like us thought the Stones or Beatles could have anything they wanted, and they could probably...

"Then along comes this album where you actually hear the guys in the band complaining about being broke! For me it was a revelation," I say.

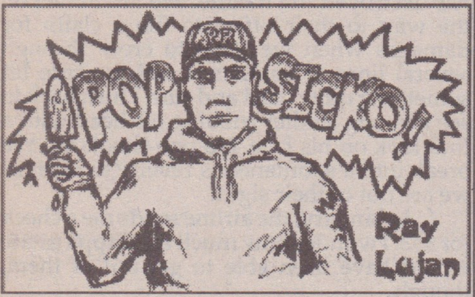
"Later on when I became a professional

musician, there I was struggling along. I lost track of how many nights I cheered myself up during a crummy tour by remembering that line 'If we could only get two weeks of this good money.'"

Everyone laughed. "I'm still wondering when I'm gonna get two weeks of this good money," Jimmy adds.

Lund— In this Swedish college town I point out to Jimmy how the 'Camper Van Beethoven' estate, if there is one, could sue me in just the same way because of tonight's poster which advertises me as a former member of Camper Van Beethoven. Perhaps Cracker's David Lowery might want to jump on this if he has a spare moment, a few years ago he was pretty concerned about this kind of thing involving me and the other ex-Campers. I've also been advertised as a former member of the Butthole Surfers (they must have lawyers, having signed with Capitol), Robert Fripp and even the Mothers of Invention! (Gail?) In East Germany I was advertised as performing at the original Woodstock festival. (Lawyers, line forms to the rear of the 50-foot Porky Pig totem pole I erected in the back yard. A person has time to make wonderful things like this when they aren't touring.)

Coming next: Our war with the Quakers. (We've been kicked out of Greensboro's Quaker School!) Tim, any chances of a Quaker theme issue I can tie this into?



Since I screwed up on the column deadline a couple months back, hence that gap in popsicko drivel, I'm gonna try to catch up the next couple of issues. I don't want to get caught raving about something that's already old news for you pop purists; e.g. "How 'bout this great new band Tiger Trap". So here I am another tortured MRR columnist spending Valentine's Day on the PC wolfing down microwave popcorn like it's goin' outta style. Hey, these are modern times.

This column picks up where the last one left off. First MARY LOU LORD leaves us with just a single and a comp. track for which seemed like ages. Then I get all happy over her "Real" release and wouldn't you know it there's a new 8 song self-titled mini-LP on Kill Rock Stars (120 NE State Ave #418, Olympia, WA 98501). One song with a band and seven acoustic numbers that don't seem as gloomy as her previous stuff. Still great none the less, I just hope she comes to town soon with just her guitar and a bus ticket as she's known to do and more importantly I hope I find out about it. Next up is the new CUB CD "Come Out Come Out" on Mint Records (#699-810 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC CANADA V5Z 4C9). You can't miss this one with it's parody of DOA's "Hardcore 81" cover changed to "Cuddlecore 94". A Canadian Heavenly/Talulah Gosh who have awesome spirit as well as great pop sensibility. Guaranteed to be one of this year's best releases.

"The Best Punk Rock In England, Son" comp. on Snuffy Smile (c/o H.G. Fact, 401 Hongoii-M. 2 36-2, Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo 161, JAPAN) is a splendid collection of my type of pop punk. Funbug, Venus Beads, Rugrat, Goober Patrol, etc... Twenty four bands with driving guitars and pop melodies. One band featured on this comp. is SKIMMER whose "Better Than Being Alone" EP on Crackle Records (PO Box HP49, Leeds LS6 4XL, UNITED KINGDOM) is a great four songer that roars like an early Mega City Four single. A post- SECT outfit I hear. Less retro and more ringing than their previous band. A step forward although THE SECT certainly had their moments too.

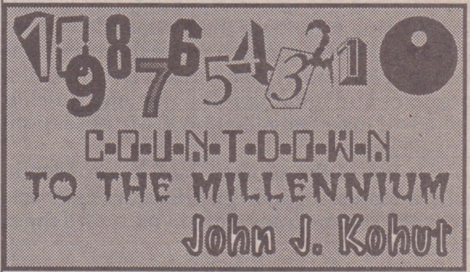
Now for the obligatory rave QUEERS review. These boys crank out not one but two great live records on this winter's day. THE QUEERS "Suck This" picture disc LP on Clearview features the smokin' Screeching Weasel-esque line-up and maybe one of punk rock's greatest live LP's ever. The "Shout At The Queers" LP on Selfless is another great live disc that features the Joe, B Face, and Jay line-up of a couple years back. P.S. Jay, I'm still waiting for my Rancid shirt and if I don't get it you have one big sock in the head coming. But enough mindless violence. The JOHNNY BRAVO "She's Been Around" EP on Lo-Mag Music (114 South Street, Hingham, MA 02043) is good old school Undertones type of stuff. This sure gave me a craving to break out that 1st "Tones LP. The SWINGIN' UTTERS "Nothing To Rely On" 45 on Side 10 (6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028) is influenced by another Irish band. This has Stiff Little Fingers all over it in sound and quality. I'm waiting to hear their upcoming LP. Possibly the Bay Area's next big band. Also on Side 10 is the WAX "13 Unlucky Numbers" CD. A great full-length with everything from Dead Boys type stuff to more poppy stuff. A good blend of variety on this baby as these guys have come full circle since their 1st so-so LP. Hella strong. THE RAZZELS "Booger" CD on Earthtone Records (1077 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222) is infectious Doughboys/Goo Goo Dolls stuff. In fact this perky thing is produced by a Goo guy.

The INCREDIBLE FORCE OF JUNIOR "Greatest Thing" 45 on Swingset Records (4202 Phinny Ave., Seattle, WA 98103) was called "the best single in the last 10 years" in it's MRR review and I must say this single rules. I mean how can you dis' a single that starts out with the words "the greatest thing is a box, so how can I contain my love for fire?". Finally someone who can relate to my lifelong dilemma! This then proceeds to deliver the best early Rough Trade-ish post punk song even I've heard in years. Noisy, arty, percussive and brill. PEE have been rockin' round town lately with their arty Superchunk/rockin' Breeders sound. A sonic assault live, their "Salt Garden" 45 on Double Play Records (41 Sutter St., Suite 1337, San Francisco, CA 94104) is a fine debut. The FURTHER "Golden Grimes" CD EP on Fingerpaint (PO Box 277, Prince Station, New York, NY 10012) is more noisy sloppy great stuff from these So. Cal. guys. Anyone into poppy Pavement or lo-fi UK-ish fuzz-pop should check this out. Besides, you gotta respect a band where the three members take turns playing drums live. No egos here.

THE GAIN "Quadroburbia" EP on Brrapp Records (PO Box 3805, Simi Valley, CA 93093) is cool Bracket/poppy Down By Law sounding pop punk. Four songs that groove yet maintain a touch of dignified snotty-ness. The JIMMY EAT WORLD CD on Wooden Blue Records (PO Box 1147, Tempe, AZ 85281) is great emo pop punk. Mix J-Church with NOFX and make Dave Smalley the singer. A band not afraid to test the realm of the genre with it's great instrumental breaks and they always kick in at the end. This has Fat Wreck Chords all over it. Which is just swell in my book.

Finally, Shredder Records (75 Plum Tree Lane, #3, San Rafael, CA 94901) has two great new releases from two new bands this month. The McRACKINS "What Came First?" CD is great Ramones/Screeching Weasel type stuff with dabblings in power pop with edge at times. A solid disc from start to finish. A great new up-n-coming pop punk band. The SUNNYCHAR "You're My Battery" EP is a cross between the Primitives and Shonen Knife. This 7" has gotta be a hit with the Tiger Trap/Heavenly crowd. Cute and great this is bound to win over any twee type on the spot.

Well, that'll do it for this month cuz I'm sleepy.



Ghost Bus Drivers in the Sky, new private zoo, one BVM signs off forever, got a video poker jones, chainsaw carver, Amish rule the highway, don't Bogart that rose bush, finally - Big Foot being taken seriously - but only in Malaysia where monkeys kill people........

When Will They Rise?

In Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, in January, Mat Hussin Sulaiman, 76, was killed when his pet monkey threw a coconut that broke his neck. Sulaiman, a farmer, was gathering coconuts dropped from a tree by the monkey - who was trained for the task - when one hit him.

SHAKIN', SHAKIN', SHAKES

A team of earthquake researchers have revised previous predictions concerning the likelihood of a major earthquake striking southern California. According to a new examination of the data, there is now an 86 percent chance of a very large earthquake striking the region in the next 30 years. The team said that the new predictions are based on a new look at the "horribly complex web of faults" underlying the area.

BVM Update

Joseph Januszkiewicz, the man who drew crowds of thousands to his Monmouth Coun-

ty, New Jersey, home after he announced in 1989 that the Blessed Virgin Mary was appearing to him there on the first Sunday of each month, now says that the BVM has made her final appearance on January 1. According to an associate of Januszkiewicz, the BVM was accompanied for the first time by Jesus and it was Jesus who gave him the final message that they would not be appearing again to him.

In Detroit, two 18-year-olds were charged with shooting a 16-year-old boy to death because he made a sweeping arm gesture in an attempt to get a girl's attention. According to police, the victim was shot stepping from a school bus because the gunman thought his arm gesture was a street code for "take your best shot."

Happens Too Often

As the crowd attending the annual dinner of the Cotswold Male Voice Choir in Eckington, England, applauded his solo performance, Charles Davies, 67, collapsed and died. Davies had just performed the song "Goodbye."

Famous Last Meals

The last meal of a 37-year-old death row inmate, executed in North Carolina in January: four pieces of Kentucky Fried Chicken, one Mountain Dew, one Pepsi.

Great Moments in Literature

In commemoration of the sixth anniversary of the Iranian government's death threat against writer Salman Rushdie, the Islamic Propagation Organization has announced an essay contest. Contestants are to submit short stories describing Rushdie's "fear and anxiety" while living under the constant threat of death. The deadline for submissions is April 20 and winners will be announced June 5. The author of the best story will win 10 gold coins.

Life In The Other Superpower

•Our Boy Vlad

Russian ultranationalist Vladimir Zhirinovsky, sitting for a Playboy interview, repeatedly propositioned the female reporter and her 20-year-old female interpreter, advances that were all recorded by the reporter's tape recorder. "We'll understand one another better if you undress right now. You will lie on these little beds, and these boys [Vlad's bodyguards] will caress you. And I will be listening to you and continue talking myself," Vlad said. He went on to say that sex was "best when it's with a group. There are four of you here. You have to show me love for four. I love to watch more.....I can join you later during the process. For me it's a way to get excited." He went on to urge the reporter to go to bed with him "for the sake of your profession, to get to know better the person you are writing about.... during the coitus I would talk more," he said.

•On Not Needing The EPA

According to a new government-funded study by an expert with the Russian Academy of Sciences, that country is plagued with contaminated soil, unclean drinking water and unsound nuclear power plants. Bacteria growth has now left 75 percent of Russia's rivers and lakes unsafe for drinking. Also, there are at least 700 major oil pipeline leaks per year. The report estimates that 1.2 percent of the oil running through the pipelines is lost each year.

•Russian Quality Control

Russian zookeepers at a zoo in Siberia went on a drinking binge to celebrate receiving long-awaited paychecks. While they were imbibing, a fire killed about 100 rare birds in their custody.

•Sleep Tight, Don't Worry About His Drinking Problem

In January, Russian nuclear forces went on a high-level defense alert amid an erroneous report that swept Europe stating that Russian forces shot down a missile launched from northern Europe. The missile in question was a NASA-funded rocket launched by Norway in a study of the Northern Lights. The Norwegians had fully informed the Russians of the planned launch. No rocket was shot down. The Interfax news agency blamed a high-ranking Russian military source for false information. Bruce Blair, a nuclear weapons expert at the Brookings Institute, said that the erroneous alert was responsible for Russian nuclear forces actually activating Boris Yeltsin's "nuclear football" - the case kept in his presence at all time with which he could initiate a nuclear exchange - for the first time. Blair said that the fact that the process went to such a high level based purely on false information was cause for concern.

After "Friendly" the German shepherd dragged home two human legs, police in Antioch, Illinois, outfitted the dog with a radio tracking device in hopes of locating the other parts of the dead body. The legs were believed to have come from a white woman aged 16 to 25. After several days in which Friendly failed to bring home any new body parts, authorities abandoned the effort.

A 28-year-old Louisiana woman confessed to police that she shot her parents to death in order to collect their life insurance money so that she could feed her addiction to video poker.

A man from Somerset, Pennsylvania, who had his drivers license suspended for refusing a breathalyzer test, said that he would soon be back on the road driving a horse and buggy because "the Amish don't need licenses."

The use of new nonlethal weapons for crowd control were approved for the coming U.S. evacuation of U.N. forces from Somalia. Among the new items are "smurf grenades" which knock people down but don't permanently injure them. However, the Joint Staff has forbidden the use of lasers which temporarily blind opponents.

A 60-year-old San Clemente, California, grandmother, arrested in a prostitution investigation, reportedly ran a "sex dungeon" in which a naked man choked to death on the end of a dog leash. "We were just playing," said the grandmother. A coroner's officer noted, "Nobody forced him to be tied up and shackled in black leather."

Follow That Dream

In Coimbatore, India, a young man named Parthasarthy made his 85th attempt to be mentioned in the Guinness Book of Records when he ate two whole rose bushes on January 16. He took 90 minutes to eat the two 120cm-high plants. He failed during previous attempts such as swallowing 36 raw eggs and pushing a mustard seed 500 meters using only his nose. Next up for Parthasarthy: eating 625 chilis.

In Westport, Connecticut, a 35-year-old man stands accused of using a chainsaw to carve his initials into the floor of the Viva Zapata restaurant's barroom. In his defense, he said that he thought the establishment was still owned by a man who would have found the stunt funny.

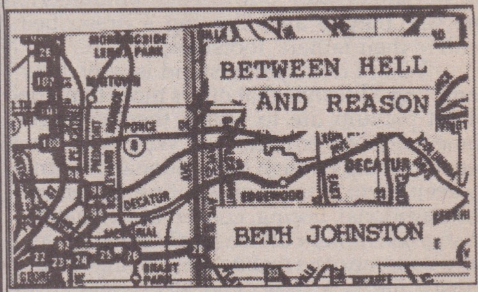
Detroit authorities have ordered a medical evaluation for a city bus driver who got lost trying to find the bus depot and instead drove 200 miles north for four hours before state police stopped him and turned him around.

When a Maryland man's marriage ended, he had to call animal control officers to confiscate the collection of animals his wife left behind. Her hobby was breeding rodents by the hundreds. Officials found 1,500 rats and mice, eight rabbits, eight snakes, two prairie dogs and a hedgehog in the house. The man called authorities after he had developed an upper respiratory infection from breathing the ammonia from the 130 cages. "It was lethal...I had to keep the windows open all night even though it was freezing outside," he explained.

Big Foot Roundup

Malaysian military and police units joined jungle tribes for a search for "Big Foot" after trackers found a series of fresh footprints believed to be the creature's. According to news reports, some villagers believed that a fresh set of tracks meant that there was more than one "Big Foot" in the area but government officials assured them that there was only one such creature in the vicinity.

Kohut's latest book, Stupid Government Tricks, will be published by Penguin USA in April. ***Please send all corroborating evidence from your town's newspaper (with the paper's name and the date the article appeared please) to me at: CTTM, P.O. Bob 25682, Washington, DC 20007***



This preppy guy sauntered into A Cappella, the bookstore where I work, needing literary inspiration. He picked up "Blue Highways", "Zen and the Art of Bullshit Maintenance", and the ubiquitous "On The Road". Which one, he wondered, should he read before he embarked on his own road trip.

Sardonically, I asked him why hadn't he already read all three, since he seemed college-aged. He goes into this rant about dropping out of college to go on the road for a year. Before it's too late. So he can walk on the wild side for a time, then re-enter the real world and go on about the business of being a good citizen. I've heard it all before, particularly from lame-ass white-bread guys, looking like walking Gap ads, reeking of squeaky-clean arrogance. Since I don't like to converse with "Biff"-types, I went on shelving books

and dismissed him, saying it really didn't matter which one he chose. He didn't like my brushing him off, and he demanded a recommendation. I told him to flip a coin. I sold "On The Road" to the schmuck and spent the rest of the afternoon pondering how these clueless mainstream types all seem to see it as perfectly within the scheme of things to go "on the road." How going on the road is apparently an integral part of their growth into adulthood. Like it's their fucking birthright. They pick some part of an alternative lifestyle or some counter culture to dabble in for a brief period in some pathetic, superficial way, before they follow in their fathers' footsteps, chasing power, money, and material things. The hell of it is, few of them seem to learn anything about oppositional thinking or grasp any of the values upheld by the counter cultures as they putter in it.

I believe our materialist, consumer culture has been able to sustain itself, as well as gain momentum, by allowing people, particularly the young, a short, socially-sanctioned time to "rebel." Rebelling has become an expected phenomenon, with its own allocated time slot. Our social structure lets young people "reject" it and rebel before they "grow up" and re-join society and adhere to its tenets. After all, who would want to smash the system, since it grants them a couple of years to live aimlessly and dabble in other peoples' worlds? Rebellion is a totally constructed notion in which people think they've had their time to go against the grain, at least in a safe, planned, controlled way.

I'm sure that's why the punk or DIY scene here in Atlanta is dominated by adolescent middle class males. And the legions of college boys who plan to hit the road are generally middle to upper class white males. They all think they're punk or they're really living dangerously, but, just like lemmings to the sea, they're all following a prescribed path in their fathers' footsteps.

What I don't understand is why, after sampling a lifestyle that offers more than the bland pablum life to which they're accustomed, do they go back to it? Why can't they seem to grasp enough oppositional thinking to keep them from ever wanting to resume the traditional, boring, conservative, materialistic, consumer culture fare? Or better yet, why do some of us realize early on that mainstream life is a drag, and steer clear of it altogether? Some of us do more than rebel, we ensconce ourselves in a culture that's diametrically opposed to the white bread world. I'm just stabbing in the dark here, but I contend that some people are just predisposed to engaging in oppositional thinking. Maybe it's simply because the reality we came from wasn't worth going back to. I'd read all those books Biff asked me about when I was a kid and I'd made instant connections to the themes. It wasn't rocket science to understand that life's meaning lies in the richness of experience, which has more intrinsic value than the accumulation of power or material things. I already believed that mainstream people are blind sheep. I guess my mind was poisoned (enlightened?) early, but I understood that once you get used to giving normal customs the finger, or turning your back on traditional societal values, you can't simply drop back in and go willingly along with the program. There is no going back. Not for some of us. Our minds and beliefs separate us from the norm. And that's precisely why I view those who dabble in alternative cultures with such utter contempt.

Years from now, Biff will be bullshitting with his yuppie white cronies about his wild year on the road. And how cool it was. He may remember reading "On The Road", even though it's Greek to him, because he doesn't speak or understand its language. At the same time, maybe sooner, all these middle class fuckers who try to tell me what the Atlanta scene is "really about" will be selling insurance or some shit. (Thanks to Mykel Board for the description) And they, too, will reminisce about their punk years, when they were so hardcore with their band. Never mind that hardcore is more a state of mind or a gutsy way of living. I'll bet that none of these people ever stop to think that if these rebellious days are so great, why don't they stick with it? Even if someone is born a lame-ass, no-thinking sheep, they can make a concerted effort to turn their back on the mainstream. The trick is just making the heartfelt commitment to a different set of values and practices.

And just like culturally sponsored rebellion, society does a pretty good job of characterizing all counter culture types past the age of 25 as kooks or lunatic fringe. Like something is wrong with us for not eagerly stepping to their cadence in the march down life's path. The dominant culture is also successfully reducing our impact by absorbing counter culture signifiers and emblems into its own realm. All these suburban kids who drive into the city for shows think they're punk because they shave their heads or sport mohawks or wear baggy pants and the right shoes. As long as people see them at the right shows, where they buy a t-shirt to advertise their punk standing, that's all that matters. They look the part. And just like their Joe College older siblings, who think bohemian means slapping on some earrings, growing a Van Dyke, and cultivating a taste for coffee and poetry, they equate dressing the part with living the lifestyle. Take some slacker jerk who buys a book, add a J Crew beret, and presto, it's Jack Kerouac reincarnated. With the credit card, cornerstone of the consumer culture, anyone can dress any part and assume any identity they choose this week. Too bad they never get beyond the superficiality of outward appearance.

I don't know if all this societally accepted rebellion is a carefully orchestrated conspiracy or not. The way all these factors interact to keep people on the mainstream track makes me think some businessman masterminded the whole process to get rich. More likely, all this culturally-sanctioned faux rebellion is a series of separate events that occur to produce good little passive, product-consuming, non-thinking citizens.

It sickens me to know that retailers are making fortunes serving up counter culture to the masses, and I really loathe how the mainstream greedily gobbles it up. But I take comfort in the fact that the oppositional mindset can't be bought, sold, or faked. Either you have it, or you don't. And as long as a certain few are being constantly born with it, underground cultures like this will always exist.

Thanks to Tim from Kepone for getting me and Rich into the Athens show. If you haven't checked Kepone out, do it. Nice guys, great songs, intense live show, Kepone rocks!

Four score and, well, actually not near that long ago, Maximum R-N-R quit reviewing tapes. Many people (like me) thought that that was a bad idea, demo tapes being the blood of the underground. However, no one wanted to take on the awesome responsibility of sorting through and listening to all the demos (many extremely bad) that came in. Now, they have found someone. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jason Beck. I've been in the scene for a little while—I started a 'zine in 1987 called *Hatefilled*, which changed names in 1990 to *Godvomit*. I also do an underground radio show, and have done a couple of scene reports for MRR several years ago. I was in a hardcore band called the Cryptic Children who put out a demo in 1986 (we sounded like Septic Death) and in a grindcore/death band called Spinal Remains who released a demo in 1990. So I know what it's like to be a demo-only band, and I've reviewed a hell of a lot of demos in my time.

Now, Tim tells me I'm going to be getting too many demos to review in the space I have (evidently, I would need the whole 'zine to do that), but I'm going to try. I will say right now what demos will not be reviewed: metal, industrial (I do review those kinds of music in my own 'zine and play them on my radio show, but they won't be appearing here), alternative, rap, racist, homophobic material. I will review hardcore, grindcore, straight edge, snotty punk rock, noizecore, crust, pop punk, stenchcore, and even emocore and crossover. As for my own personal tastes, I'm a big fan of '80s thrash and hardcore (Clitboys, Cause For Alarm, C.I.A., Mob, 1,000's of other bands that came out back then), crust and stenchcore, intense thrash that many bands from Italy, Sweden, and Japan used to play a lot (Declino, S.O.B., Wretched, etc.), and snotty punk like older Screeching Weasel, Black Flag, Follow Fashion Monkeys, etc. I don't much like pop punk, or whatever you want to call that stuff (I call it false advertising-I saw that Rancid CD in the record store—25 songs and guys with mohawks flipping the camera off—it's gotta be good! I got it home and put it on and out came this bubblegum garbage you could play in Sunday school! That's not punk!!).

Now, for a few pointers. If you use a 4 track recorder, don't run your instruments direct-mike them, or you'll get this real buzzy sound, and you'll probably want to double your guitar tracks or it'll sound weak. If you go into the studio, don't let the assholes that work there push you around—when we did the Spinal Remains demo, they kept trying to

get us to put different effects on things and all kinds of stuff. If you record it on a jam box, you should be prepared to record each song several times, and move the jam box around several times to get the best sound—I've heard demo's recorded on jam boxes that sounded better than a studio production, but that's rare. I'd also recommend waiting until you have more than a few songs before putting out a demo. Lastly, try to be original. Have your own sound! I've noticed the underground runs in trends. Right now, everyone sounds like either Screeching Weasel, Discharge ,Green Day, or Biohazard. Screeching Weasel's a good band (although I like the stuff off their first LP and "Punkhouse" EP the best. Ben Weasel is supposed to be putting out a Screeching Weasel rarities album, and hopefully he'll put some stuff off of those, and possibly something off their demo like "In The Hospital", so people can see where they came from), but the Screeching Weasel clones are the worst! The Discharge clones seem to have absolutely no originality, even when it comes to naming their bands. Don't get me wrong—some of these bands either do it so well that it sounds good, and some are really original (like Embittered—best crust band ever!). I have to say I have a place in my heart for these bands, even if they are clones. Green Day are just a retread of what Gray Matter and Dag Nasty were doing 10 years ago, so if you copy them, you know you're unoriginal. I hesitate to consider Biohazard punk, but they've spawned enough clones in the punk community to be included here. Folks, it's okay to be inspired by someone, and I know that when you make a song that sounds like theirs, it seems more real ,but create your own sound—you'll be better for it. I will ,of course, review clone bands when I get their demos, I just won't be excited about them. As to the racist, sexist, etc. material— everybody has their own ideas as to what's racist or sexist or any other 'ist' you could think of. Personally, I feel that everyone is on the same level, no one is better than anyone else by race, sex or sexual preference, but if someone is an asshole, then it doesn't matter. There's assholes in every group, and no one should be afraid to call someone an asshole without getting called a racist or something. I guess you can tell I'm not real good at this kind of political shit, but basically I think everybody deserves respect until they prove otherwise, no-matter what sex, race, or sexual persuasion you are. Enough of that shit, on with the demo reviews.

Since I've gone on for so long, I'll keep it short. We start off with GREEDO "Aftertaste". These guys would almost fall into the Screeching Weasel clone area, but they add in a lot of other influences and originality. Basically, this is punk—fast punk, slow punk, and mostly mid-paced punk—with funny samples between songs, 10 originals, 1 instrumental, 1 gratuitous Screeching Weasel cover tune ("Supermarket Fantasy"), and funny lyrics about Danzig, relationships, the Friday the 13th movies, and stuff like that. Decent production, slick cover, 3 bucks to: PO Box 1444/ New Caney, TX 77357. Our second demo is from a band called EL PECADO. It's called "Angel De Mi Guarda", and all the song titles and lyrics are in Spanish. This is strange since the band consists of three white boys from Illinois. Anyway, we're talking grindcore here, with a screamer who's called El Pecado. sounds kinda like the Hellnation guy. The music gets a little metally at times, but if you don't mind that this is pretty good grind that you don't hear much anymore. Great production, pro-copied tape, nice cover, 6 bucks to: PO Box 603/Anna, IL 62906.

I guess I'll do one more this month (since I'll probably be doing a thousand next month) ,and it is from a band called 30 FOOT FALL. These guys make me think of a goofy version of D.R.I.'s "Dealing With It" LP. They have a lot of charisma, and play metal tinged old fashioned hardcore on these 6 songs. The vocalist makes me think of someone else—the vocals stand out from other hardcore bands, and the only bad thing about this is that the songs outlive their punkness by about 30 seconds to a minute—if they would shave a little time off each song, they would be great, but as it is, they're still worth checking out. 2 color cover, pro-copied tape, professional production, 5 bucks to: PO Box 131444/ Houston, TX 77219. They also have an EP out, but I heard this was much better.

Well, that's it for this month. I've now taken my place along with such noteworthy fellows as Jello Biafra, Pushead, Dig (owner of Earache records), Lawrence Livermore, and of course the current gang of columnists. I plan to be here awhile, so send your demos to me at: Jason Beck/ PO Box 2584/ Conroe, TX 77305. (I have no idea what will happen to demos sent directly to MRR, however, I'm sure someone will enjoy them, or at least enjoy their new blank tape!).

Remember the film *Footloose*, the movie with Kevin Bacon in it about a fundamentalist community that outlaws dancing? It's up to Kevin to liberate the youth of this community by showing them that tapping one's toes to top 40 music can be healthy and fun. At a punk show that my sister and I attended in Marin county, CA, circa 1985, there developed a scene much similar to the aforementioned film; but one without a Kevin Bacon to show the people that they could dance: a show where an audience sat virtually confined to their chairs by the threatening antics of big security men in white shirts emblazoned with the dreaded logo of "Clear and Distinct Ideas."

Clear and Distinct Ideas, a live music promotional company specializing in punk, rose over the Sacramento underground music scene in the 1980's as the brainchild of Stuart Katz, a man whose idea of profit from punk centered around renting large halls and theaters, and charging ridiculously high door prices ($10-$15). Like a punk rock Bill Graham (who developed control over the promotion of live music in the Bay Area, and whose company still thrives on despite his demise), Katz made every attempt to capture every penny from the suckerbutts who went to his shows, even going as far as charging them for cups of Sacramento tap water. Also like Bill Graham, Katz employed menacing toughs for security, toughs always ready to use any means necessary to protect the bands, their equipment, and the rented buildings from possible damage at the hands and feet of the human herd animals otherwise known as an audience; to protect Katz's dream of turning in a high profit with minimal losses, to keep the man's petty ambitions going with as little trouble as possible. And what were Katz's ambitions? Who knows. What can be said is that they went farther than simply monopolizing live punk music in Sacramento: soon Clear and Distinct Ideas started branching out, reaching out for other "punk markets," most notably the Bay Area.

For some reason at the aforementioned Marin show, Katz issued a policy of "no dancing," and sadly the audience generally complied, sitting in their chairs pacified as though watching music videos or the antics of cartoon characters. For those bold enough to try to dance in the aisles of the theater, there awaited Katz's security toadies; and these paid thugs proceeded to shove and throw such people out of the way, all throughout the night, with no concern whatsoever of possibly injuring them.

Finally, it came time for the night's main attraction, the "Big Punk Band," to play; and perhaps more important than the band, it came time for the appearance of the icon, the band's lead singer, the punk god himself—idolized for his political stances, his ranting between songs, and his often peculiar garbs and strange mime like dancing. That night in Marin, I think he wore latex gloves—perhaps my memory is failing me though (I did see the icon perform on numerous occasions during the 1980's). One thing I remember with certainty: the more the Big Punk Band played, the more the icon's energy seemed to increase, his eyes becoming frantic; and then, towards the conclusion of the set, the icon unexpectedly walked off the stage and onto the audience. I say "onto" here because the icon literally marched over the heads and shoulders of those forced to sit in their chairs, the living stepping stones; marched over the faces of the unknowables, the unimportant people, those who would never take to the stage—unless to ask for an autograph. I sat in my chair and watched the icon's legs come closer to me, pass me by, and proceed to kick a young woman very hard in the head. Accidental? Undoubtedly: the icon's actions indicated a man out of touch completely with those he walked over, no intention of maliciousness towards any one person below him. In fact, when the set ended, when the icon offered the microphone to anyone in the audience with anything relevant to say, he seemed quite dumbfounded by what followed: a young man came forward on stage to take the microphone and ask the icon directly if he were aware that his spastic actions of climbing over and kicking audience members had injured the man's girlfriend. In response, the icon stood there with nothing to

say, not a political peep, not a grunt, while the Clear and Distinct security junta removed the offending audience member; and as to what happened next, I can not say: my own sister, being one of those brave enough to dance in the aisles, had been thrown by a security tough into some chairs, and she needed to be taken to the hospital—fortunately her ribs were only severely bruised instead of having broken as they almost did.

One of the last Clear and Distinct shows that I went to before boycotting them altogether occurred in early 1986 in my then hometown of Davis, CA, and—surprise, surprise—again the icon's band headlined on the bill. During the icon's performance at this show, an audience member grabbed onto the icon's leg and would not let go. It seemed unclear whether this audience member wanted to pull himself onto the stage, or whether he wanted to pull the icon off of it; but the more this individual tugged, the angrier the icon grew in response until finally the icon kicked the man—once, twice, three times and more—in the nose, breaking it, covering the man's face in blood. Accidental? I think not; the icon seemed hard pressed to stop himself from kicking further, even after the audience member obviously needed medical attention. But so what? Wasn't violence always a part of punk rock?

Imagine this: the icon in a situation closer to the present, now without his famous back-up band. Something ugly happens when he makes an appearance at Gilman Street and a severe injury results; only this time it is not some unnamed audience member that is badly hurt: it is the icon himself, his leg broken. Soon in response, the face of the icon is on the cover of BAM (the bay area's equivalent of *Rolling Stone*) magazine, with a corresponding article inside about how the icon had become the wounded victim of alleged "punk fundamentalists" who beat the icon while chanting "sell-out!" In an instant, the icon had transformed the situation into part of his crusade against the swarthy tactics of those who would censor his, and all of our, artistic freedom. He became no longer the icon, the punk demi-god, he also had to become the icon as the martyr in pain for all of us, his leg crucified for our freedom.

Well, I won't let your fucking leg be crucified for my freedom! Not to diminish your pain, icon, but not even if those "punk fundamentalists," as you called them, had crushed every bone in your leg with sledgehammers and then tore it completely off with tongs would I allow it to be nailed up as a symbol for all of those in the punk community whose artistic expressions have been hindered or stopped in any way, shape or form. What is more simple as an artistic expression than the right to dance; and what did your legs do to those at the show in Marin who were physically denied this right? No, if your leg were crucified I would look at it simply as the crucified leg of an icon, nothing more. In short, I look at all of your bawling to the local mainstream media about your rights being stripped as yet more of an example of how much you are full of shit. But do I blame you for being so full of shit? No, I can not. Somebody had to make the pedestal for the statue to stand on, the stage for your legs to dance on; someone else had to help you become what you are: an icon. And to better understand what you are, I think it is necessary to take a closer examination of what it means to be an icon, and why icons exist.

As opposed to non-living icons, living human icons have always appeared in societies based around hierarchic power pyramids. In our own society icons are often used as an advertising device, a living promotional message for a particular product; but perhaps the most important function of icons in our society is as follows: they serve as faces to be placed onto the actions of an entire group of people, as a summary statement as to what that group is about. This works to the benefit of those who have power and who believe in a select few elites controlling things: it keeps people believing that they are nothing but a collective group of lifeless hands waiting for the proper human messiah or patriarchal politician to serve as the brains for which of course they lack. It is for this reason that we are allowed to have a Martin Luther King birthday celebration instead of a "Civil Rights Day." Quite simply no matter what a noble man MLK was in the course of history, can it not be argued that most children equate the entire civil rights movement with this man, and not to the actions of the thousands who were injured, arrested and even killed fighting for equality?

In essence what we are talking about in terms of icons is something I like to refer to as "image fascism." Now before you flip out over my usage of the dirty word "fascism," I think you might be doing yourself and your mind some justice by reading and understanding what fascism is. Why? So you can see how its principles abound in the world that surrounds you, so you can understand that there is more to fascism than jackboots and strict behavior.

The main philosophy behind fascism is the seeing of the state as an organic entity, where different people have different functions, different importance, in the working of the organism (the state). Obviously, according to this philosophy, the most crucial element is the brain: without it you would have nothing but a mindless body—chaos. The brain of course then has to be something special, a human demi-god, a concentration of power and thought into one super-being, or perhaps a cabinet of such superhumans; and of course this is where Mussolini comes in, or Hitler. And where do the atrocities come in with fascism? Well, when a part of the body is supposedly sick with disease, the philosophy states that the illness must either be cured or the part of the body gotten rid of. Get the picture? Now, you might be wondering how I can manage to equate an entire political system with simple societal icons, let me illuminate further with my favorite example, the "rockstar."

Recently, the bass player for the hard rock band Green Day lost his front teeth at Pepsi-stock (referred to, mistakenly, by many people as Woodstock '94) after a security guard punched him in the mouth. According to MTV's News commentator Tabitha Soren, this happened because the security guard mistook the Green Day member as a member of the audience. So the problem was not that a security member assaulted another human being, just the wrong one, one of the elites, one of the rockstar icons, one of the image fascists. Think about it. Besides paying for a concert, what does an audience really provide for such an event? They of course provide the body of the show; if the audience did not appear, the rockstars would be forced to play to an audience known as "nobody," to an audience in their closet at home. According to the same principles belonging to fascism, a concert audience that doesn't respect itself, that sees itself as a group of mindless parts to a greater whole should respond favorably when their head arrives, when the rockstar takes control of the concert and directs their energy. And a well functioning audience member is one that knows their place as an audience member, as part of the great body of the concert—they do not climb up on stages, where only the rockstar belongs. Do you think this comparison sounds far fetched? Well, of course I am not the first to make it. Many rockstars have felt the same power division of which I speak, the surge of the masses below them ready to trample each other just to touch the icon, the godhead, the musical Mussolini; I'm sure most of you have seen Pink Floyd's *The Wall*..

If you're like me, you're probably wondering why some kind soul hasn't walked into a certain courtroom in Southern California and detonated a bomb to destroy what has become a truly sickening display of a media farce. Who gives a shit about O.J.? Guilty or not, who cares? Put the money and attention into preventing the same crime from happening again a thousand times over in this nation every year. If you're also like me at all, you probably wonder why the media is always focusing on some celebrity or other. I mean who cares about Brad Pitt? I don't know the fucker. What relevance does his life have over the 5,000 plus people who just died in Japan. Perhaps he's the worst person in the world. The sad thing is that there are many people out there in this society who know more about Brad Pitt than other members of their family. Sadder still, in the punk scene there are many people who know more about Jello Biafra than they do about who the other punk aficionados in their community are. It would have been nice if the punk scene had evolved differently enough from the rest of society to avoid something so ugly as the promotion of icons over the rest of its members. Unfortunately this has not been the case.

We in this scene wonder why bands are now signing to major labels, but who do we have to blame? We have ourselves. Instead of creating a strong iconoclastic backbone to the scene, we instead chose to breed icons; we created a scene that patted musicians on the back time and time again for playing three chord songs and regurgitating political philosophies that have been expressed by rebels since the dawn of time. We encouraged such people to think of themselves as "artists," and to think of themselves and their art as not simply part of the scene, but rather as part of the brain of the scene, the controlling element that dictates how the audiences, the world wide network of mindless punk fans would evolve.

Does it have to be this way? Certainly

not. But what can be done? Should we wait for the punk equivalent of Spartacus to come free us from the icons? No! That leads us back to the same problem: the more we wait for somebody to act as a hero or heroine, the more we wait for a punk Kevin Bacon to tell us all that it is safe to dance, the more we admit our powerlessness as people without the need for an icon; the more likely the possibility of having our alleged savior dancing on top of us once again while yet another Stuart Katz profits from the whole ugly show. I'm not saying that there aren't great people in this scene, with great minds, and great things to say. But this is where you have to use you own capacity for common sense to decide between those who are catalysts for thought and action and those who are simply icons.

Get to know people before you wear their causes and their words as your own personal banner. Most importantly, start recognizing the catalyst in yourself and in others around you; and start to look for ways in which people use their power that suggests that they are on the way to becoming an icon, not a catalyst. It is my intention to use this column as a catalyst, a device that subjectively shares my feelings and oftentimes anger about the way people misuse power in our scene and in society. In my next issue I will be getting more specific and dealing with an issue that has bothered me since I was about 15: bands and others signing autographs. Until then, I can be reached at the following address if you wish to share thoughts on this issue and others: PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA. 95402-4842

Dilapidated. The sinking feeling that as much as 1980's punk earmarked pissed suburban fuck-the-cops-Reagan and Anarchy, the 1990's means and only means who signed, how much, and all-ages, no alcohol, vegan friendly low door cost shows only, man! To where you're proud that the "scene" developed into the humungous thing that it has on the broken teeth of Mohawked mutants splattered by rednecks in K-mart parking lots nationwide and the scarred consciousness of ostracized freaks everywhere, to only find the things just turned inward and the scene guts itself with nitpicked politics.

Before you pull out your pens and the hate mail starts piling in (the inevitable conclusion of the column anyway) this is not to discount and bargain bin the accomplishments of one thousand million zillion heated arguments between drunken, snot-nosed idiots trying to sneak into all ages, no alcohol, vegan friendly, low door cost shows and the admirable and well meaning people who put such shows on as they try to build something out of nothing, starry-eyed indie rockers and people who picket GREEN DAY shows or any other, all sarcasm aside, admirable goal that people have worked hard to achieve or maintain. Those things are, have been and will remain vitally important. From the skewed vantage point of S.F. punk rock central, it seems those things have become the focus of things, feeling too much like a self-supporting "Indie Rock scene with ethics"

Motherfuck "Indie rock". "Indie Rock" implies the same old shit, different setting. Tours, vans, "artist/Musicians" Record deals, agents, contracts, managers, booking companies, lighting crews, backstage passes, support acts, selected radio market airplay. Like a smaller concert circuit, farm team for Lollapalooza, It's a commodity. This has nothing to do with with the music, people involved or their ideas, it's just punk rock, or rather the individuals, bands, 'zines, the "scene" involved have had the ability to mean and can mean so much more.

Punk in a lot of ways is defined as a commodity lately, sales figures in NEWSWEEK. But the essential ingredient of what steps "punk" outside it's trappings of another mini-rock circuit, what differentiates it from just another subject of MTV-Arena-Rock'N'Roll (you, the reader, will probably find your ability flaring by this point..) is BULLSHIT DETECTING, and anyone who has in the early to mid-1990's, read a newspaper, turned on a TV, listened to a radio, talked to another human being, walked outside that BULLSHIT IS IN EXTRA HIGH GEAR, streaming from Capitol Hill like it's going out of style, floatin' from the White House in no short supply, furiously chortling out of local governments in line with America's unwavering swing to the right.

For almost twenty years of punk rock maybe we can thank that bullshit has never been a scarce item, and maybe I'm just sucked into the media-blitz cyclone of paranoia that towers over America right now. Just paranoid of The "Contract ON America", "War ON poverty" (literally, the impoverished) , attacks on immigrants, legal or otherwise, the militant, extremely well-organized Christian Right, the "pro-life "movements that train with paramilitary weapons, and a pro-life movement so well organized they can dictate and control both Congress and the media that LEGAL abortion is treated as a serious crime or offense (as witnessed by the Henry Foster Jr. Surgeon General nomination). I'm probably wrong to be terrified of Ralph Reed, Newt Gingrich, Pat Buchanan, John Salvi and all the John Salvi wanna-be's, Rush Limbaugh and his unholy legion of cold-hearted retirees, the resurgence of "Reaganomics" as practical, valid economic theory. But I'm no expert on these things, I can't recite names and dates and theories off the top of my head, but all this scares the hell out of me just the same, bullshit detector screaming and I'm pissed.

Perhaps even more pissed that I feel a bit alone with my outrage, that there's so little response by the music I listen to, the flyers I take home, the records I buy, the shows I go to, the "scene" I participate in. I don't want a seat at the next R.C.P. meeting, I want some political life back in Punk!

Of all the records and bands flying around in punk music I only see two types of political lyrics mostly happening right now:

The "Discharge" school of political lyric writing (I.E. stating the obvious). It won't be possible to change the "system" if you can't even change your tune in fifteen years! Very few people in Ohio, Sweden or Japan who practice this style are, last time I checked, in the middle of a full scale war right now, and while it's a valid thing to decry, basing a whole album on the theme detours on a Mr. Toad's wild ride straight into fantasyland — replace "war" with "Satan" and you're left with mostly bad metal. Yes, no matter how many bootleg ANTISECT t-shirts are printed, the "system" is stayin' right where it is.

The "emo"-style political lyrics that, actually I've found to be questioned less and less to the point where if it sounds meaningful, and seems meaningful and has the feeling of being meaningful, then, uh, yeah, maybe it probably is. Maybe distilled from FUGAZI, who do sing eloquently about lots of relevant topics in sometimes rather abstracted ways but put into practice by people who want something to say, but are at a loss of just what. Personal expression doesn't equal political expression. Not automatically.

There's lots of good bands who make rockin' music and sensible lyrics who practice both these styles, but are outgunned by the mediocrity and lack of ingenuity of hundreds of copy cat bands that tug at the well-milked udders of seminal bands ideas and originality.

Hopefully there's no "Clinton Youth" bangin' out "Clinton Country", "Clinton-onomics", "Clinton's In" or any other such silliness in a basement somewhere, but I wouldn't deny 14 year old kids in North Dakota, Alabama or Argentina or wherever the pleasure of shouting out in the best way they know how. I might even get the "Mystic Super Seven"! Lots of lines are defined for hardcore, punk, punk rock... it's a lot more fun to color outside them, fuck shit up and create new things...

Of course there's a whole slew of cool music out there with absolutely fuck-all to do with politics, and is respectable (and more enjoyable, personally) for being upfront about it, but the effrontery of counter-culturalism and radicalism projected by portions of the punk crowd (I deign not to use the word "scene" ever again for fear it implies some sort of "unity" with the swarm of idiots that inevitably attach themselves to the punk moniker like leeches to a gaping wound) has all the outlandish subversiveness of the Garbage Pail Kids, and/or a Eddie Haskell with funny hair and piercings.

It's a difficult thing to stand up in front of ten, fifty or a hundred people and take a stand on something, and risk getting shot down (as I'm probably wide open, bullet ridden and sinking right now), and I'm guessing very few punks have degrees in Political Science. It's lot easier to sing about farts or try to sound like things or important or fill in the blank copying older bands ideas, but a lot harder to say what you really think about the world around you. Where you think it's going, what you felt when you saw the news, or read today's paper, and dead-on lay into it lyrically.

COLUMNS

You don't have to watch "Cops" to think the world is a fucked-up place, or memorized well researched point by point documentary videos on the injustice of late '70's political structure of the southernmost Guatemala. Your opinions, your feelings, are valid from the word go. Speak loud, shout louder, go!

I miss dearly punk rock-almost a punk "art" that blindsides normal people left and right, raging satirical pissings on normality. Maybe that's the difference that the punk scene has gotten so large it encompasses people at ease with their normality. "Mainstreaming" you might say. DEAD KENNEDYS, early M.D.C., THE STALIN, DICKS, CRUCIFUCKS, B.G.K., REAGAN YOUTH, C.F.A., REALLY RED, THE FEEDERZ, even BLACK FLAG, or more recently BORN AGAINST excelled at this caustic cultural criticism and attack. Maybe there was a special on flamboyant eccentrics and strong personalities that year, or with all the rules applied that kind of thing isn't really encouraged. I miss the moral righteousness and outrage, the political comedy. I guess A&R guys aren't interested, they're not writing about it in SPIN and it won't get you signed, but dammit, now more than ever! Get pissed! Go off!

Mean spirited, immigrant-unwed-mother-hatin' "get-those-loafers-off-welfare" anti-choice assholes shout you down ten to nothing if all you can complain about is how "Emo records" doesn't use recycled paper for their 7" covers, or how "Colostomy Youth" are playing a show with a $6.00 door price, when the universally approved punk rock price is five bucks and not a cent higher! That stuff has its place and time, might be lot easier to handle, but it's right now fucking clobbering time.

...it's not fucking funny, Doctor. I *lost* the goddamned ANTLER HELMET. Yes, THE Antler Helmet. The selfsame Antler Helmet of punk lore, legend, song and story (beware of cheap imitations, o antlerless ones) is now gonna wind up as a picture on the back of somebody's milk carton. You'd know it if you saw it, sir. It's a big gray paint-spattered motorcycle helmet with two big deer antlers bolted to the sides and the caption-slash-disclaimer "GEEK" across the front in three-inch high capital letters. I mean, sure — it's only a four-point rack and all, but that's four more antler spikes than i've ever seen on any other human being except for maybe the Grinch's dog Max, so fuck you anyway, Sawbones. The ten-point Antler Helmet is a MYTH! A *MYTH* I SAY!! A truculent fiction made up to frighten the young and dishearten the old! The four-point Antler Helmet is *where it's at*, daddy-o, except i currently have NO FUCKING IDEA where it's at. No, i didn't invent the Antler Helmet myself, although i did add the "GEEK" so my fellow big-hearted dull-witted gun-wacky Wisconsinites could easily identify me as something other than wild game (which, as you know, often bound through the north woods sporting Antler Helmets of their own with "DEER" across the front [ostensibly so they themselves are not mistaken for geeks and pestered as to when the next *(SiC) TEEN* will come out]). The Antler Helmet was bequeathed to me by Lick 'n' Ren (not their real names), the WAPL morning men, whom i had a series of more or less friendly jousts with a while back (stemming from an incident where i was listening to the radio at work [i.e., against my will] and heard one of their dipshit fellow Rockin' Apple DJs thinkin' he was gonna be all, like, *down* with this Pun Krock business [shades of things to come!] by introducing "Kiss Me Deadly" by Lita Ford as "a song originally recorded by Billy Idol and Generation X." Needless to say, i wasted no time in getting on the horn and letting this bumblefuck know that the only thing Lita Ford's song "Kiss Me Deadly" and Generation X's song "Kiss Me Deadly" had in common was their title and the fact that they were both written by someone who had more than an outside chance of having slept with Joan Jett, and that i expected him to publicly right his fucking know-nothing misinformations at the next between-song Yak Interlude. Yak Interlude cometh, Yak Interlude goeth, and the DJ speaketh not one wordeth about my kindly, public-spirited correction of his grievous punk trivia botch. Therefore, naturally, i slaughtered him in print — which led to a variety of pithy public volleys between the Forces Of Evil [WAPL] and the Forces Of Good [Me], until the fateful day when i became Top Dog in the art room and immediately disconnected the radio in lieu of my fucked-up CD boombox [not to mention my fucked-up CDs], quickly running out of APL-bashing material, not to mention co-workers [Sick of irritating fellow employees? Wanna get a little overtime in? Three words: "I Need Lunch" {as in the Dead Boys song, of course, not as in a pre-mealtime utterance}]). Anyway, the, um, *zany* pair were holding live remote broadcasts one week, and you, the avid (read: stupid) WAPL listener, were supposed to bring in the weirdest object you could rustle up, and at the end of the week, Lick'n'Ren would proclaim one lucky gizmo The Weirdest Thing On Earth. Then they were gonna petition NASA to send it up on the next space shuttle, and you won like a WAPL bumper sticker or something. Hoo! Too much craziness! I'm glad i stopped listening to APL, my heart couldn't take many more of these nutty promotional stunts! Anyway, some fellow toothless beer-bellied inbred Wisconsinite hick deposited the Antler Helmet amidst all the other weird junk (mostly marital aids, as i understand it) on Lick'n'Ren's send-us-into-space-cuz-the-Martians-wanna-hear-Boston-three-times-a-day-too radio altar, and, to repay this faceless craftsman's initiative, his selfless dedication to the Wacky Wisconsonian Way, his generosity, his cunning, his carpentry skills (i mean, the antlers are fucking *bolted* from the inside of the helmet. THIS MAN COULD USE A DRILL, AND OWNED MORE THAN ONE DRILL BIT! Probably knew the secret of Man's Red Flower, too. Shere Khan must be made aware of this!), his mother-friggin' BALD-FACED DEMENTIA, Lick'n'Ren turned around and gave the Holy Sacred Antler Helmet to me, their, like, nemesis. And do you know *why* they gave it to me, Doctor? Do you have any fucking *idea* of why they passed along an object of such unimpeachable majesty, you illegible detuner of other men's brainwaves?? It is because Lick'n'Ren *knew*, Doctor, they *knew* in their heart of hearts, or hearts of hearts, or whatever it would be, you FUCK, that *they were not worthy to don the Antler Helmet*. I, the Reverend Nørb *and the Reverend Nørb alone* am worthy to don the massive four-point majesty of the Mystic Cabalistic Antler Helmet, because i, Reverend Nørb, or *the* Reverend Nørb, or whatever the fuck it is, AM THE CHOSEN ONE. No bulbous skull but my own was intended to occupy the divine interior of the Most Glorious Antler Helmet; any head (save the one now drooping antlerlessly betwixt my shoulders like a sagging one-testicled mid-July scrotum [fuck, Doctor, that's an album title! Jot that down for me, wouldja?]) that penetrates the sanctum sanctorum set apart from the mortal plane by the Antler Helmet's Sacred Chinstrap is party to unspeakable, blasphemous desecration of the highest order (actually, okay, i let Nikki Parasite put the Antler Helmet on when the Parasites stayed at my house. I had to. Nikki is a tragic figure. He's this brilliant power-pop-slash-pop-punk songwriter [indeed, the Parasites "PunchLines" is one of the Ten Best Albums Of The Nineties Thus Far {not to draw inane comparisons, but it certainly whales ass on anything Green Day ever did} {and you can always sort out the real Parasites fans from the dimbulbs on accounta the REAL Parasites fans prefer "Punch Lines" to "Pair" by a wide margin. It's the people who'd rather be off listening to the Supersuckers or something who dig "Pair." Bah. Philistines!}] who just HAPPENED to get caught up in an unflattering nonclemature zeitgeist when picking out a punk name. Now he's either gotta A. ride out the "Nikki Parasite" thing until bad Mötley Crüe/Poison glam-dolt names somehow manage to come back in style for another twenty minutes, or B. dump the dorkki, er, *dorky* monicker entirely, which is basically tantamount to saying "YES, I *WAS* A TOTAL FUCKING GOON AND AM NOW SECOND GUESSING MY OWN CRUCIAL AESTHETIC JUDGEMENTS. PLEASE DO NOT TAKE ME SERIOUSLY FOR THE REST OF MY ARTISTIC LIFESPAN." See, *i lucked out* getting named "Norbert." I *already* had a stupid name to punkify, so the temptation to scrounge up some Aqua-Net-coated good-idea-at-the-time anorexic leather-legged junkie horror-handle like "Nikki" was non-existent. Anyway, because, uh, "Nikki" is, as i said, such the tragic hero, i let him wear the Antler Helmet for a while. It was kind of like what the Make-A-Wish Foundation does for terminally ill children, except it was on behalf of someone afflicted with a terminally embarrassing punk name, so that was different [i mean, come on, i don't want to see the guy up in a bell tower with a semi-automatic rifle some day yelling *"If I'd have changed it to 'Nikki*

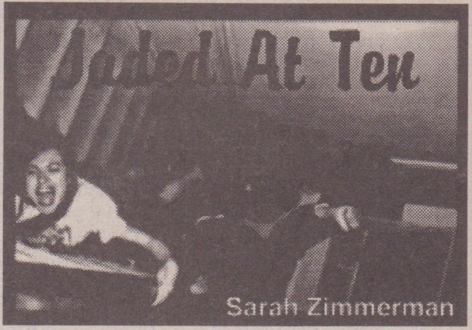
COLUMNS

JOE,' we'd be SIGNED by now" at the SWAT teams any more than you do]. Nikki's head is a WORTHY [albeit tragic] head! But it's a *treasonous head indeed* that now violates the Antler Helmet!). Can't you *see* it? Am i the only one who realizes the GRAVITY of this situation?? The Antler Helmet is THE SYMBOL OF MY AUTHORITY HERE ON THE MORTAL PLANE. Oh, sure, when we all shuffle off to the *next* life, i'll have you bastards roasting on a spit, 24-7. Of that i have no doubt. All the fuckers who owe me money, all the fuckers who stole my records (*especially* my fucking Sham 69 "Unite And Win" 45. That belonged to my friend Perry who died when we were in high school, and somebody swiped it a couple years ago. First off, you do NOT fuck with somebody's Sham 69 45s. Second off, if you DO opt to fuck with somebody's Sham 69 45s, you do NOT fuck with the ones that hold deep sentimental value for the owner. If i ever find the swine who made off with my "Unite And Win" 45, i'm going to KILL HIM. Not kidding) (ah, but then again, shit, maybe i just misplaced it. Okay, never mind) (also, i need a replacement copy of "Rocket To Russia" with the FLUORESCENT PINK lettering [not magenta!] and the innersleeve with the John Holmstrom cartoons. I had no idea they stopped making them like that until i realized NO ONE understood what the fuck i was talking about when i pointed out the little "EAT AT CHEF WONG'S" reference on the "Dookie" album cover. Yikes! And i also need a copy of the "Machine Gun Etiquette" vinyl with the innersleeve where "Mr. God Awful Ugly the Famous Pig Rustler Shows You The Chord Shapes To SMASH IT UP!!!" I guess i will kill whoever took these records, too. So much bloodshed, Doctor! So little time!!) in Hades thou shalt roast as i snack on creampuffs and twat. This last anatomical reference seems needlessly gratuitous, *but what can i do?* I've been driven half-mental by the loss of my Antler Helmet, and i was two-thirds mental to start with! God DAMN it, i'm getting along in years. I need to start consolidating my kingdom on earth NOW. And i CAN'T do it antlerless. Not only can i not rule the world without the Spastic Fantastic and Strangely Elastic Antler Helmet (the Helmet is, in all honesty, not particularly elastic — and i know what you're thinking, you fucking QUACK: *"Nørb, you're 29 years old. If you were cut out to rule the world, Antler Helmet or no, don't you think you'd be at least well on your way by now instead of spending year after year in virtual obscurity?"* Ach, nein nein, mein freund. I, the Rev. Nørb, am NOT a failure. I am merely PACING myself. You'll *see*, earthman, you'll *see*. Uh, provided i get my Antler Helmet back and shit), but, *sans* antlers, my fucking BAND can't get any shows. When i had The Helmet, we played out once or twice every week. And why not? You show up to a gig in a god dang Antler Helmet, you're gonna hafta suck PRETTY FRIGGIN' BAD not to get booked back again. And, the sweet part of the deal is that *you only have to wear the Antler Helmet about every fourth time you play.* It matters not one iota if you wear your Captain Molecule costume or the Silver Suit or the Leopard Skin Lycra Snap-Crotch Bodystocking instead of the Antler Helmet; promoters'll book you back even faster then 'cause they know the more times you play their venue, the quicker the Antler Helmet is due back in the rotation. Shit, we had more shows than we knew what to do with. Suddenly, we have FOUR WEEKS off between gigs. Coincidence? Economic Slowdown? Nørb-bulge exposure saturation point achieved? I think not. It's cut and dried: *No antler-antler, no giggy-giggy.* In point of fact, Doc, this is where the whole fiasco originated: It was Saturday, Feb. 4th. Two days after Sid Vicious croaked and one day after Buddy Holly bought it, February 4th is destined to go down in the annals of Rock History as The Day The Antlers Died. My band and i had risen at some ungodly hour, loaded our swank $475 van in sub-zero wind chills, and were on our merry way to Indianapolis — *the largest land-locked city in America!* — a seven-or-eight hour journey. Vowing to leave the proper impression on the Indy Chicks and Hoosier Daddies, i naturally packed the Antler Helmet, as well as boning up on choice former Packer / current Colt QB Don "Majik" Majkowski anecdotes (so, as local legend has it, this pizza guy has a delivery for Majkowski's address, back when Majik still lived in GB. Gets to the door, rings the bell, and who should allegedly sashay out to receive the pie but this local notorious flaming homo TV meteorologist, clad in nothing but a pair of black bikini briefs. Propriety prevents me from making the necessary "packer" joke, so you can D.I.Y.) (i was also *this close* to making my fortune printing up and selling Majkowski-Silent-J-related "THE PAJK IS BAJK" t-shirts the year Majik was hot; since he fell from grace the next season, it's probably for the best. I then toyed with the notion of "FUJK YOU, DON" and "MAJKOWSKI SUJKS" shirts, but i eventually quashed the entire undertaking on grounds of being too cerebral). Couple minutes before noon, i give orders to deplane at the Taco Bell in Kenosha, WI (near the Illinois border; home of 10-96 and Weezer) (home of 10-96 and Weezer) (home of 10-96 and Weezer) (the more i say this, the funnier it gets, in my opinion) (home of 10-96 and Weezer). We pull into the parking lot. Our van dies. Three jump starts and forty-five minutes of frigid anguish later, we find ourselves having gotten about 100 feet from Taco Bell. Our van is deader than squid jerky, but the two semi-mechanically-inclined members of my band have a variety of theories as to what part has so rudely given up the ghost here in Kenosha (once proud home to the AMC Pacer and a city where the Exploited are still held in relatively high regard), none of which involve replacing the regulator. I call my aunt, who lives about 20 miles away in Illinois and once ran from my grandma's house to the WBAY TV studios in Green Bay in order to secure Gene "Be Bop A Lula" Vincent's autograph on her shirt when she saw him appear live on the family Tube one afternoon in the late 50's, and she dutifully spends the next five hours of her life driving us around to every parts store, auto garage and junkyard in the Greater Kenosha Area (my aunt doesn't listen to cool music anymore. She listens to talk radio, which i fucking abhor. *Jesus God, Auntie, isn't the naturally-occurring never-ending cacophony of voices in your head ENOUGH?!!*). Eventually, we run out of things to replace, so we try the regulator. This causes the van to, against all odds, run. Imagine that (i never woulda guessed regulator. When the regulator went on my [Kenosha made] '74 Matador, it sent so much bonus voltage into the system that the top blew off my battery. I deemed that too minor to warrant looking into, but when my Jesus & Mary Chain tape started playing faster whenever i'd step on the gas, i knew repairs were in order [once i figured out that they didn't *want* "Kill Surf City" to have all these unpredictable tempo fluctuations in it]). Unfortunately, it is now far too late to make Indianapolis; further, it is rumored that prolonged exposure to certain mysterious radiations indigenous to the Kenosha area can turn otherwise normal humans into Beautiful Burt clones [thus can Burt pirate his clone bodies for spare parts as needed, essentially making him immortal]. Needless to say, we must disembark at once. I make the necessary calls to Indiana, and, because *now* we are chomping at the bit to FUCKING ROCK, BABY, i do some more frantic phoning and get us a last-minute gig in Madison. We head back up I-94, hang a left at Milwaukee, eat dinner at a different Taco Bell (so as not to appear in a rut), and arrive at Mad-Town's legendary O'Cayz Corral without incident (O'Cayz bein' legendary on accounta 1. It's mentioned in the song "My Boyfriend Is In Killdozer" by the Young Fresh Fellows; 2. A semi driver once lost control of his rig and drove through the front window, killing, i believe, two customers — and the stage is still right in front of the window, so if there's ever a repeat performance of this scenario whilst your band happens to be playing at O'Cayz, it's DeathStage 2000 for you; and 3. After our first gig there — in front of, quite literally, THREE customers (four if you count the bartender), we were informed a week later that someone had decided we broke a mike, and therefore owed the club fifty bucks, far more than we got paid. After the proper "fuck you"s were exchanged, we were told we'd *never play their legendary rock club, capacity 3, again* — which became even funnier after they closed down. See, they were right!). By grace of God and the new, pro-BORIS O'Cayz regime, we have landed a spot on Madison's ex-Action Figures' record release show, a band so marvy i once asked them to do a single on *my* record label, and a band either so lazy or so tactful that they have put me off for about six months and counting (Doctor, am i unloved?). Quite unlike O'Cayz during its earlier occupation by enemy troops, the place is friggin' *packed.* First up is a three-guitar band called Surprise Truck, who play Sonic Youth-esque instrumentals. I cop a squint at their set list when they're tearing down, it is a thing of beauty: the first song is called "INTRO." The second song is called "JAM." I think the fifth song is called "JAM" as well. I can't remember. We take the stage. The Antler Helmet crackles with arcane power as i hold it high over my head, intoning a properly melodramatic introductory monologue before several hundred Madisonians who have *no* fucking idea who we are. I strap the device to my noggin, and we blast into the Punk Rock Thing. The crowd goes appropriately mental. There are photographers from a local music newspaper

in attendance, sent to cover the gala ex-Action Figures Record Release festivities. Needless to say, the presence of a hyperkinetic goon hopping around the stage in a bona fide Antler Helmet presents an unexpected yet unassailably welcome photo-op for the local rock press, with so many flashes going off in my face i briefly teeter on the edge of a strobe-induced epileptic seizure. A man with an Antler Helmet IS news, Doctor, although nobody got a shot of me accidentally goring the back of Eric's head (for the record, Doc, i've perforated myself with my antlers on two different occasions: once in Milwaukee, i stabbed my left superior antler into the crook of my arm, like where they would jab you if you wanted to give blood, which i do not, because i am a pussy [i'd make a terrible junkie, Doc — i'd hafta have my grandmother bake my smack into a walnut muffin or some goddamn thing]; and once in Madison, i punched my right antler into the area between my thumb and index finger. I find the consecration/baptism/penetration aspects of these wounds to be highly symbolic, you?). As we leave the stage, i glance at the mesh of my microphone. It is red, and that is good. That means i have cut the interior of my lips up during our performance via the ol' mic/tooth Malachi Crunch. When my lips don't get cut up, it usually means our show was lacking that certain *j'en sais pas* that differentiates the rockin' from the routine. To paraphrase John Lennon, "If there was no blood, it was not a good show" (of course, *deliberately* trying to draw blood on stage is lame. It's cheating, in fact. Any quality punk rock performance involves INADVERTENT bloodletting, but ONLY inadvertent bloodletting. Remember that). I always check the mic for blood when we're done 'cuz after you get the mic bloody, some of the blood goes back on your face. Then, you get off stage, and, fuck, *you* don't know you got dried plasma all over your face, and you sit there trying to chat up les jeune filles and schmooze w/record industry bigwigs, cuz, you know, you're hot shit, you just ROCKED OUT — and they're all looking at you with flat-out revulsion in their eyes like you just got chased down and tackled by a bunch of feminists who washed your mouth out with a used maxi-pad for using the word "chick" too much. Check the mic, man, check the mic! Anyway, the mic is red. That means we rocked, but i gotta go to the bathroom and wash my face. The crowd is so thick and so devoid of adequate eye protection that — *in the interests of public safety, doctor!* — i REMOVE the Sacred Ancient Antler Helmet before i fight my way to the can, setting it on the end of the bar, next to a P.A. speaker. AND IT WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. After i got my face wiped off, schmoozing was so heavy that i forgot all about the Almighty Antler Apparatus til the end of the night, when i bolted back to the bar in a frenzy. Alas, 'twas too late. The Sacred Mighty Mystic Antler Helmet had been BURGLED. Filched. Robbed. Swiped. Kifed. Veritably Made Off With. Better a man live out his natural life in Kenosha, Wisconsin, as a body part junkyard for Beautiful Burt than endure an eternity devoid of Antler Helmet. What can this MEAN, Doctor? What manner of burning bush IS this latest obstacle to world domination? Could this mean i am NOT the Chosen One? That i am, in sooth, a False Prophet (perchance George Tabb?) of Antler Armageddon?? Perhaps i was not worthy to receive the benediction of the Antler Helmet in the first place? I mean, shit, i really FUCKED UP. The Antler Helmet is, in essence, *all i got going for myself.* And i can't even BEGIN to speculate on the potential for evil that exists should the Antler Helmet fall into the wrong hands. I should hope that i don't have to detail the chaos that would follow the unnatural shift of power that would occur if the Antler Helmet turned up on one of the heads of, say, the Potatomen or something. Imagine the havoc! The bedlam! The tumult! The third-graders hauling their PBJs to school in Potatomen lunchboxes! I mean, some bands are just one good Antler Helmet away from World Domination, ya know? A World Domination never intended by the Creator! I'M the fucking Chosen One around these parts! It is MY destiny to wear the fucking Antler Helmet, and reap the whirlwind glory it will someday entail! And what if The Helmet has fallen into Jello's hands? What needeth a man use of both legs when he has recourse to an Antler Helmet? Think about it! Imagine how "It's A Wonderful Life" would've ended if Lionel Barrymore woulda got his paws on an Antler Helmet! *Jimmy Stewart: "Ah, Mishter Potter, in the grand scheme of thingsh, you're nothin' but a...a...a scurvy little spider!" Lionel Barrymore: "Oh yeah? Well FUCK YOU George Bailey, you drawling, drooling, fully ambulatory philanthropist motherfucker! CONTACT!" (head down, Potter fires forward in his rocket-powered wheelchair, mortally goring a stunned George Bailey in the midriff) Jimmy Stewart: Aaggh...i'm done for...Helen...Helen... (enter Helen Bailey) Donna Reed: "George Bailey lassoes DORK." (Helen kneels before a smirking Potter, unzipping his fly. Fade to black)* Fuck, Doc, it's chilling. Whosoever currently wields the Antler Helmet can't help but instigate a tremendous and unnatural shift in the global balance of power. My carelessness could've sicced the apocalypse on the known universe! THE ANTLER HELMET MUST BE RETRIEVED AT ALL COSTS!!! Not only for *me* to achieve my ultimate destiny of ruler of all i see and survey *a la* Yertle the Turtle, not only for the preservation of what fragile shards of sanity i can still lay claim to, but in the interests of public safety as well. The Antler Helmet can make *any* man a demi-god; *any* brutish dolt into a seer, sage, and prophet. It can heal the sick! Raise the dead! Make the little girlies talk out of their head! The question, Doctor, the question which all humanity needs answered A.S.A.FuckingP. is "WHO STOLE THE ANTLER HELMET???" (as opposed to "Who Stole The Keeshka?" which is more of an internal dilemma) *SO WHO THE FUCK STOLE IT???*

DOCTOR: *So, zen now ve vill to begin, yes? Und, by der vay, haff you zeen that new Weezer video where Arnold from "Happy Days" iss vearing der deer antlers? Qvite der hoot. Dem boys vill rule der world zoon...*

P.S. Anyone who aids me in reclaiming the Sacred Mystic Antler Helmet will be justly rewarded. Anyone involved in its abduction will be eventually captured and put to death. Thank you.



Sarah Zimmerman

It may just be me but life seems to be moving very fast right now. It's already 1995-5 years until the year 2000. It sounds too frightening, especially given the state of the world now. My biggest fear is that the new wave in communication technology (ie. Information Highway, etc) is going to further divide our already splintered society.

I've come to the conclusion that the "highway" is elitist and may actually create a new class division. As someone who is in the process of buying a (used) computer, I know just how horrendously costly these tools are in both time and money. From the hype and propaganda I keep hearing about these systems, more and more of our daily needs and services are going to be attached to this type of computer based technology. Now, what use is it to have services that many desperately poor people need, on a system that you have to be well off to even have the tools to tap into it in the first place?! Where are people on welfare going to find an affordable computer? The only place I've ever seen a computer with internet access is a couple of hip cafes, and you have to pay for each minute your on it. How many poverty stricken people sit in frou-frou cafes all day sipping cappuccinos? I would hope to find this type of technology in the public libraries, but with all the libraries across the country shutting down and cutting funds, how many can afford to even buy a computer, let alone spend the time teaching people to use it? If we need it as badly as the propaganda infers, then why are so many people locked out of this system?!

I'm really worried about the further division of class roles by this type of technological advancement. The terms, the Haves and Have Nots are soon going to refer to those who have the tools and knowledge of the Information Highway, and those who don't. Think of the drastic changes in the education systems that we will need in order to teach kids how to gain access. Shit, kids in America can barely read a book let alone learn how to tap into complex and often confusing communication systems. Public schools in ghetto neighborhoods are as strapped as the public libraries. How many wealthy benefactors are going to donate their old computers to these schools? Will they also donate the instructors to show all the supposably "cool" stuff you can do with these toys? Somehow, I doubt it.

It honestly frightens me when I stop and think about how fast our society is advancing technologically. I don't always feel it's for the better. What's that famous punk

saying, "Convenience will kill us"? I'm not sure if it'll go that far, but it'll definitely strip us of our humanity and soul.

I find myself more and more envious of the subsistence lifestyles where everyone had the knowledge of how to produce anything they needed in their society. I look around my room knowing that I probably couldn't make anything from the bare elements. I can't even make my own food from scratch. Think of all the faith that we put in corporations that what they sell us won't harm us. Since I don't know how to put together a microwave oven, am I really sure that I'm not being hurt by how it cooks food (with radiation waves from the inside of the food to the outside- for those of you that don't know)? I have no access to that knowledge, so I have to just accept it if I choose to use that technology. And we do just that every day.

So what's the answer? Hell if I know. I'm just trying to keep a watchful eye and question as much as I can. I know I'm highly suspicious of modern technological advances which put me further and further away from human interaction, but I'm not convinced that I'm completely paranoid, either. I just really resent being pushed into things that I don't fully understand. And by the time I fully get a handle on it, I'm sure I'll be eating it's dust.

Let's kick things off with a cool record from In The Red Records. We have Mr. Mick Collins (ex-Gories) teaming up with Ms. Janet Walker and Mr. Darin Linwood (Fireworks) to produce the BLACKTOP single. Its got a good R+B feel to it, kinda like a Chuck Berry-Memphis-roots thang.

A spirited punk band has emerged from North Carolina. They go by the moniker "M3" or "My Minds Mine" the name of the EP is "Margaret" it's all about fast guitar and drums with strong punk singing. The M3 anthem is good shit. "I can't believe people getting their ideas from TV". The "Suck My Butt" song says, "You god damn non-smokers can suck our smoking dicks". Me thinks these guys are in cahoots with the esteemed editor, Mr. Yohannan.

The great pop-punk band THE STIFFS from Huntington, NY have followed up last years fine record with a snappy lil' 45 "Blown Baby". Both sides harness some of the excitement of The Dickies or Queers.

The Lance Rock Record Organization has a double 45 release out presently called "Bum Vs. Teengenerate;" take a wild guess which band annihilates the paltry punk universe. Fink and TEENGENERATE devastate all that stands in their way. Witness the fucking sheer power of Fink's "Stab Your Mind". 'Taint no other band doing it quite like this right now.

Let's review ANTISEEN releases. "It All Breaks Down". Horrendous natural disasters occur throughout the world, just a coincidence. This mutha just rocks so fuckin' hard! When Mr. Clayton promises "You're gonna get an ass kickin'," even Jerry Lee hunkers down outta sight. For access to the ANTISEEN catalog write: Baloney Shrapnel, PO Box 6504, Phoenix, AZ 85005.

A really good punk band comes to us this month from of all places, Wigan, England. The FIZZOGS have been together for a few years under different names and this new incarnation is very strong indeed. One can tell immediately that the FIZZOGS have been weaned on the Ramones, The Damned and the UK Subs. This is solid punk rock. Expect to hear more from these lads. The single is called "Slumbercrete" on Smudge Records, 82 Ashton Rd., Goldborng NR, Warrington, WA3 3UR, England, UK.

You fortunate Oi music fans can rejoice with the re-release in Germany of CROWBAR's "Hippie Punks" 45. This is a fuckin' anthem to remember! You grunts oughta go over to the Haight and kill a deadhead for CROWBAR!

Segue to SIDEBURNS, amazing Japanese Oi from 1993. The "Never Give In" EP is a must-have for Bad Vultures aficionados.

What is an accurate indication of a band's superior strength? Being able to survive the flaccid production techniques of Larry Livermore and Lookout Records. The new QUEERS single just barely triumphs over the mawkish covers of "Mirage" by Tommy James and "Get Over You" by the Undertones. The one good original is "Quit Talkin'" by Mr. Joe King.

The great VINDICTIVES do not fare as well on Lookout. Their single "Alarm Clocks" has no pizzazz whatsoever. These guys have excellent product available on Selfless Records. Ignore this half-hearted effort.

Mr. Steve Baise (ex-Devil Dogs) has followed up his Screaming Apple VIKINGS single with a Sympathy For The Record Industry number called "Rock All", this also was recorded back in Dec. 1993 in Norway. This is good shit. Okay Mr. Baise, we are emotionally prepared for something, shall we say, newer.

While we are ruminating about the legendary DEVIL DOGS, a tasty compilation from Munster Records circa 1990 just surfaced in these parts. It's called "Tres 60 Surf And Skate Riot Volume One". Besides New York's finest (D. Dogs) this comp. has blistering cuts by two of Spain's best the CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS and WIPE OUT SKATERS. Of interest are cuts by the RAUNCH HANDS and THE SURFIN' LUNGS. There's a really fun song called "Surfin' With Jesus" by the NEURONES that's just dripping with authentic 60's flavor.

You want 60's shit? The SQUARES from France do it up with a raw Billy Childish approach. It's minimalist and it's brimming with energy. The new SQUARES single on Royal Records is called "Bewitched" B/W "You Come Home" and it follows closely on the heels "Aint Lovin' You Baby"/"I Can't Deceive You" from Hangman's Daughter.

What a lucky knucklehead you were if you caught THE SWINGIN' UTTERS show at the Nightbreak recently. I dare say it was one of the best shows to be had around here lately. This band just keeps getting better and better. The MAKERS kicked out the motherfuckin' jams at the Purple Onion recently. What a band! When these cats ain't busy fightin' with the audience, they can play an impassioned set of first rate garage-punk.

The BLACKTOP band combined all their considerable musical talents to execute a very satisfying rock-n-roll display in our city. Singing, guitar playing and drumming were all right on the mark.

Beware! the MEN'S CLUB is in the house and they're gonna fuck with you delicate little flowers! Aaron and his cronies play some early seventies style punk with wild dollops of MC5, Stooges, Hendrix, and be careful now, even Grand Funk Railroad. This is a killer live show; one can only get a small inkling of the power of this band from their single. Fuckin' A!

There's trouble, trouble I say, in our beautiful little "scene(s)!" There're people who don't like each other! People who make fun of each other! People getting irate! Oh, woe is us! Where Is the unity that permeated the "scene," any scene, in those Camelotian salad days of yore?

I could titillate you with various particulars (for complete details, please send an S.A.S.E. to Larry Flynt Jr., c/o SPIN(E) magazine, the Playboy Building, Elko, NV), but it's all metaphorical water under the proverbial bridge, especially the business with the BRENTWOODS LP since an international record collector/dealer syndicate bought up the whole pressing (with additional funding from the management corps of various major and "indie" record labels who need to suppress the BRENTWOODS in order to keep current the myth that you can't make a great record with [easily] affordable [often readily stealable] equipment [a cornerstone in the edifice of their hegemony; just look what happened in the wake of the SEX PISTOLS recording an LP with hessian production values - NOTHING. I rest my case])

Of course, when some asinine "rock critic" "discovers" the BRENTWOODS (or TEENGENERATE for that matter) in 8-15 years and refers to them to "establish" his "credibility" (and make up for his failure to get a ticket for the clue train while it was still boarding, i.e. right now, instead of when it was long down the tracks leaving the poor sap to moan "How long, how long, has that clue train been gone?") In the "The Brechtian Influence on Low Fidelity Recording" [note that although I am the Nikola Tesla of this choice insight, which is mine and mine alone

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(pat. pending), I am not going to bother expounding on the topic; until I get liquored up and feel like boring someone, at least] chapter of his overwrought revisionist tome that will probably be entitled something like "Garage Sufism; The Secret Society of the UNDERGROUND of the Rock Underground of the 90's."

And why should I plug the BRENTWOODS anyway? They won't talk to me ever since I started scrib(bl)ing (my favorite bit of Joycean wordplay) in these pages. In fact, I had to chuckle over the inclusion in some East Bay Punxeszs' broadside/diatribe in questionnaire form that I picked up off the floor at a local record emporium (okay, it was Epicenter, so kill me) as part of my ongoing one-man "Let's Team Up to Help Fight Litter" program (the few times I ever went to Gilman, in fact, was to help clean up; when I was really lucky, I'd get there late and miss the stinky bands completely, get a little sweeping in and then walk the streets of Albany waiting for the BART trains to start running) of a query to the effect of "Do you loudly mention that you write for MRR at parties in order to impress people?" Maybe the East Bay is so in the dark as to not know it (with the exception of the refined folk at the East Bay Rod and Gun Club, who are simply too well-mannered to mention it), but writing for MRR impresses NOBODY. Complete strangers pass me by on the street! And does anybody care enough to write, for gosh sake? Only one-lame band upset at my lame review over their lame record, and I couldn't even talk the management here into publishing their hilariously semi-literate letter and my verbose yet pungent reply ("Like history written by lightning," someone stated, although certainly not about MY writing).

And while we're in the East Bay, let's drop in on the Oakland Hofbrau, where THE CAR THIEVES (despite getting repeatedly shat on in these pages as though they were NOFX or something), "rocked the Hofbrau" (as was stated in one of the multiple record sets of CHICAGO, er, I mean THE CLASH). Yes, at this show masterminded by those fun-loving, joy-popping, VULCANEERS (who neglected to have anybody collecting money at the door to defray the cost of renting the joint, although that oversight was taken care of by some guy who stood by the door collecting money to defray the cost of his beer consumption), THE CAR THIEVES, to paraphrase Mr. LaValla talking about Jimmy "The Funky Tramp" Lynch, they showed all the shiteaters and motherfuckers that they were wrong, especially at the Oakland Hofbrau show masterminded by the VULCANEERS. These guys are the real surf/punk connection (though with the glut of slick, artificial vanilla surf bands and unswinging, heavy metal "punk" bands around these days, the already stupid term "surf/punk" starts to smell especially rank, so let me rephrase that; the most completely satisfying synthesis of rocking instrumentals and swinging punk rock'n'roll. Given their legion of enemies (as legionnaire as LONNIE LORD's fans in "Rat Pfink A Boo Boo," which incidentally ranks with "Once Upon A Time in the West," "Apocalypse Now," "Glen or Glenda?" and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" in the pantheon of great movies that can be watched repeatedly) I know that going cuckoo over THE CAR THIEVES is not the key to instant popularity, but I've got to call them as I see them. Besides, they seem to have disbanded anyway, since two of them are staying in S.F. and the other went back to D.C.

Another band that put on a great show (maybe the Purple Onion show of the year) that many folks managed to miss, much to their everlasting sorrow and shame, was BLACKTOP. And while it was nice to have plenty of room in which to get loose, a lot of people (as well as animals, vegetables and minerals) could have benefited from seeing such a fucking dynamic combo in action. With Mick from THE GORIES and Darrin of FIREWORKS as the tag team guitar combo keeping the skillet in Rock 'n' Roll Hell good and greasy fronting a rhythm section that kept the fires stoked, this was the sort of band that makes up for the innumerable half-baked as well as completely unthawed bands cluttering up my life. Their 45, "Mojo Kitty" backed with a smooth rendering of GENE RAMBO's "Tight Lips and Swivel Hips."

This gives me a convenient excuse for several digressions, the outer layer of which is the whosis behind GENE RAMBO. Suffice it to say that he was, along with RON HAYDOCK (Lonnie Lord in "Rat Pfink A Boo Boo" [see last paragraph] which features a generous helping of his music in addition to all the other magnificence contained therein, and soon to have a comprehensive retrospective issued on Norton records which is as eagerly anticipated as the FLORIAN MONDAY retrospective, about which more when it sees the light of day, but by all means got that friggin' Norton catalog) one of the worthiest knights to ever serve at the court of GENE VINCENT, whose superiority to ELVIS can be proven in that ELVIS lost any non-suckedness he still had after leaving Sun Records when he went into the army, while GENE VINCENT had already been in the navy and it didn't fucking tame him at all; incidentally, if there are still any copies of his "The Bop That Won't Stop" Seventies reissue languishing in mid-American cut-out bins, they represent your beat record value despite the brevity of the sides! All with THE BLUE CAPS and all prime cuts from 1956, 1957, 1958 as I recall (I gave my copy away after import reissues of the full GENE VINCENT AND THE BLUE CAPS became available and I wound up duplicating it all). I have no idea what BLUE CAPS' material might be available on CD, but for the benefit of you technophiles who want to delve into this worthy field, I'll toss out some song titles that should be leading Indicators of a good package. "Be Bop A Lula" (natch), "Race With the Devil," "Catman," "Bi Bickey Bi Go Bogo" (the mere title of which contains more wisdom and insight than the collected works of HENRY ROLLINS), "Flea Brain," "Rollin' Danny," "Woman Love," " Nell, I Knocked Bim Bam," are all killers that spring immediately to my addled mind. You don't have It now, but you can get it. Get it?

And to return to GENE RAMBO, the fairly easy to find (once again, there's always the Norton catalog) "Desperate Dallas Demos" LP (on No Hit records, purveyors of the guaranteed to twist your wig "Desperate Rock 'N' Roll," "Black Rock'n'Roll" and "Stompin" comps) has a whole slew of G.R. & THE FLAMES low-fi (as in scratchy acetates) action (including, and here's where we begin to get a sense of closure, "Hot Lips and Swivel Hips," although the esprit of Neil Hamburger keeps making me want to type in "Hot Lips and Zipper Hips") with some other Dallas goodies thrown in for good measure. And I can guarantee that it's in print (to get the already sold-out BRENTWOODS LP, I suggest writing directly to RADIO X and making them feel guilty about depriving all the young'ns of the world) and here's the Cap's Hobby Hint for the month; if you're at a friend's housetaping some CD-only release and the clear, shallow sound is annoying you, you can make it a faux Radio X production simply by judiciously raising the recording level until the VU meter stays in the red but is not quite constantly pinned. Happy listening!

If you think interviewing a band just means getting drunk and asking stupid questions about their heroin habits, then you should read this.

There I was. Sick of writing for a dead end magazine and bored with my penis. What the hell, I thought. I'm going to interview a band and see if MRR will print it. Why the fuck not? I've been into the scene for some time now, I figure I should get involved. If everything goes to plan I'll be the punkest mother fucker on my block and I'll get tons and tons of mail chanting that I'm the next best thing to Ben Weasel and exclaiming my dick is probably bigger than his. Or MRR will just say, thanks but no thanks your a dork, kid.

Luckily for me "The Fuck Heads" (that's just what we will call them so nobody gets all pissy about the details, and the name has nothing to do with any band named "The Fuck Heads" if there is one) were coming to town so I smoozed a few people at the college radio station that I work at and set up an interview. Then I called Tim at MRR to see if he was interested in the interview and he nonchalantly said "Are they punk?" "Fuck yeah Tim!" "Sure." That was the easy part.

So I show up at the place where "The Fuck Heads" are going to play. The DJ who does the punk show at our station introduces me to "The Fuck Heads" guitar player. I tell him I'm from MRR, (which sounds pretty weird to me, since I made one phone call, and now I'm telling people I'm from MRR, I felt like I was lying out of my ass. Especially when people around me crapped when I said it. "Your from MRR? Hey I'm in this band and..." "I don't give a shit.") "The Fuck Heads" sound-

ed pretty excited about the interview and put on a pretty good set. Wait, that's bullshit, the set sucked ass. I just wanted to tell myself it was good because I was about to give this band more press than they have ever received before and will ever, probably, and I wanted them to blow me off my feet.

After their set I helped them clean up all of their shit. Then we went out to the back parking lot to conduct the interview, since the club owner threw us out. Before I had left my hell hole place I sat on the toilet, took a shit and scrambled up a bunch of what I thought were intelligent and funny questions and none of them included "What are your influences?" With a tape recorder in hand, paper and pencil ready I stood in the parking lot, set to get into a deep conversation with "The Fuck Heads". The only real problem is, you can't have a deep conversation with five retards. They jumped around the parking lot, played grab ass, told fart jokes and didn't pay any attention to me. The bassist, who was totally wrecked decided he would rather bail, do crank and go fuck around with some thirteen year old girl a hundred miles away or something. So mister "shit faced" bassist tries to drive his truck away with all of the bands gear in it. But the bands is screaming "No, no, this is a guy from MRR don't fuckin' go." Mister "shit faced" stumbles out of his truck and mumbles something about, "Oh, I didn't think this was such a big deal. You guys know what I want to fuckin' say. I don't need to be here."

Nothing is going right. I can't get these idiots to take a second to listen to a question. Finally I just scream "Shut the fuck up" and drop my first inquiry. They argue over every question. They threaten to beat each other up and then they piss on a parked car. They start to pass around some really shitty whiskey. It comes to me, but I don't want to take a swig because these guys are fucking disgusting and I've seen them back wash into this bottle countless times. I take a drink any ways and nearly puke just to keep their attention. The vocalist is trying to be Mr. Front man, with his attitude and his bullshit. The drummer, who could easily pass as an athlete in the special Olympics, is the worst. He can't even finish a sentence. All the band wants to talk about is this label they supposedly signed with. I don't know why a label would sign them. I mean these guys are totally fucking worthless. It's cold outside, I figure I've got all I can get out of these morons and I didn't really have enough questions to continue any ways. (big mistake) So I told them I'd meet them at this shitty bar for a few beers and went straight home ditching "the fuck heads."

I'm totally fed up with the idea of it all and don't even listen to the interview tape for a few days. When I do it's hard to hear of course and the first fifteen minutes is just these guys dicking around in a parking lot. So I, as a good journalist do the best I can with what I have and make these guys look like they had a little brain matter left. I borrow a friends computer and type the whole thing up. A few days later the phone rings. It's "The Fuck Heads" guitarist, he has the photos and logos I asked for and he says he'll swing by my hell hole and bring the shit bye. So he comes over and asks to read the interview. ATTENTION, NEVER EVER LET A BAND READ ANYTHING YOU WROTE ABOUT THEM BEFORE IT GOES TO THE PUBLISHER. Like a jack ass I let him read it, because hell I was proud with what I had done. He instantly tells me I got this and that backwards and he wants all the funny parts of the interview dropped because it's corny. Then he tells me I misspelled the drummers last name. I had all the guys sign their names on a piece of paper, so the drummer fucking misspelled his own goddamn last name! So I say "Okay, no problem, I can fix all of that, thanks for bringing it to my attention, get the fuck out." He leaves and I feel like shit for screwing it up, and I am bummed he wants the funny parts deleted since that was the only thing that made the interview slightly interesting to read. A few minutes after he is gone I'm looking for the papers that the interview was on and they are gone. Asshole, took the fuckin' thing home with him. I didn't tell him he could have it. I figure what ever, lucky for his ass I have it on my friends hard drive. So I bother my friend again and fix all of the shit I screwed up, and even the shit I didn't screw up. Two hours after I finish, "The Fuck Heads" guitarist calls me up and wants more and more shit changed, stuff he supposedly didn't see when he read it in my room. So I am apologizing for some unknown reason to this guy and then I go and fix all of the shit he wanted changed again and now the interview is completely boring and I hate it. I hate the whole thing and I want nothing to do with the band at all.

A few days later I mail the boring interview on a computer disk along with all of the photos in an envelope to MRR. I call Tim a few days later just to make sure he got it and he told me he did and he was going to use it.... someday. He told me it would be a few months. After this conversation I am totally stoked and I tell everyone including my grandma (not that she gives a shit) that I am going to be published in MRROCKNROLL. Up to this point it had all been a hassle but who cares it was going to be published. It's official, I'm punk, heavily into the scene, and no one can dispute how hardcore I supposedly am now.

Months and months pass. I constantly go to the record store to see if the new MRR is out and if my article is in it. Month after month, nope. One rainy day "The Fuck Heads" guitarist calls me up and says "We want the article pulled, the label that we told you was signing us, said 'Fuck you guys' (I really don't blame the label) and we don't want the article published now." I couldn't believe it. All of the bullshit, all of the crap I went through and these guys wanted to puss out. I told him sure and acted like it was no big deal. I called Tim the next day, cleared my throat and said "Tim, (I said his name like were such good buddies) uh... I don't really know how to explain this but I sent in an interview with a band called 'the fuck heads' and well they want to pull it because the label they were supposed to sign with, or supposedly signed with, bailed on them and most of the interview was about that one issue." Tim came back "They want to pull it!" and he sounded really upset about the whole idea. "Well yeah, I guess um, they're, well they're stupid Tim and I don't really know what to say about it." He flipped through some papers and then replied "The issue with the interview went to the printers today!" In my heart I was again totally stoked, I really wanted the goddamn thing printed and I was glad he couldn't pull it. "Oh well then, fuck 'em" I said. And that was it. I called "The Fuck Heads" back and explained that it had already gone to the printers and that it didn't really matter what was said about the label and any press was good press, not to worry.

The issue finally came out . When the article was all put together by those clever little graphic designers it pulled the photos together beautifully with (of course) my name on the top. I looked at the issue and felt proud to be a part of MRR. Then I came to the realization that nobody gives a fuck if I wrote it or not. Oh well, I was doing it to prove something to myself and help the scene out.

Thus concluding my big adventure of being deeply into the punk scene. Or my big adventure of being deeply in a life of shit. Depends on how you look at it, perception is reality. I'm not giving up on the scene, quite yet. I'm sure they're are some cool people in the punk scene, they just aren't the ones playing the punk rock that's all.

As far as "The Fuck Heads" don't get the wrong I really like their music a lot. In fact their demo tape is one of my favorite things to listen to right now, it's just that they are retards and they made my life a living hell for some time. I recently went to one of their shows and expected to get the red carpet to the back stage, free beer, and maybe a spare groupie thirteen year old or something. I mean after all I am the guy who wrote the article in MRR for them. But they hardly recognized my existence at the show and they played live once again, like total shit .

(Rob hasn't thrown out all of his punk records yet and has his own zine called niP-PLe rIng *TITtie TwisT*. If you want a copy send a buck and two stamps or just two bucks to: nrTT 753 Jefferson St. Napa CA 94559.)

[I promised to write more about Mexico, and whether or not I went to the bullfights. I'll do that later. But I have to push this turd through the literary rectum before anything else.]

I was madder than a Republican at an art show. I thought I explained myself. I wrote a whole column about the difference between selling out and being successful. And now? I have to put up with this shit? As if I haven't proved myself over the last twenty years.

I'll back up. Folks on the internet and in the punk-gossip-backstab loop already know this stuff. Folks in the real world don't know what I'm talking about— yet.

It started with my appearance on *Come-*

dy Central. I met the host at the CMJ convention. He asked me to appear. I had a good time. I said what I wanted to, didn't sign any contracts and that was it. Or so I thought.

Then came The Gap ad. What's with you guys? It was a goof, a joke, a fun way of earning a thousand bucks. I stood, fully clothed (although not in clothes I would normally wear), in front of a camera. BFD! It wasn't a national ad. I wasn't gonna be in *Rolling Stone* or *Entertainment Weekly*! Just a few pix on subway stands. Posters on abandoned buildings! How the hell is my face on a few bus shelters gonna give *aid and comfort to corporate America?* You think that's more evil than working the cash register at A&P? Both of us gotta earn a living. Both of us whore ourselves to the guys who pull the strings. The difference is that I got a thousand bucks for an hour's work, and you get five. I'm a more costly whore than you are, but a whore no more or less.

When that ad first appeared, the hate mail started. Then the phone calls. I got an ARTLESS album in the mail— broken into tiny pieces.

"Here! Take this back!" read the angry letter, "I used to respect you. How could you humiliate yourself that way?"

I don't get it! How was I different after that ad came out than before? What have I lost? How am I different in black and white than in color? What if the same photo were my masthead on this column— would it be alright then? Is it the $1000? Would it be all right to make it from working as a stockclerk at 7-11 for six months?

To be fair, it was only a few jerks. They're the same kind of people who break folk's legs in clubs, yelling SELLOUT! Anyone less drunk and more financially stable than they becomes *the enemy*. I can put up with their stupitude as long as it doesn't do me physical harm. But, as you probably already know, it didn't end there.

I was surprised as a pregnant lesbian by the phone call. I'm still not sure how they found out about me. It cudda been Rollins, folks at The Gap, my long-time pal Thrusten Moore, who knows?

"I hope this is Mykel Board," comes the voice on my answering machine, "This is George Metesky from Time-Warner. Could you please call me back? I have something to discuss with you." He leaves his number.

Larry Livermore told me these guys call him all the time. Ben Weasel also finds himself on the corporate hack list. The clueless Chicago media-ites call him every day asking who they should like in order to be properly punk. (Well, not exactly. They do call him up, but they want his opinion of "the underground" so they can use it to add a little spice to their mainstreamitude.) Anyway, an egomaniac like me is sure to jump at the same opportunity.

Calling back is a bit of an ordeal. I dial the number he left and the girl answers, "MTV?"

I don't know why she should ask, if she works there. I take this to be an ominous sign.

"This is Mykel Board. I'm calling for George Metesky." I tell her.

"What is this in regards to?" she says.

"I don't know." I tell her. "He called my machine and said to call. THAT's why I'm calling."

She asks my name again and then puts me on hold. Not even muzak! Nothing! Can you imagine? MTV with no music on hold???

Finally, he answers. "Hello Mykel?" he says.

I nod into the phone.

"I've heard a lot about you.... [uh oh!]... from several sources. Well, what it boils down to is that we'd like you to come down to our offices. Do you think you can make it?"

"You wanna do an interview or something?" I ask.

"Not exactly," he says, "can I send a car for you? I'll fill you in on the details when you get here."

It's a day I'm not working. So what else do I have to do besides taking a limo to the Time-Warner studios uptown? I should be used to this by now— after my adventure with Comedy Central.

"Do I have to change clothes?" I ask. "I mean I don't have to look corporate, do I?"

He laughs. "We're *alternative* here, Mykel. You can wear whatever you like. You can wear shorts or grunge clothes— or something from The Gap. We don't care." (I guess he saw the ad.)

So I'm at the studios. They're in a skyscraper on Broadway. Fifteen fifteen, an easy address to remember. A girl with a pierced eyebrow and a *PORNO FOR PYROS* t-shirt sits behind the desk. I start to introduce myself.

"I know who you are," she says with a smile. "You're famous."

"Well then, how come you didn't know me when I called before?" I don't say. "Your boss just tell you that you're supposed to stroke my ego?"

She shows me into an office. Nothing big and fancy. Nothing that smells of corporatism. Just a plain room with a few posters on the wall. Michael Bolton and Green Day are the only ones I remember. Sitting at the rather small desk is George.

George is not what I expect. Somewhat younger than I am (in his late 30s), he's got moderately long hair, high cheekbones and a cherubic face. He could be *the cute one* in a pop-punk band. He's also got an annoying habit of pulling on his right earlobe as he speaks. We shake hands.

"Mykel," he says, "you come highly recommended."

"That's what she said." I answer.

He chuckles, pulling at his earlobe.

"But really," he continues, "as you know, punk rock is extremely popular at the moment. New punks spring up like erections at a peepshow." (Actually, he said "Dandelions on a mowed lawn," or something like that. But I like my line better.)

I nod.

"That's not good enough," he goes on, "in order to make ourselves authentic. We need someone with history. Someone who's been around the punk scene for a long time. Someone who can drop the names of famous people, maybe tell little stories of true events with the actual historic figures. Someone like you."

"Huh?"

He doesn't answer. Instead he pulls at his ear. Then he pulls out this long piece of paper with lots of *parties of the first part* and *parties of the second part* on it.

"It's legal bullshit." he says. "You don't have to make your mind up now, but I think it's a good deal. Basically, it says we pay you a whole lot of money to do not very much stuff."

I don't remember much about the rest of the meeting. We shake hands. There's a knock on the door. It's the girl with the pierced eyebrow. She smiles at both of us.

"Sorry to bother you." she says, "but we gotta work on the playlist for tonight."

"I hear you'll be a part of all this soon." she says to me.

I just smile and shrug.

It takes me a week to decide. I slog through the contract. It's not as bad as I thought. It just says I have to show up and appear on camera. My likeness can be reproduced blah blah blah.

There's nothing about keeping silent about the inner workings. There's nothing that prohibits me from doing anything (except smoking in the building). Despite the legalese, it's not a bad contract. No drug tests, loyalty oaths, selling my soul to the devil or Malcomb Forbes.

Is it humiliating? Are you kidding? I do spoken word! MTV certainly isn't going to humiliate me!

Besides, how is it more humiliating making almost $8000 a month from a major corporation than making $5 an hour from a major corporation?

Exploiting? Aren't I less exploited in the former case? Aren't I freer to act the way I believe if I don't have to worry that my paycheck will get me through the week? I decide to take the job.

I hope Tim will let me continue to write for MRR. That's not something I want to give up. With a minor illustrative exception, I can say what I want here.

MTV will not be the same as MRR. But, as I did here, I WILL make a difference there. Sure I won't be able to say exactly what I want to about the bands and videos I deal with. But SOMETHING will show. A paragraph or a sentence that wouldn't have been said otherwise, will be said because I'm there. A wink, a raised eyebrow, a sarcastic look, a shrug of the shoulder, there will be more of each of these— because I'll be there.

It'll still be ME up there, no matter what happens. It'll be Mykel Board introducing MEATLOAF. That means there's a little chip taken out of his MEATLOAFness. It'll be Mykel Board giving the intro and the outro to the *Clearasil* commercials. That means those commercials will have that much less power.

I'll still be ME: from the subway or the back of a limo. I'm not gonna change when my bank account goes to six figures from the present four (two of which are on the wrong side of the decimal point). My Mykel Boardness won't decrease if I'm in a champagne filled bathtub with half a dozen naked Orientals, or if I'm at home jerking off to a video of a bathtub filled with half a dozen naked Orientals. The essence is the same.

If you don't watch me, that's okay. I don't watch MTV any more than I read MRR. Still, I'll be there. I'll be living a better life than I live now— but inside— I'll still be the same.

That out of the way, I want to talk about the REAL matter of this column. That's my further adventures in Mexico.

I'm at this New Year's party with Fernando and Alain. The latter is one of two Jewish Mexican punk rockers I met. Neither of them believe there are so many jewpunks in America. Little do they know that punk-rock itself is part of the international Jewish conspiracy to take over the entire earth.

It's a party given my one of Alain's pals. He drives us to her house in a classy quarter of Mexico city. Me, Alain and Fernando are dressed... well, normal. You know, t-shirt, leather jacket, jeans, what folks-who-are-folks wear to such an occasion. The people at the party, however, dress like your parents might dress if they had a lot of money. The women are in long gowns with such rock-filled necklaces that they're more torture devices than jewelry. They still wear fur in Mexico.

The men all wear suits. Freshly pressed pants with freshly pressed jackets, shirts and haircuts. On the stereo is music with lots of trumpets in it.

The guys are almost all ugly, though it's hard to tell. A necktie can make even a young oriental look unattractive. Many of the girls are good-looking. Unfortunately, they're all paired with goofy guys who look all too comfortable in their suits. There is one, however, who seems to be alone.

When we arrive, everyone is sitting around a couple of large tables. The attractive girl comes, hugs Alain, makes goo goo eyes at Fernando and hands me a beer.

We're not invited to join the family at the table. We pull up a few chairs on the side and watch the hostess serve food to everybody else.

Fernando and the girl start talking, every few seconds someone turns to me and asks, "Que es tu nombre, otra vez?"

Fernando is working on this girl like I've never seen a girl worked on before. On the other hand, maybe she is working on him and he's lapping it up.

We get there at eight o'clock. At ten o'clock, they're still talking. They face each other, looking into one another's eyes, each occasionally stretching his or her top leg to subtly caress the leg of the other. This is not my idea of a fun evening.

By midnight Fernando and what's-her-name have disappeared. The TV has shown the ball drop on Times Square and another one in Mexico City. I'm annoyed that the food keeps missing our little alcove.

At three AM I've had enough. I'm bored, I wanna get back home. I'm hungry. And I'm jealous that Fernando has ended up with the only girl of the night who is both attractive AND available.

Like a kid begging his parents "Can we go home now?" I tug on Alain's t-shirt hinting that it's time to leave. Alain searches the mansion for Fernando and the young woman. He finds them talking. They've been going for seven hours! Just talking! Oy vey! Even that tattooed oriental girl in the Calvin Klein ads wouldn't be worth seven hours of talking!

I walk outside. It's dark. I can see into the house across the street. Some people dressed in jeans and t-shirts dance the lindy to 50s rock'n'roll music. Otherwise, there is only darkness and silence. Alain comes outside to join me.

"You've got to understand, Mykel" he says. "This is Mexico. Girls can't be so easy here. Unless you have drugs, you've got to talk a lot. For hours. They don't want people to think they are easy."

At this point, the snot of impatience blows through the tissue of my multi-cultural tolerance.

"I'll be back!" I say, leaving in a huff. Of course, I have no idea where I am, or where I'm going.

I take a walk. Off into the labyrinth of sidewalks and houses on the neighborhood streets. I turn a corner. Then another.

The outline of a bicycle forms in the distance. I watch it approach. Gradually, I see there are two young men on it. One sits on the seat and pedals. The other stands in back with a foot on each side of the rear wheel axle. The standee keeps his balance by resting his hands on the shoulders of the seated one.

I can't make out more than the grossest of features. Somewhat Aztec looking, the one standing has longish black hair and a nose that points straight downward. The other is heavier and seated hunched over the handlebars.

"Feliz Nueve Ano!" I yell to them as they pass. Then I wave. The standing one turns to me, his face illuminated by the bounce of the streetlight off the wet pavement. I think he is going to wave. Instead, he rests his left wrist in the crotch of his right arm raising his hand in a universal *fuck you!*

Not very friendly in this neighborhood, are they?

They pass by and I continue to explore the deserted streets. A vague whir in the background catches my ear. I turn. It's the bicyclists coming back. They're headed right toward me. I look for an escape path. There is none. I start to walk quickly. The bike comes right up onto the sidewalk in front of me, cutting me off. I back up. Turn. The bike pulls away from the curb and catches me again.

"Que queres? [What do you want?] Que queres?" I ask.

The guy with the long hair gets off the bike. He opens his belt and withdraws the leather piece by piece through the pants loops.

He talks at me, taunting with the leather belt. I have no idea what he's saying; probably informing me of my pending demise.

I try to tell them that I only wanted to wish them a happy new year. I start to speak. Smash! The belt whooshed down across my shoulder. I can't understand why they're treating me like this. I only wanted to wish them happy New Year.

They yell some more. One is on one side, the other on the other. I'm against a building wall. There is no escape. I pull out my wallet.

"Money.... ah dinero? Tu queres dinero?" I beg, taking out what bills I have with me. The total comes to about 80 pesos ($20). The guy with the belt takes the money from me. Then he hits me again. He makes a downward motion with his hand. He wants me to kneel.

Trapped against the side of the building I get on my knees. He raises his belt-wrapped fist above his head. I raise my hands to protect my own head.

"No!" He shouts. "Los manos, abajo."

He wants me to put my hands down. To leave my head unprotected so he can smash me. Trapped, foreseeing my own doom, I whimper some more and pretend I don't understand.

"No comprendo! No comprendo!" I cry, "Quisiera solomente decir feliz ano nuevo."

The guy with the belt hits me once more then says something else. They both get on the bike and ride off, leaving me crumpled on the sidewalk of that deserted street in Mexico City.

I'm not seriously injured. The twenty dollar loss pays for a good story. When I get back to the party, Fernando is finally ready to leave. He and Alain wait for me by the car.

"Where were you?" asks Fernando, then he stops. "What happened? You don't look so good."

"I got mugged." I told 'em.

"Gee," he said, "that's too bad. I guess it's just like back in New York."

I didn't hit him.

Actually, this is the only fearful time I have in Mexico. It's a good story and it's over, right? It's a new experience. I only wish it could teach me something I didn't know before. Don't take a walk by yourself in a deserted neighborhood at 4 AM? Hmmm, now THAT's a unique insight.

OK, we'll shift gears. The main thing I want to write about is the bullfight. Yes, I went. Is that what you guessed? I figured since they happen and I'm powerless to stop them, I should see what they're like.

My animal rightist Mexican friends try to discourage me.

"Bullfights are really cruel," says Alain.

"You're the only gringo punk rocker I've met who wanted to go to the bullfights." says Fernando. As if THAT is a discouragement.

He further explains, "They put vaseline on the bull's eyeballs so it can't make out anything but the red of the cape. That's why the bulls always loose. They can't see anything."

"I'm glad you demonstrate against it." I tell him, "but I want to see it for myself."

The bullring in Mexico city is the biggest in the world. Outside vendors sell food and cute little plush bulls for the kids to take to bed with them. Before I go in, I order a sausage torta.

I look at the spiced meat in my sandwich. It's grey-brown with tiny orange flecks in it. I take a bite— not bad. Then I look at the bullring; the place where they slaughter dozens of bulls every week for entertainment. I put the meat down without finishing it. Then I go to the ticket window, pay my ten dollars and enter.

COLUMNS

All the seats are concrete. You can rent a pillow if you want. I don't. Behind me, filling a row and a half, are a group of Chinese tourists. Every few seconds one of them jumps up with a disposable camera and takes a picture of everybody else.

Trumpets sound. Down below, on the round field, a parade of horses and men in bright uniforms comes through an open door. They're all there, the toreadors, the bandalleros, the picadors on horseback and the matadors— literally killers. It's a stately parade. They march in perfect formation toward the center of the ring, then branch off, half to the right and half to the left.

The toreadors take their places behind wooden barricades. The trumpets sound again. A door opens and the first bull comes out. A large rose, fashioned out of a ribbon, is stuck with a hooked spike into it's side.

At first the bull bounds into the ring. Then it looks confused. A toreador steps out making a whirring sound with his tongue. The bull turns. The toreador shakes his cape and the bull charges it. Quickly, the toreador steps behind the barricade. Then another comes out, further up in the ring. Soon they have the helpless bull running in circles, chasing from one toreador to the next. Occasionally, he butts his head against a barricade.

Most of the toreadors are quick to dodge to protection. Occasionally, one comes toward the center of the ring and make a few flourishes with the cape. When the bull passes close, the crowd shouts. "Ole!"

For a few seconds, the ring is deserted of people. The bull explores, relying only on his sense of smell. Then come the picadors, men on horseback with long spears. First the bull is confused. Then it attacks a horse.

The picador plunges the spear into his back. A thin stream of blood flows down this flank. Terrified, the bull pulls back. He looks for an escape path. There is none. He walks quickly, runs. But the horse moves right in front of him, cutting him off. He backs up. Turns. The horse pulls away and then catches him again. Stab! Goes the spear. Deep into the bull's side. The blood stream thickens into a river.

The bull makes a deep-throated whimper, wincing at the pain of the lance. Then the horses withdraw. It's time for the bandalleros. Four of them, each with two brightly colored harpoons. They call the bewildered bull and when charged, slam the harpoons into his already-wounded side. The bull breathes hard. He's trapped. Foreseeing his own doom.

Trumpets sound from high in the stands. The matador enters. Dressed in blue, he hides his sword behind his bright red cape. A few toreadors keep the bull occupied, teasing it on the other side of the ring. On this side, the tight-pantsed matador bows. He raises his head toward a spot in the crowd. It's a young woman. He smiles at her, bows again and throws her his hat. Then he faces the bull, already half dead.

He taunts the bull with the cape. The bull slips, falls to his knees. A plaintive moan comes from the injured animal, not understanding why they treat him this way. Somehow, he gets up and again falls to his knees.

The matador slips the sword from behind the cape. He talks to the bull. I have no idea what he's saying. He's probably informing it of it's pending demise.

The matador sights down his sword before sticking it into the back of the bull's neck. The bull roars. It turns in circles and slowly sinks to its knees.

With a shake, it throws off the sword. The matador retrieves it and again drives it into the bulls neck. The bull is down. The crowd cheers. The matador bows.

Someone comes from the side and sticks a knife into the base of the bull's skull. Then, with the same knife, he cuts off the animal's tail and one of its ears. These he hands to the matador who then hands them to the lady in the audience. A horse comes dragging a small cart. They attach the dead animal's feet to a rope. His head rests on the cart. Then they drag him, one-earred and tailless, from the bullring.

Now, it's time for the next fight. There are to be eight of them today. I stay for six.

Did I go to the bullfight?

You bet I went. But I rooted for the bull!

ENDNOTES:

—> From Baton Rouge Louisiana comes news of the *Triple K Cafe*, a new club that books "only racist, sexist, or homophobic bands." If you wanna play there, contact Frank c/o 3K Cafe, 127 DePaull St., Baton Rouge LA 70801

—> Animal activists say the bullfights prove how cruel the Mexicans are. They kill six bulls a week at the bullfights. They're cruel because you see it. But us? Ever check out the local dogpound? Mexicans don't kill dogs. They let 'em wander freely, lying in the sun, enjoying the streets. People clean up after them. Look around YOUR city. How many strays do you see? Ever wonder why? Now tell me who is cruel.

—> *Report from Sarajevo dept:* This is the kind of thing Lük Haas might write about. I got a letter from Sarajevo. Apparently punk life goes on despite the war. This comes from Goran Perisic (c/o Caritas Zagreback Nadbiskupije, TRG Djeca Dobrinje 7/n, Sarajevo, Bosnia/Herzegovina, Yugoslavia) Goran is writing a book about punk and needs info about the following NY bands. (He certainly has good taste): GOO GOO DOLLS, HEADS UP, HELL NO, HELL'S KITCHEN, KILLING TIME, KRAUT, LEEWAY, LUDICHRIST, LUNACHICKS & MOB. He needs discographies, band member names, etc. Anybody who's got any info, please send it his way. DON'T send packages. They'll never get there. Make sure your letter says FIRSTCLASS AIRMAIL on it. If you want to send cassettes or records, send 'em first class and in different packages from the info letter.

Help the guy out, ok? His life is a lot worse than yours.

—> *Good guys dept:* Chuck Dodson wrote a fine letter defending child sexuality. He points out the hypocrisy of those who claim to be sexually open, but have a blindspot when it comes to the group of people with fewest (sexual— or any other) rights: kids. He wrote that he'll soon have an article published in GAUNTLET, a journal dedicated to free speech. Look for it.

—> *Bad guys dept:* I got a form letter from FEDERATION FOR AMERICAN IMMIGRATION REFORM, (1666 Connecticut Ave NW #400) Washington DC 20009) a group that wants to end ALL immigration for the next few years. The director of the group's name is Dan Stein. Stein— now that's a fine Anglo-Saxon name, right? I mean HIS ancestors wouldn't happen to be immigrants, would they?

—>*Glaad like Jesse Helms? dept:* This message comes from the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation- -a group that wants your money for their projects. Up until recently, they have avoided calling for censorship— opting instead to call for equal access. But their new fund-raising letter brags about an 'accomplishment' that censors the arts to a degree Jesse Helms would be proud of. Says GLAAD:

GLAAD Chicago has won a clause in city contracts forbidding any performers using public space from defaming people based on sexual orientation.

I just can't wait until some homo rails against "straight-America" and the city uses this clause against him.

—>*Holocaust up the butt dept:* Thanks to all you guys out there who sent me *Cannibal Holocaust*. You can stop now! I've got half a dozen of em. All with different parts screwed up. If I had an editing machine, I could make a good movie out of all the pieces. In any case, NO MORE!

I'm still taking (and enjoying) those home-made *personal*, videos, though. You can send 'em to me at: PO Box 137, Prince St. Sta, NYC 10012.

—> Will the guy from Viktor 44 who sent me those cool videos please write again? You did it too!!! No address on the letter. Envelopes get lost. Fliers get lost. I'm a flake. Put your address on EVERYTHING!

—> *Book Your Own Fuckin' Modern Life dept:* A group calling itself STUPID LOSERS is working on a CD-Rom version of a *B.Y.O.F.L.* type book. They're gonna have all kinds of stuff in it from freelance writers to CD manufacturers, to the stuff that's in the print version. Send YOUR info to 'em at: 22 Dorchester Ave (Suite #1) Geneva NY 14456-2315

—>Hey Queen Itchie!! I wrote to you—in Sherborurn AND Arizona, but my mail keeps coming back. I still have your naked pictures on my wall, but where is your corporal self at the moment?

—>*Knockin' the Rock dept:* The Rock Ministries (PO Box 2181, Bloomington IN 47401) is a Christian organization whose purpose is to defeat the hand of Satan as it is expressed through Rock'n'Roll. Someone sent me a very funny letter received from them when he complained about industrial music as another tool of Satan.

—>*By now I forgot who it was dept:* Someone sent me this video of some weird TV evangelists on the same tape as a Japanese sex cartoon. Naturally, I sped through the evangelists to get to the cartoon. Well, I finally listened to the preacher's part of it.

"We wanna pray for the families of Mykel Board and GG Allin..."

Pretty good! Someone must've made quite a donation to get 'em to do that!

As is typical, however, they didn't put their name ON THE TAPE. So I can't thank 'em personally. Funny prank though!

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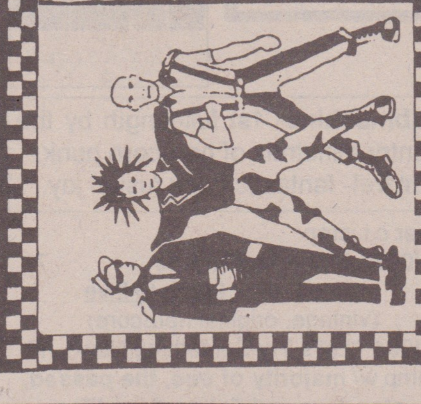

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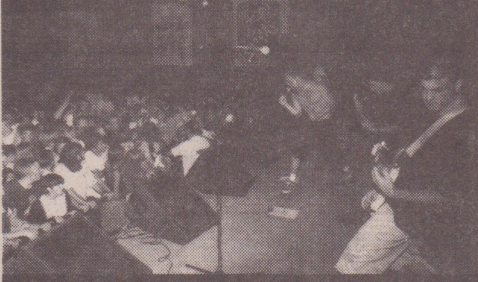

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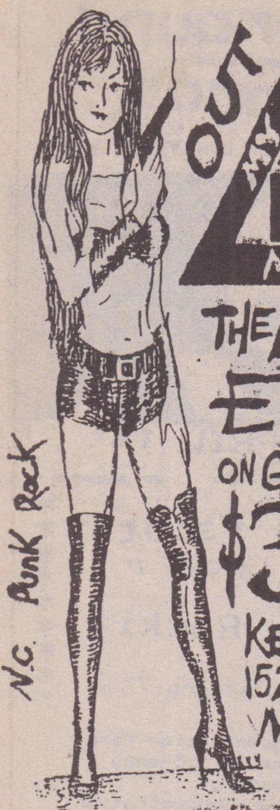

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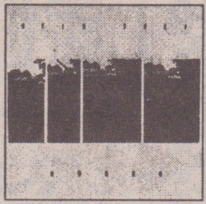

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MRR NEWS

APRIL, 1995

Page 1

MRR NEWS welcomes your contributions in the way of original articles, newspaper clippings, or hot tip reporting

PIRATE RADIO WINS A ROUND

By Tanya Schevitz

A judge has rejected a Federal Communications Commission request to shut down a "pirate" radio station and called into question the agency's ban on low-power broadcasters.

In a victory for "Free Radio Berkeley" operator Stephen Dunifer, U.S. District Judge Claudia Wilken said Friday that she had "serious questions about the constitutionality" of the FCC's ban on licenses for broadcasters who pump out less than 100 watts.

The ruling marked the first tune the FCC had been refused a preliminary injunction against an allegedly illegal broadcaster. "It opens up such a can of worms," FCC counsel David Silberman told Wilken. "You've given carte blanche to these people to operate a radio station without a license." But Wilken said the FCC itself, not the courts, should address the issue of how the new wave of micropower radio stations popping up across the nation should be regulated.

Dunifer, 43, of Berkeley is one of dozens of "pirate" broadcasters dedicated to the notion that low power stations are "the leaflet of the 90s." He has been broadcasting over his unlicensed radio station since April 1993, operating at 20 to 40 watts over 104.1 FM every Sunday night.

His attorney, Louis Hiken, said, "There is no law that they (low-power operators) can comply with to broadcast. They are broadcasting at a lower wattage than the FCC regulates."

Dunifer has been fighting the FCC since November 1993, when the agency fined him $20,000 for allegedly airing two dozen illegal broadcasts over 13 months. He has challenged the FCC's right to restrict access to the airwaves, maintaining that it violates the constitutional guarantee of free speech. He says the agency's regulations ban anyone who can't afford the prohibitive start-up fees —more than $100,000— from broadcasting, effectively shutting out many minority com-

Continued Page 2 Col 1

SLAPSHOT SHUTDOWN

by Beth Daley

It was supposed to be the best hardcore concert for the high school set in Plymouth, Mass, this year. Five hundred tickets were sold at the door. Five bands, including Slapshot, were to perform.

But minutes after Slapshot came on stage, police shut down the concert and arrested about 8 teenagers on charges ranging from inciting a disturbance to tresspassing, according to teenagers, their parents, and the band.

Police became incensed when Slapshot's singer, Jack Kelly, 32, made disparaging remarks about a no-dancing rule in the hall, witnesses said. Kelly said he was arrested later in the night and charged with inciting a disturbance.

Teenagers and the parents who were at the concert say police used unnecessary force and poor judgment.

"I was there and my son was arrested" said John Blaha. "The kids kept their cool. Unfortunately, the cops didn't. Their conduct really compromised the safety of the kids."

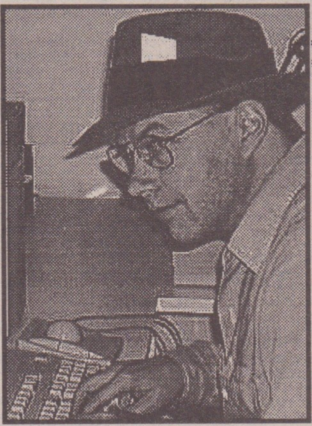
No injuries were reported during the night. According to two band members and four people who attended the show, several teenagers were thrown out of the hall earlier in the night for mocking police requests for no dancing.

As Slapshot came on stage, three teenagers said they would mosh despite the rule.

"I know our crowd tends to be a little rowdy and I told them to be cool," Kelly said. "I also said since they paid $8 to get in, they should be able to do whatever the fuck they want to. But I told them to be cool. Then 4 or 5 cops came on stage and shut it down."

CALIFORNIA'S THREE STRIKES LAW PUTS HARDCORE CRIMINALS AWAY

A Compton man faces 25 years to life in prison under the states "three strikes" law after he was convicted of stealing a slice of pizza from a group of children.



LEFTY HOOLIGAN

Lately, I've avoided using the SF Chronicle/Examiner as sources for my column. This time I revive something I tried last year and enjoyed; a survey of the in-English press from around the globe available at select US newsstands. I sampled the EuroBrit beat before, with Canada thrown in, so now it's the press from less powerful countries around the world. This column is a study in contrasts, beginning with:

THE CONNACHT TRIBUNE (Friday, February 3, 1995): This paper is published in Galway, Ireland, and with Ireland's proximity to Britain, not to mention "The Troubles" in the north, you'd expect there'd be some reference to the outside world in its pages. Not so. Debutantes, graduations, local sports; the *Connacht Tribune* is a County Galway paper first and foremost. About the only international coverage comes in its second section, with reports on the Statoil Galway car rally. The front page advert for new styles in confirmation and communion wear about sums things up. The treat here is seeing some announcements and advertising in Gaelic. Other points of interest include:

- Coverage of the record rains and flooding in Galway County. While many of us in the US heard only about the near-disaster in Holland when rising river levels threatened to burst the Dutch dikes, most of western Europe was hit bad by this weather, causing much damage and some loss of life.
- A look at the local economy, with a potential $15 million deal with Hollywood's Roger Corman, and the ongoing controversy over milk processing at Mid-West, the Galway based dairy cooperative.
- A section on "the news from our correspondent in your area." Unlike most small

Continued Page 2 Col 1

LEFTY From Page 1 Col 3

town US papers, which are often poor excuse advertising rags or actually part of newspaper chains that try to present a local facade, the *Connacht Tribune* makes an effort to cover news of interest county-wide, from Ballinasloe and Loughrea to Athenry and Tourloughmore.

• A commentary on the collapse of the previous Irish government and the falling out between the Fianna Fail and Labor parties. Reasons sighted are strong personalities, the need for the two parties to assert their own identities, and the subsequent row over the appointment of Whelehan as President of the High Court.

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY (weekend of February 11-12, 1995): Published in Hong Kong, this standard layout newspaper is the mirror opposite of the pleasant but parochial *Connacht Tribune*. Much of the Hong Kong coverage is financial, with a Property Post and a Business Post section. The overwhelming focus is on Hong Kong's powerful neighbors, with mainland China dominating the headlines. For Hong Kong, external affairs are very much internal matters, and the small British colony's jitters over the mainland's impending takeover in 1997 are evident in this paper's pages. Among the stories of interest:

• Mainland China admitted in the official *Beijing Youth Daily* that the threat of US sanctions over "intellectual property" violations, if carried through, will indeed hurt the Chinese economy. Of more interest in the same article are statistics drawn from the official *China Daily* newspaper that more than 1,000 people have been jailed and 12 others executed for such violations. Violate copyright in China and get a bullet in the back of the head.

• A survey by the accounting firm KPMG Peat Marwick revealed that top company directors and managers in Hong Kong are frequently the worst white collar criminals, committing fraud, accepting kickbacks and engaging in insider share trading based on exclusive company information. But no hue-and-cry for "three strikes" legislation covering economic crimes.

• Hong Kong's unease about unification with the mainland becomes clear in articles revealing the link between China's defacto Hong Kong embassy and the territory's pro-China camp in the 1995 elections, coverage of Japan's fears of the consequences of 1997 for Hong Kong's "open system, fair competition and rule of law," and related reported on the beginnings of negotiations between Taiwan and the mainland.

• The obsessive interest in China's internal affairs, to include stories about Chinese filmmakers, the burgeoning bar life in Beijing, Chinese accusations that the Dalai Lama ruined Tibet, the claim that Deng's health is stable, and reports that China's provinces are resorting to Maoist practices in order to survive, give depth to Hong Kong's worries. Apparently, the governor of Hubei province has reinstated the practice of ordering urban residents out into the countryside, this time to help repair dikes along the Yangtze river. This, plus reports that the Chinese government is increasingly resorting to traditional socialist methods (subsidies, compulsory methods in dealing with unemployment, etc.) instead of continuing to liberalize its industries and open up markets casts a considerable pall over 1997 for Hong Kong.

• Articles on red tape and human rights violations in Vietnam, as well as America's "Vietnam Syndrome."

THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION (week ending February 11, 1995): The *Jerusalem Post* is a tabloid format paper where local affairs are, almost by definition, international concerns. Now that Arafat is a good guy (more or less), the paper has had to refocus its coverage of "terrorism" onto Hamas and Islamic Jihad. A magazine insert offers cultural news, in depth analysis and features. The paper is explicitly Zionist and as explicitly oriented toward propagandizing the Jews in Diaspora. The headline on its subscription form says: "From your homeland to your home." And one story talks about GDP being up 20% in "Judea, Samaria." Of note in its pages:

• A grasping-at-straws story on the common ground found between leaders of Israel, Egypt, Jordan and the Palestinians at the recent Cairo summit. "Yet there was unanimity about one point: the threat of attacks by Islamic extremists." And, to think, Israel used to promote such "Islamic extremists" before coming to terms with Arafat as a way of countering the PLO's influence in the occupied West Bank and Gaza.

• A sorry report about how the police of the Palestinian Authority foiled a planned car bomb attack against Israelis, a tip from their General Security Service that was passed along by the PA to the Israeli Defense Force. Sorry because the PA had to immediately deny that they'd ever informed the IDF of the planned attack, and thereafter complain about the IDF's road closures around Jericho as a violation of the Cairo Agreement. Such is the position that the PLO is now in.

• The ongoing controversy over the apparent pre-1992 election Labor-PLO deal to grant the Palestinians near-state autonomy in the occupied territories if Labor were elected. In exchange, the implication is that the PLO was to influence Israeli Arabs to vote for Labor.

• A whole series of articles on the role of women in the IDF, and how they're being relegated more and more to the status of "coffee ladies." IDF Col. Gershon Hacohen told Jerusalem high school students that "men are traditionally warriors, while women were always whores." Does that include his mother?

• An interesting feature on Israel's black Jews, the Ethiopian Jews or falashas, brought to the state from 1985 to 1991. Surprise, surprise, Israeli kids use the word "nigger" for them. So many second class citizens in such a small country.

• A horrific revisionist history of the Zionist massacre of Palestinian Arabs at Deir Yassin. Upset that Palestinians continually refer to Deir Yassin when citing Zionist atrocities, the column's author claims that so many civilians were killed at the village because of the "Arab proclivity for using civilians as shields." This plus Ben Gurion's use of the incident to bash the fascist Irgun Zvai Leumi, the in-quotes dissident group that led the operation, account for the Deir Yassin "myth." Ah, but it's going too far to call the murder of 6 million Jews by the Nazis a myth.

PIRATE from Page 1 Col 1

munities and the poor.

But Silberman said, "If Mr. Dunifer can operate a radio station without a license, why can't everybody in the Bay Area? Then we'd have chaos." The issue of low-wattage stations has been before the FCC for more than a year and the agency has been "stonewalling," Hiken said. But Silberman said the FCC had been "acting on the matter . . . in the normal course of its proceedings."

Silberman said the Supreme Court had repeatedly held that there is no First Amendment right to operate a radio station because of limited space on the airwaves.

"The law is clear that operating a radio station without a license is illegal. We will take all necessary action to enforce the law," he said.

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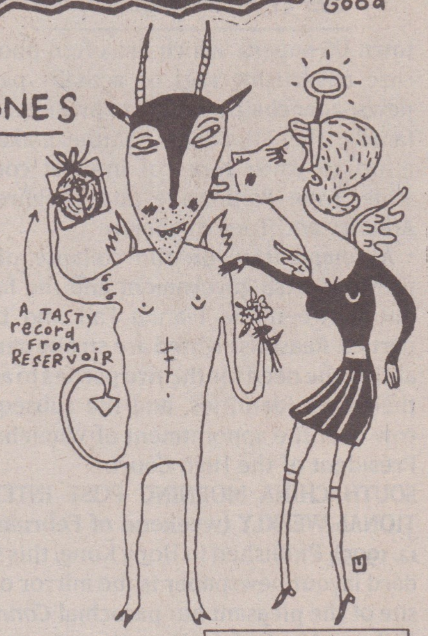

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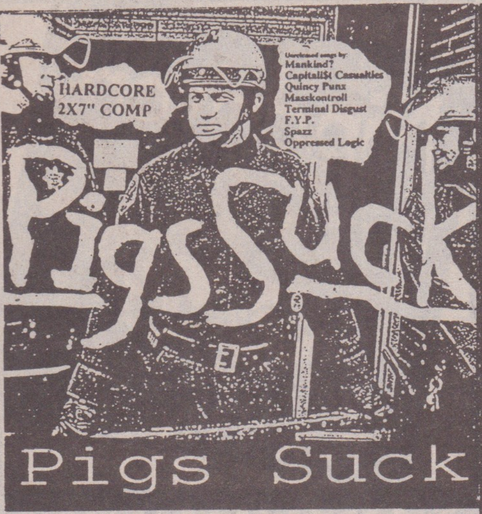

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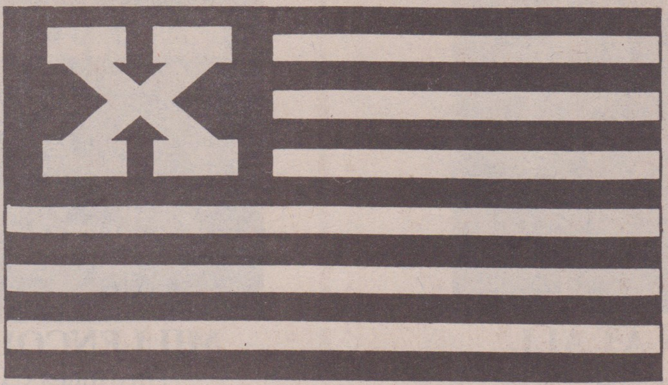

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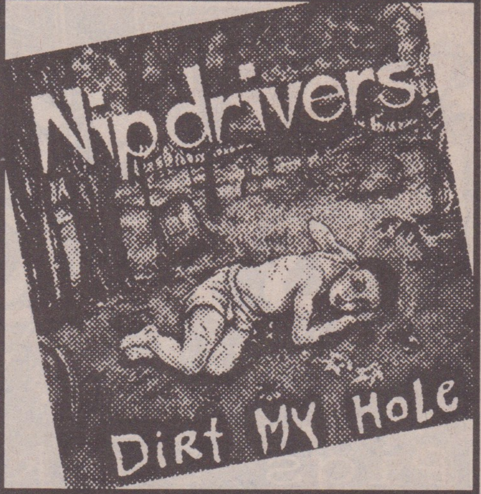

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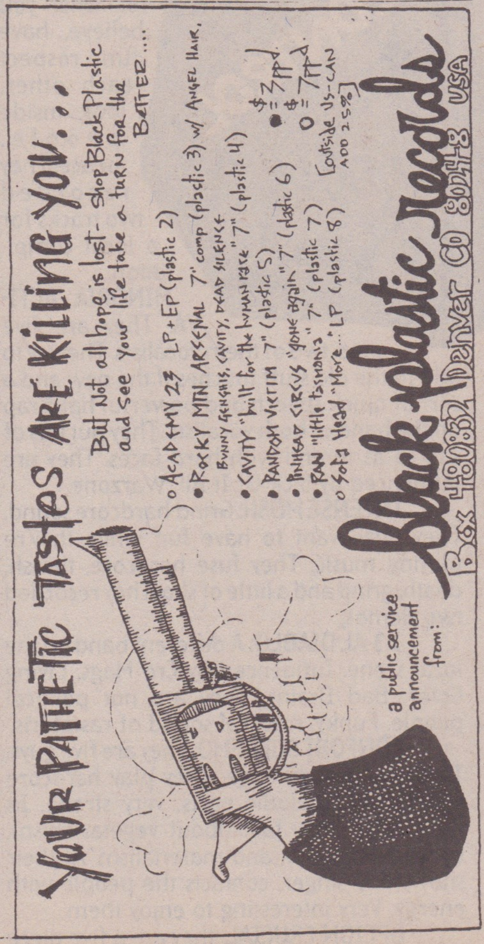

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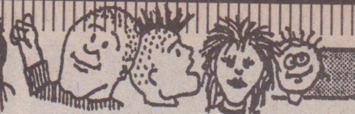
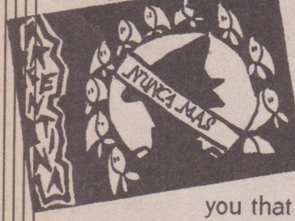
Scene reports





Hi I'm Ariel and I'm writing from Buenos Aires, a big city, the most important in Argentina.

First of all, I would like to tell you that South America does not end in Brazil, you only have to take a look down and there we are. A long time went on since we have had an Argentine scene report and by this time, we have some news. That is why I decided to do it, for you to know something else about us.

Talking about our country...we had been suffering for a long time under the fucking military government. Repression, terrorism, fear used to be common words but finally the nightmare ends and we reach freedom. Democracy is our way of living now, since twelve years ago, and now we are able to say: Never again. But with democracy included, life is not easy here. There are no jobs, low salaries, high costs, and that is our reality.

Talking about the scene, we have received bands like the Ramones with a big response from the people. In my opinion it would be better for there guys to come to live here: Sick of It All, Agnostic Front, Biohazard, D.R.I., Bad Religion, Mad Ball, Exploited, GBH, Rollins, Suicidal Tendencies, and so on...

The Scene grows up day by day. New bands appear, and people enjoy listening to the New York hardcore style. The circuit becomes a little close, but I hope, and I believe that shortly they will open their heads to alternative music from all over the world which is difficult to find here.

Talking about national producers: **Mentes Abiertas** (open minds) appears and they give to the bands the possibility to edit their own CD. Others...just commercial ones, take advantage of thrilled boys who only want to edit their own cd, and they profit at these boys' expense. That is not what hardcore is, is it??

Venues like the **Arlequines Theatre** receive during the weekend a great deal of fans who go there for playing music. **Die Shule** and **Cemento** are also interesting venues.

Bands: **NO DEMUESTRA INTERES:** 1991 in those days one of the bands who takes in more people to their shows and they're still doing that. A strong vocalist with lyrics full of energy. In 1992 they recorded two tracks on a compilation. In 1993 they edited a demo with another band named **ETERNA FUERZA NATURAL**. They also put out a new CD with 15 tracks. In 1994 they're working on their new album. Influences: hardcore, reggae, ska, punk rock.

DIFERENTES ACTITUDES JUVENILES: 1990 strong corrosive hardcore. Social criticism in their lyrics and positive change proposal. 1992 the band of the South Catalinas neighborhood recorded two tracks for the *Mentes Abiertas* (open minds) compilation. 1993 they went out with their own new production *Realidad Virtual* with 16 tracks. They're influenced by New York hardcore, that is: Agnostic Front, Biohazard.

AUTOCONTROL: a straight edge band. They are on the opposite side of Slaughter and they are not political people. They reject the abortion, the authority, religion, and any other kind of repression of freedom. They have recorded two tracks for a hardcore compilation. They are influenced by Turning Point, Beyond, Quicksand.

ANESTHESIA: They say their music is hardcore, trash, rock 'n' roll strong. Their influences are Danzig, Black Flag, C.O.C., and also melodic bands. They say you should be who you are, give your life for what you believe, have fun, respect each other, look inside people, peace! They recorded two tracks for a local compilation.

MINORIA ACTIVA: They are five guys, two of them vocalists. They try to add to the old stuff touches if the new and a sort of quick speech and powerful hard rap on the hand of both vocalists. They put lots of fun so as to end with hard faces. They are influenced by Sick Of It All, Warzone.

INTENSE MOSH: Grind-hardcore sound. They only want to have fun while they're playing music. They fuse hardcore, thrash, death, grind and a little of ska. They recorded two demos.

13 AL DIABLO: A different band on the local scene. Influenced by Cro Mags, Living Color, Bad Brains. They are not political people. Funky, mystical sound of rastafaris.

CONFORT SUPREMO: They are five guys. They are straight-edge. They play hardcore sound with melodic parts, very strong. In their lyrics, they talk about vegetarianism, consumer society, and materialism. At their shows, the singer, contacts the people with energy. Very interesting to enjoy them.

OPCION CRUCIAL: they are a five piece band, they play melodic Hardcore, they got togheter because they want to move people and want people to identify with their lyrics, they want people to be strong enogought to face their problems and to make them in control of their lives. They are not straight edge but they have similar ideas, they're influenced by Dag Nasty, Life Time, Down By Law and wish to record their first album soon, they have a demo tape out.

EVIDENCIA JINNAH: This band started in 1989 they are a four piece, played two shows and broke up, they got back togheter, recorded a couple of demos. *Soles Nuevo* and in 1993 they recorded *La Misma Casa*, in 1994 they recorded 2 tracks for a compilation with 3 other bands. They play melodic HC as well.

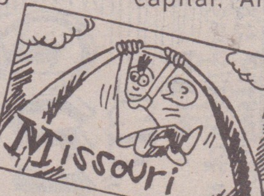
Zines: ***Civilization Violenta*** is made with recycled paper and it's about local bands as well as pollution, racism and another subjects. Confraternidad is a straight Edge zine and it's put out by the drummer of **AUTOCONTROL**. ***Tiempo De Cambio*** (Time Change) is a very cool zine and the singer of **AUTOCONTROL** is in charge of this one, it's about local and international punk scenes.

Mad House: it covers Grindcore and Metal, and the Punk Rock coverage is very poor. when it comes to Hardcore they're totally nonsense, they have no idea what Punk is all about and they have the possibility to reach a lot of oepole so that should better know what they're talking about.

Fun People is done by the singer in **ANESTHESIA**. It's about different local bands as well as international.

Record shops: **Jackflash** is the best with a HC/Metal/ and Punk selection. Domestic CD's are $20, international CD's are $22. They don't carry 7" because people prefer CD's anyway. They don't have used CD's, they should and cassettes are $12. **Abraxas** is a store they carries vinyl only. **Rockshow** was the first store to bring Hardcore to our country, and is now fighting off a strong competition with other stores. But **Hole Records** is anew one, the owner's a cool guy, they have lots of different music and help bands to put our their stuff.

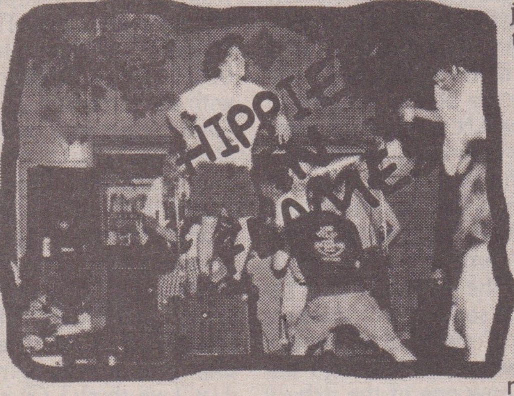
There's a lot more going on in our scene, if you want some information from here you can write us: Ariel Hervas, Malabia 2344 10"B", 1425 Capital, Argentina.



I'm finally getting off my ass and submitting a Missouri scene report, since there are some really great bands playing here that virtually no one knows about. St. Louis is really the only town I know much about here in the state of misery, aside from the group **STALEFISH** who hail from Rolla.

For all you fans of true "in your face" punk rock/ hardcore, I highly recommend **VERY METAL**—yep, with a name taken from "The Young Ones" & an attitude to match, VM are one of the best punk groups I've come

across in recent years (in St. Louis or otherwise). I'd liken their sound to Fang beating the shit out of Government Issue, while vomitting on the Germs. Let's put it this way—I would pay $3.00 to get loaded and watch these guys annoy everyone (including each other) any night of the week. I've seen them billed with Toxic Narcotic (who didn't show), Naked Aggression, Oblivion, & at Loserpalooza IV, the yearly all-day punk/noise fest. They are fucking hilarious! Very Metal can be contacted at: 3260 Wellington Dr., St. Louis, MO 63033.



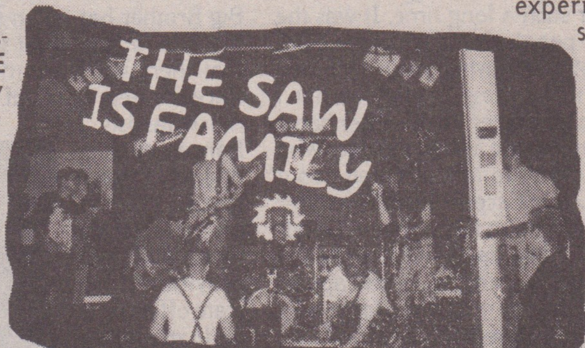
Equally impressive in the garage-punk-surf vein are **HIPPIES IN FLAMES**. The group has a knack for switching gears musically from hyper-fast hardcore, to rockin' surf instrumentals, to balls out, straight-ahead scorch. With songs like "Rush Limbaugh Must Die," "Greatful When They're Dead," & "Redneck With Money," you simply can't go wrong. They rocked when they opened for R.K.L. (who didn't get to play because of Joe getting sick) and they were really a trip live at Loserpalooza. **HIPPIES IN FLAMES & VERY METAL!** have a split demo coming out soon called "Gruesome/Shit Cocktail" and it wins. They keep saying they'll have a 7" out soon, so be on the lookout.

GEAR GRINDERS are gods of hard drivin' garage rock; hopefully they'll be playing out soon. **DRUNKABILLY** is a three piece band, and well—the name is self explanatory. For information about: **HIPPIES IN FLAMES, GEAR GRINDERS, & DRUNKABILLY**, write to: P.O. Box 2138 Imperial MO. 63052.

For those eccentric visionaries who have come to the realization that playing a set list and writing songs is for self-absorbed egomaniacs & weenies, and who demand spontanaity with an experimental appeal, (i.e. Psychic T.V., Nurse With Wound, Stretchheads) I would advise interested parties to adopt **THE SAW IS FAMILY**. They formed four years ago, & have about 7 bizillion demos out. Most recently: "Sawgasms" & "Picnic." Guitarist Lougy Saw told me that they're releasing a 7" called "Porn Rock For The People" and have another project in the can, tentatively titled "Family Values." They are amazing live. I've seen them numerous times & it's never the same show twice. Their sets are completely spur of the moment, with weird lights/visuals, thrift store monster costumes, a pump organ powered by a vacuum cleaner, whirling chain saws and other assorted power tools. Once, their vocalist actually dove headfirst through a full-length mirror. Wow! The Saw can be contacted by writing: c/o Lougy Records, 2745 McKnight Rd., Rock Hill MO 63119, or by calling: (314) 968-2241.

MAN IGNO is a newer group in town that I've only seen once (at Loserpalooza). Their music seems to draw from a wide range of jazz/fusion influences while still maintaining hardcore ferocity, plus their singer is psychotic. Man Igno just put the finishing touches on their first 7" which should be out in a couple weeks. Interested parties can write them at: 218 N. Rock Hill Rd., Webster Groves, MO 63119.

Amphetamine Reptile fans will really dig **GLASSMAN**, who cite Minneapolis noise gurus Hammerhead and Steve Albini as big influences. Guitarist/screamer Ray Johnson (who is coincidentally one of the few people in town who will put touring bands up at his place) has an amazing sense of dynamics & structured chaos, which is nothing short of spectacular live. You can contact **GLASSMAN** by writing to: Raymond T. Johnson, 3409 Meramec St., St.Louis, MO 63109, or give him a call at: (314) 352-7882.



Other impressive acts are: **THE SCHIZOS**—they blew the roof off of Cummel's at Loserpalooza. They formed in 1980, played until 1983, and broke up to re-form in 1990. Their style is reminiscent of '77 era, high energy-punk rock. Take it upon yourselves to contact the **SCHIZOS** at: Schizos c/o Steve Dockrayden, 131 Scott, St. Louis, MO 63135, ph. (314) 521-4572. **THE REVEREND SCREAMIN' CRUSTY MUD**'s sound is akin to Mississippi River blues meets full on armageddon. It's really scary stuff. (Crusty can be reached by writing the Lougy Records address.) **THE MEAT SISTERS** sort of have an early 80's D.C./Dischord appeal to their sound. They can be contacted @ the Killer Shrews' address below. Crusty vegan grind lords: **EPISIOTOMY** have five vocalists who really roar their point across well. While we're in the P.C. Grindcore category, **HAYMARKET** are intense; they kind of remind me of Heresy. To communicate with **Haymarket**, write them at: 6309 Bradley, St. Louis, MO 63139. There's also a skinhead cover band called **LAST YEAR'S YOUTH** who are entertaining.

In the "ex-**ULTRAMAN**" category Grass records recording artists **BENT** have a CD out. Ex-U-man throat Tim Jamieson has a new project called **THE AGGRAVATIONS**. I have yet to see or hear them, but I've heard "good things." Guitarist Mike Story has a new group called **THE NEW SPEEDWAY KINGS**, who play power poppish punk rock, melodic, solid, & definitely worth checking out live. They can be contacted through Mr. Story at: 4068 Juanita, St. Louis, MO 63116. Ph: (314) 776-6653.

As far as clubs go, not too many clubs want to deal with punk bands. The venues here treat touring bands a hell of a lot better than the local groups, and that's not saying much. Most places are all ages. **Cummel's Cafe**, 1225 Washington Ave., St. Louis MO 63120 (home of this year's Loserpalooza) is a pretty cool coffee house. Naked Aggression, Oblivion, Toxic Narcotic, Dirt, & Final Warning, as well as many local acts have had shows set up through **Killer Shrews Productions**: 6131 Kingsbury Ave., St. Louis, MO 63120. (Don't Forget—**THE MEAT SISTERS** can also be contacted through this address.) Steve & Dave Goya, who run K.S. want me to stress to MRR readers that they will help out any band regardless of musical style, so long as the group is D.I.Y. oriented. The same can be said for any of the bands mentioned above.

A new club opened on the south side recently called the **Way Out** club. Although I have yet to see any evidence of this, they say that they'll be booking lots of punk bands & experimental noise stuff. Groovoplis! **Johnny's** (another place on the south side) has put on a few local punk shows. **The Other World, Cicero's Basement Bar**, & the **Hi-Pointe Cafe** are okay to play at if you're well connected. The **Bernard Pub** should probably be avoided, unless your band is well connected and draws a *lot* of people. The same can be said for **Mississippi Nights**, & **Club 367**. For touring D.I.Y. groups, your best bet is contacting **Killer Shrews**, or any of the aforementioned bands.

Record stores: **Vintage Vinyl** on the Delmar loop in University City (which almost always has been the strip that all the "alternative" pukes hang out on) is okay, but the real goods are to be had at **V.V's Granite City** store right across the river (tip: they will outright buy merchandise from touring bands to help them get to the next city.). Other decent houses of wax are: **West End Wax, Euclid Records, & Got It Records** (where rumor has it mint copies of many a vinyl punk classic have been attained for under a dollar apiece!!).

Well, that about wraps it up. Unfortunately, here in St. Louis food banks and shelters are really scarce. (It's no fun to be homeless here, BELIEVE ME.) Panhandling

will get you locked up, and well there just aren't a whole lot of people who even know about, let alone support the underground scene. If anyone out there finds themselves in St. Louis (on tour, or otherwise), get in touch with Raymond T. Johnson at the Glassman address above. Other than the aforementioned, things are looking up here in the "Gateway To The West." With new clubs popping up, and a lot of great bands playing out, it seems a lot of heads may be turning our direction. (I'm desperately trying to be an optimist here.)

Before I go I'd like to say a quick hello to: Bristle, Chicken, The Disappointed, Raoul the Magnificent, Inhumane (R.I.P.), Pregasm, Urine Amerika (R.I.P.) & Whipped up in Seattle, plus Swingin' Utters, D.I., Todd & the fellas in R.K.L., and anyone else I forgot. Stop in anytime—

Ben Reagan, 1407 Grant Rd, Webster Groves, MO 63119

We would never have dreamed of writing a scene report for MRR if it hadn't been for the Rome-only scene report in MRR 132: not that we didn't like it, on the contrary, we thought it was a great effort to write one after such a long time. It was the reaction from people living in other cities complaining of not having been included that pushed us into writing. Frankly, we don't feel the need to take sides: on the other hand, those who complain are always the ones who do nothing. We'll try to talk in detail about the Italian h.c./punk scene: just remember that we're human too so if you should be left out of this one, it'll be up to you to write the next report. One last thing: someone apparently spread a rumor that the Rome-only report was commissioned by Paolo S.O.A.. So, either you buy MRR once in a while or you check your sources well before spreading bullshit.

As far as the political situation goes, there is much to say, although here we'll have to be a little short and simplify things.

During the forty years of center-right governments revolving around the Democrazia Cristiana (Christian Democratic Party) and their allies, the economic situation of the country slowly worsened due to these people acting more like parasites than as governors of a nation. Only in the last few years has the crisis created the will to change the people at "the top", reaching the point where a few brave magistrates were able to uncover the large-scale corruption of the ruling class. Unfortunately, as of now, they have not been able to judge these bastards as they deserve to be, and the corruption is just the tip of the iceberg of all the crimes and secret plots perpetuated by them in their forty years of power. With the collapse of the system, though, the old power structure was replaced, through elections, by a three-way alliance of right-wing parties: A.N. (the old fascist party with a new name), Lega Nord (pseudo-fascist federalists from the North) and Forza Italia (direct expression of the top managment of Silvio Berlusconi's industries). Minor right and center-right parties wait around for a few scraps, while the center and the left are on their knees in front of the new and more frightening bosses. In Italy, there is no solid opposition. And the situation is likely to get even worse: if the economy should collapse (and there are several reasons to believe it will) maybe A.N. will restore order from the chaos with their usual methods.

But perhaps the most frightening aspect of this situation is the way Berlusconi managed to win the elections rising out of nothing. Forza Italia came into being only a few months before the elections and he managed to appear as some sort of messiah thanks to his "moving" electoral compaign centered on commercials run through his own TV stations. So now one of the richest businessmen in the country has control over a huge part of the media. Yes, because besides owning newspapers, almost all private TV stations, the largest editing companies and several other enterprises which clearly cause a conflict of interests with his institutional title, he has now placed his people (journalists and managers) in control of the state-owned TV stations. Orwell's Big Brother has taken shape in Italy.

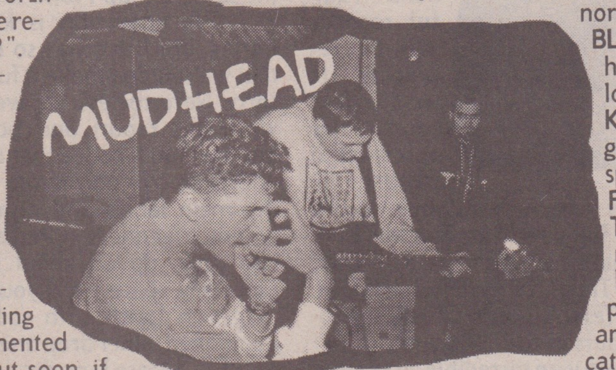
As for the squat situation, let's just say that there will be some bad times coming since the new heads of the police are pretty much fascists. In Italy, except for a degraded scholastic system, drugs, soccer stadiums and unemployment, the State offers nothing to young people, so some are forced to squat. In Milano, the Leoncavallo (one of the oldest squats in the country) was torn down twice and transferred to a new building for a short period of time. After the squatters was forced to go away, they decided to get hold of another building. Two days later, in a national demonstration of squatters, the police caused riots which shook the center of the city. More smashed heads and bones were avoided thanks to the owners of the new building who agreed to give the squatters the place for a symbolical rent, even though 150 people are awaiting trial for the riots. In Rome, instead, there is a leftwing town council, so they are trying to avoid violence by police actions. The town council wishes to find a legal agreement for the legalization of the 25 and more squats in this city.

We'll start by talking a little about "old school" bands: the oldest living band, at the moment, should be **WARFARE**. Apparently the band formed to open a show for Dead Kennedys, a dozen years ago. After breaking up several times and a split 7" with **UPSET NOISE** in 1987, they're back with a 12" which came out in September. **PEGGIO PUNX** are definitely gone. The last line-up, called **PEGGIO** (no punx), had Zazzo of **NEGAZIONE** on vocals. **KINA** are back as a power-trio with the same line-up of the first three LP's. Coming up is a 12" with the songs from their '84 demo, a split release between Blu Bus and S.O.A.. The already mentioned **UPSET NOISE** lost their singer, Lucio, who now roadies for M.A.D.. The band, though, is still alive and their latest LP, with the usual cover artwork by R.K.Sloane, came out fairly recently. **CONTROPOTERE** have completely changed musical style. They now (sadly) play pseudo-techno-tribal-industrial. Their d.i.y. (we think) CD came out recently. An incredible live LP by **NABAT** (oi!oi!oi!) is out: it happened when their singer, Steno, joined **THE STAB** (whose drummer used to be in **NABAT**) on stage during a show for a few hundred bald people. Also by **NABAT** we're expecting a collection of demos and 7"s. The band should also return to a studio to complete the second album which never came out (this is just a rumor). **RAW POWER** forced Don Fury to travel to Pisa to mix their upcoming LP, symptom that the band is still alive and kicking. **RAPPRESAGLIA** are back for the joy of all '77 aficionados. Maybe an LP will come out of this. It also seems that some **IFIX TCEN TCEN** members. **NERORGASMO**. are back causing a rebirth of mohawks in Torino. The incredible ATROX recently released their new, d.i.y. CD. The stlye is less h.c. than in the past, maybe more oriented towards Epitaph sounds. **INFEZIONE** broke up turning their backs on their "solid" s.e. and vegetarian morals. Active since '87, or earlier, are **EVERSOR**. In the past a great metal band, now one of the best melodic h.c. bands in Italy. Their LP "Friends" rules. Third LP for the oi! band **KLASSE KRIMINALE**, more rock'n'roll than in the past:"no politics just oi!" is one of their slogans, probably directed to those who consider them a controversial band in the oi! scene. Also in the oi!/punk '77 area, **THE STAB** released their second LP. **CRIPPLE BASTARDS** have been around since 1987, but these noise mongers have become well-known only recently thanks to an incredible amount of 7" and split 7"s.

A quick jump into the past to talk about long-

gone bands. **INDIGESTI**, probably the greatest Italian band ever, should have a CD with songs from their demo "Sguardo-Realtà" (already out on B.C.T.). By **PUTRID FEVER**, from the legendary Granducato Hardcore, an LP with unreleased and 7" tracks is out. If you remember, one of them joined Toxic Reasons. On god knows what number of the bootleg compilation "Killed By Death", the infamous **TAMPAX/HITLER SS** 7" has been re-pressed. If you are lucky and find it at a decent price buy it, it's worth it. On the compilation "Back To The Front" (volume 3?) on Stuttgart's Incognito Records is a song from **MITTAGEISEN**'s 7", probably the world's most obscure punk band. There are rumors that a label is re-pressing the 12" by **STINKY RATS**, old glories, originally released on Chaos Produzioni. **BLOODY RIOT**, the legendary Rome h.c. band, reformed and played three shows during the last year causing a return of Rome punks from the gutters of the city.

"New school": **BY ALL MEANS**, after a short hiatus and a change in line-up, are back stronger than ever. Their only LP "Blindside" is touching. **IMMORAL MAJORITY** are still active, their first 7" is not the greatest but they have improved and their next should be much better. **GROWING CONCERN**, from Rome, mixed their LP at Don Fury's and have now added a more rockish approach to their music. They are still one of the best Italian h.c. bands, though. The young straightedgers **HEADSMAN**, fans of Integrity, should be releasing a 12". There is no recent news from **OPEN SEASON**. For now all that they have out is their legendary 7". From Bologna we have **IVORY CAGE**: Ressurection-sounding s.e. and a demented vocalist. A 7" out soon, if not already. The hottest band of the moment should be **BURNING DEFEAT** from Alessandria but we haven't heard them yet so we won't say more. They will also release a 7" in the near future. **EQUALITY**, pioneers of new school h.c., have apparently split up for good. They will soon release a 12" with the songs from their 7" their split 7" with **BY ALL MEANS** and four new ones. **PERMANENT SCAR**, now without their rude-boy singer, have a less violent sound. An LP out in the future. For Slap A Ham fans, **SOCIETY OF JESUS** (total early D.R.I./Crossed Out style) with a strong anti-religious stance, should be releasing a 7". Dag Nasty sound alikes **POINT OF VIEW**, one of the most underestimated bands in Italy (but among the best), have their second 7" out. From the young Milano scene, **SOTTO PRESSIONE** are a band influenced by Crash Box and Agnostic Front (as they say) with a 7" out. Also with a 7" out are **DIVE INTO EXTREME**, straight-edgers from Bologna. From Rome, **CONCRETE** recently released an extremely limited 7" in their typical brutal style. A 12" out soon. **CHEMICAL POSSE**, featuring the drummer of **BLACK REBELS** (old school legends), recently released their "Animal Mad Party" LP. **TIMEBOMB**, Rome left-wing straight edge featuring **DOGMATIZED** (grind myths) members, after their 7" entitled "Fury", have brutalized their sound and are now challenging Bowel and Ringworm. A new 7" in the future. Old glories of straight edge, **THINK TWICE**, broke up. Two of them, with others from the old s.e. scene, have formed a band called **AGEING**. Melodic and catchy. **OPPOSITE FORCE**, from Rome, should be releasing a six song mini-CD soon in their solid Biohazard/Integrity style. The great **PUNKREAS** from Milano have an incredible 12" out, but I haven't heard from them in a long time. Also from the Milano area are the furious **MUDHEAD**. They have an LP that kicks ass in a Cro-mags/S.O.I.A. style, and they will release new material soon. Members of this band, of **HIDE OUT**, **CRASH BOX** and others, started the **OUTRIGHT** project three years ago, described as a totally brutal band, but they still haven't released anything. The only anarcho-crust band are **OLTRAGGIO E RESISTENZA** (offense and resistence). Rumor has it that all members of the band have been arrested for offending and resisting cops in the past. They still haven't recorded anything, hopefully they will very soon. From the deep north are **NUVOLA BLU**, who have inherited the melodic tradition of **KINA**. A really good 7" and a split 7" with **TEMPO ZERO** out. **TEMPO ZERO** are not as young as N.B., they also play melodic h.c. and are very dedicated individuals.



Another Slap A Ham outfit, **COMRADES**, blast their way out of Rome. They have been silent for a while due to a fractured rib in the vocalist's body but will soon be returning on the stages. **BRUTAL MUTILATION**, out of Sardinia, recently released a split 7" with belgium's Intestinal Disease on a belgian label. Blasting grind from these unknown dudes. **SENZA BENZA**, leaders of the Italian flower-punk-rock movement, are getting pretty big and recently released their second album "Gigius". Italian punk freaks will be interested in knowing that members of this band played in the legendary F.C.A. and the almighty **LONDON '77**. The infamous **BAMBINE CATTIVE**, power punk grrrl trio from Rome broke up after having released a very cool LP. Their vocalist is now in **GAS**, a very old surf pop punk from Laurentino 38. Their second effort should be out now. Two unknown bands, each with an LP out, come from Milano: the first are **UNDERDOGS**, pretty Epitaph sounding stuff. The others are **BLACK VOMIT**, very punk '77 and demented. **ASOCIALE** are an oi! band with ex members of **HIDE OUT**, unfortunately already gone. Their 7" "Novum Comun" is proof of how rocking they were. **SEARCH** are the Italian answer to Mighty Mighty Bosstones. An LP out titled "The Hubbub Of The Ska", a member of **RABID DUCK** in the line-up, and merchandise which would scare S.O.I.A.. **PAOLINO PAPERINO BAND** sadly broke up. **BANDA BASSOTTI**, from Rome, are a punkish, oi!ish, skaish, working class, redskin band. Two 12"s and a professional home video for this cult band. **AUT AUT** belong to the same scene, but are younger and more '77-style. They have a LP out on **BANDA BASSOTTI**'s label. **GASMASK** are the only commie grind edge band in the history of music. Nobody knows who they are or where they come from. An ultra-limited 7" out, destined to enter the Guinness Book of Most Outrageous Records. Sold out. Ex-**STIGE** guys, **AFFLUENTE**, play some fascinating old school h.c., similar to early Scream. A 7" out and more to come in the future. One of the few bands from the south, **N.I.A. PUNX**, left us an LP of '77/oi!/h.c. called "Scendere A Sud" almost two years ago. We don't know what has become of them. **GUASTAFESTE**, from Rome, melodic and happy h.c., should be releasing a 7" soon (maybe). **MODULO 101**, from Granducato Hardcore, play some good Bad Religion style punk. They have a pretty neat LP out. No news from **CARRION N.N.**, unknown punk band, with a 7" and LP out. Second effort from **WAKA WAKA**, another of the most underestimated bands in Italy. Progressive hardcore with female vocals. Another obscure record, destined to remain in the houses of close friends, is the 7" by **STATO D'ASSEDIO** from Rome, a power trio who plays ignorant hardcore. Northern legend, Stefano Giaccone, ex **FRANTI** and **KINA**, gave birth to **BANDA DI TIROFISSO**. They have released three 7"s with three different line ups. Four Rome h.c. bands should still be active in one way or another: **EVIDENCE**, **STUDENT ZOMBIE**, **SEPARATION** and **SPAWN**. They appear on the "Rebirth" compilation (together with **COMRADES**, **TIMEBOMB**, **OPPOSITE FORCE** and **CONCRETE**). DETRITI, a very old band, have recently released their first LP, similar to John Zorn stuff. Like them, **CONTE ZERO** have also released an LP recently, but they are punk/h.c.. New masterpiece from **CHURCH OF VIOLENCE**, young hardcore combo from Torino. Last news from Rome: **SICURTA'** play Fugazi style progressive d.i.y. hardcore and have a 7" out; **RESISTENZA**, ex **UNDERGROUND ARROWS**, play combat punk mixed with indescribable Husker Du touches. A 7" also for them. **TRIMAD** come straight out of the Granducato Hardcore. Another of a long list of unknown demented punk bands. They have released a 7" and a mini-CD (out now), both self-produced. Also from Granducato Hardcore are **KRIMINAL COM-X**. A d.i.y. CD of catchy punk rock for them. New

Scene reports

7"s for bands we don't know yet: **ANDROFOBIA** (strange hardcore with two vocalists) and **MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY** (hardcore with a touch of ska). **KHALMO** play old fashioned hardcore and have a cool 7" out. Fast and strong like Petralia's farts. **DEROZER** play melodic punk rock and include an ex **I DENY** in the line up. D.i.y. 7" out now. Oh, last but not least (ha ha!) are northern emo, s.e., anti sexist gods **SUBSTANCE**. The singer is a masochist who beats the shit out of himself on stage (he managed to break his foot during the last show).

Labels: **Mele Marce** is a label run by a guy from Bari. Specialized in unknown bands, he manages to make them come out into the light. He released an LP and 7"s by **CHEMICAL POSSE, IMMUNITY, ANDROFOBIA, POINT OF VIEW, SOTTOPRESSIONE, MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY, DIVE INTO EXTREME** and more to come in the future. Also runs a distro so he's open to trades. **Green Records**: militant s.e. d.i.y. guys. Large s.e./h.c. distribution, they have released 7"s by **SOCIAL JUSTICE, IMMORAL MAJORITY, IVORY CAGE, BURNING DEFEAT, SUBSTANCE**. LP's by **BY ALL MEANS** and **HEADSMAN**. They have recently opened a store and their prices aren't too d.i.y. anymore. Rome based **Break Even Point**, a subsidiary of **Helter Skelter**, is probably the most known and gossipped about Italian h.c. label. It's not up to us to say why or if the gossip is justified. **T.V.O.R.** hasn't been very active recently. **ATROX** and **UNDERDOGS** released material using the **T.V.O.R.** trademark, but in reality they are d.i.y. efforts. Old scenester Stiv Valli still hasn't managed to release the **RAW POWER** live LP and the European press of the Vision LP. His efforts are all concentrated on his new oi!/'77 label **Twins**. He has already released **THE STAB, NABAT** and **KLASSE KRIMINALE**. **Mister X** recently joined efforts with **Blu Bus** and released LP's by **DETRITI, C.O.V.**, a mini-CD by **WAKA WAKA**. Before these, they released LP's by **CONTE ZERO, WAKA WAKA** and **WRETCHED** re-pressings and 7"s by **SING SING TRIBU'** and **BIAFRA** by themselves. **Blu Bus** seems to be releasing only **KINA** records at the moment. Their subsidiary label, **Circus**, created to help their friends, released records by **EVERSOR, TEMPO ZERO, NUVOLA BLU, BANDA DI TIROFISSO, ANTENATI** (thrash core). They have a huge mail order and are always willing to trade. **Flowers Of Grain**, from the Granducato Hardcore, with the exception of the still alive **MODULO 101**, is a label which does re-pressings of memorabilia such as **JUGGERNAUT, STATO DI POLIZIA, PUTRID FEVER** and **CHELSEA HOTEL**. **Aaarghhh!** records is the label of the same record store in Modena, run by a nice guy with blue hair (the last time Paolo saw him). They have released stuff by **PAOLINO PAPERINO BAND, SEARCH** and an anti-fascist 7" compilation featuring some s.e. bands. A French label, formerly called **Inaudito Dischi**, now **Minstrel**, managed to destroy several masterpieces of Italian h.c. like **CREEPSHOW** (one of the best Italian bands), **HIDE OUT, PERMANENT SCAR, MAZE** and **SLOW DOWN** (never released). Doesn't deserve to be talked about more. After many years of hiatus from the music scene, Rudi of **INDIGESTI** started a mini-CD only label called **Vacation House**. The only hardcore he is releasing is **OPPOSITE FORCE** and the **INDIGESTI** demo. **Nuclear Sun Punk** records, run by the singer of **WARFARE**, released a 12" by his band and a benefit CD for children in Bosnia featuring Yuppicide, Nations On Fire, Agathocles, **KINA** and others. A non-hardcore label that has released some cool stuff is **Helter Skelter**. Records by **BAMBINE CATTIVE, CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL** and **TVTV'$**. Finally there is **S.O.A.** records run by old scenester and macho-man Paolo. Lots of releases by **GROWING CONCERN, TIMEBOMB, CONCRETE, DOGMATIZED, MUDHEAD, AFFLUENTE, OPEN SEASON, KINA, GASMASK** and various compilations. **Truthful** records will be releasing its first effort soon, the only label to spread the vegan philosophy here. A cool Roman record store, run by 4 fun guys, is **La Bande A Bonnot**. They also have a label and have released records by Les Thugs, **GROWING CONCERN, GAS** and **RESISTENZA**. They also organize lo-profit Italian tours in the DIY scene.

Zines: There is an incredible amount of Italian zines worthy of being mentioned but due to the obvious language barrier we decided (sadly) to only talk about the ones that are written in english. We'll quickly mention some of the ones written in Italian: ***Abbestia, S.O.A., Tutti Pazzi, First Time, Along The Way, You're Not Alone, Standpoint, Dear Justice***. The first English written zine we'll talk about is ***Zips And Chains***, even though the editor is not exactly Italian. In reality, Dario, lives here because of his studies, but is from Croatia. The latest issue of his zine is the ninth one, and it is a masterpiece. He started this project six years ago (or more?). He also runs a distro, so if you want to trade stuff with him, write him a letter, he's a very nice guy. Another Italian zine, made by an Italian, but who doesn't live in Italy is ***Dogprint***. Leonardo has been living for over a year in the States for college. His zine talks about dogs, straight edge and emo bands. Thanks to this zine Paolo S.O.A. became vegan. Very inspiring. ***Nothing But The Noise*** is a zine made by a guy who loves extreme music. It isn't written in the best english, but it's pretty effective. Fans of Doom take note. ***Shove*** is written by the singer of **POINT OF VIEW**. Not really a music zine, more an outlet for the guy's opinions and feelings. Very interesting. ***Core Of Reality*** is projected towards strong emotions: grind and extreme hardcore. Intelligent questions with an ironic bend. ***A Prophecy Of Rage*** is a zine whose first issue should be out real soon. Issues discussed will be deep ecology, animal liberation and s.e.. Written by s.e.-as-fuck kendo warrior Maurizio from Rome. ***Tough Guys Don't Dance*** is a project whose first issue should be out very soon. Made by one of the two members of the **S.O.A.** crew and I (Andrea) and is focused on straight edge (but not only) and opinions.

In the past months, Italy has been left out of many European tours. This happens because smaller bands don't have the contacts to come here while the bigger ones, supported by companies run by businessmen (like M.A.D.) ask for very high guarantees. Lately we've had some tours that can be considered 100% rip-offs, like: Face Value, without their vocalist; No For An Answer who came to Europe to make some money (and Dan O'Mahony writing about it on his MRR column is all the more depressing); Sick Of It All, who have been here three times after releasing their second album, always with the same set; Up Front.

We know this is kind of long and boring, but there was so much to mention that we couldn't make it fun or entertaining, sorry. Nevertheless, we were very happy to write this report and hope you enjoy it anyway. You'll notice that there aren't many addresses. We only wrote those of some of the main labels and distributors, because writing over one hundred addresses seemed like using up an awful lot of time and, especially, space. So, if you decide you want to get in touch with someone who isn't mentioned either drop one of us a line (with an I.R.C. please) or get in touch with the people whose addresses are mentioned. We're sorry in advance for anyone who will get pissed-off because of this, we had no other choice (really!).

Andrea Marra, Paolo Petralia, Massimo Moscarelli.

Addresses: Andrea Marra, Via Aterno 12, 00198 Roma. Paolo Petralia, c.p. 15338, 00142 Roma Laurentino. Break Even Point, Via Vallebona 28, 00168 Roma. Dario Adamic, c.p. 15319, 00142 Roma Laurentino. La Bande A Bonnot, Via Nomentana 129, 00100 Roma. Blu Bus, Via Della Consolata 5, 11100 Aosta. Mister X, De Canale, c.p. 144, 10064 Pinerolo TO. TVOR/Twins records, c.p. 804 Como 5, 22100 Como. Green Records, Giulio Repetto, Via Falloppio 38, 95100 Padova. Aarghh!!, Via Voltone 11, 41100 Modena. Eversor, Via F. Cervi 19, 61011 Gabicce PS. Mele Marce, Giorgio Senesi, Via Carrante 7, 70124 Bari, Italy.

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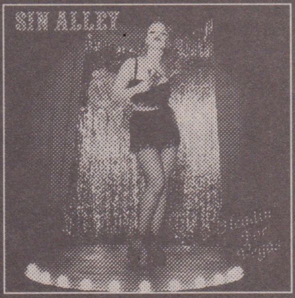

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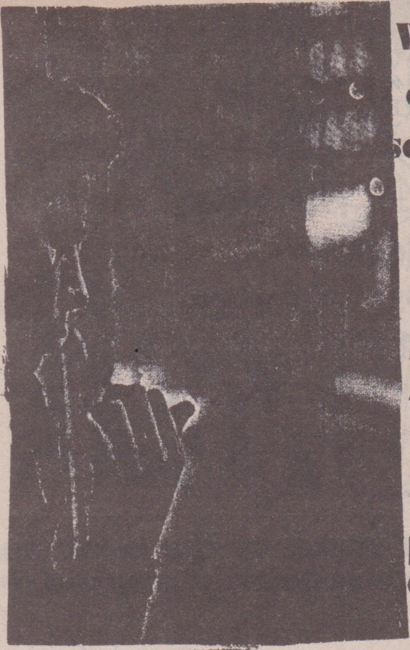

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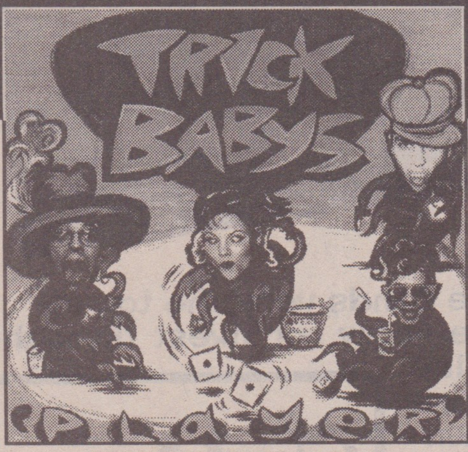

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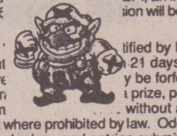

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Part 4: The Northwest Noise

By Chris Davidson

PIONEERS OF PUNK

This is the fourth installment in a series examining killer bands of the 1960s and '70s that directly influenced the 1976 punk revolution and, consequently, planted the seeds of contemporary punk.

I could easily take a cheap shot at the lousy music that comes out today's Seattle scene and compare it to the killer sounds of the tri-state Washington/Oregon/Idaho region of yore. But I'm in too good a mood after listening to the rocking sounds of the Wailers, Sonics and Kingsmen, guys with no facial hair, piercings or other cheesy accouterments.

the Wailers

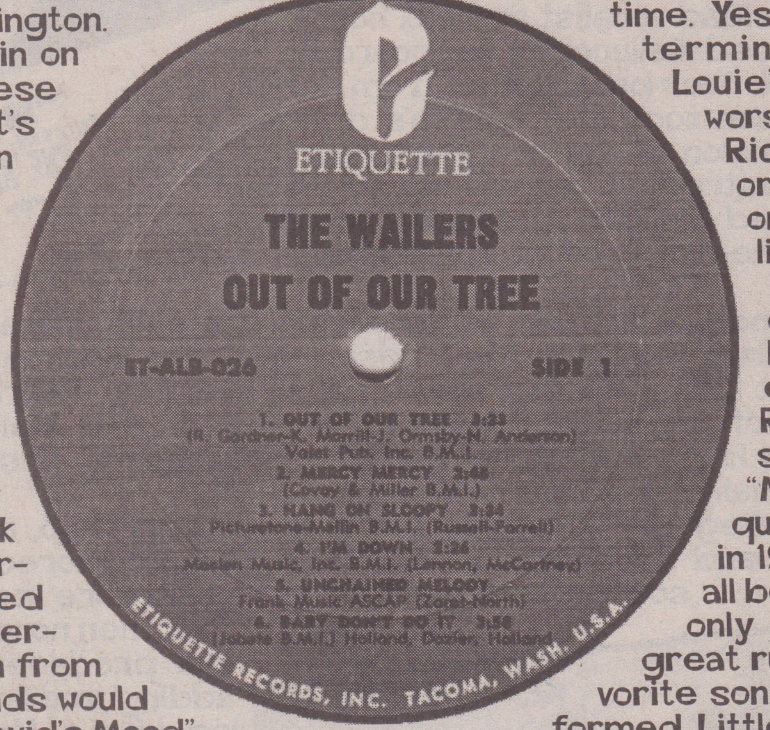
Those three bands were the top attractions in the woolly northwest throughout the entire 1960s. But there were literally hundreds more, all creating a mess of young whiteboy R&B toughness. Because of space and laziness, I'll mention a scant few. But look no further than the Mummies'

Golden Crest

Never Been Caught LP if you're stoked for the organ/sax brew and don't wanna hunt down a million friggin' compilations for the complete roundup of every last group.

A short history yap is in order here. The tri-state area we're speaking of was a positively fertile place for black musicians to play in the '50s, and acts like Ray Charles and James Brown rubbed off mightily on the youngsters. The indie record business was likewise going great guns. In 1959, a handful of regional acts scored minor national hits with tunes cut locally, including the Frantics and Ron Holden and the Thunderbirds, both from Seattle; Little Bill and the Bluenotes, the Ventures, and the Wailers, all from Tacoma; and the Fleetwoods from Olympia, Washington.

Before we zoom in on the toughest of these acts, the Wailers, let's mention Jerden Records and its head man, Jerry Dennon, who'd shortly become central to the big beat scene. Dennon started and quickly folded his label in around 1960 after a few flop 45s. But by 1963, he was back with a revitalized Jerden, and he signed Dave Lewis, a pioneering Seattle musician from whom many frat bands would take tunes ("J.A.J.," "David's Mood" and "Lip Service" were all covered by the Kingsmen, for example).



The Wailers were monsters in the northwest. They blueprinted the five-piece rock-and-roll sound of the land (bass-guitar-keyboard-sax-drums), recorded the defining songs ("Tall Cool One," "Dirty Robber," "Roadrunner" and "Louie Louie") and slayed audiences with a revue style show complete with girl singers and stage moves.

The band's first release was the dual instro "Tall Cool One"/"Road Runner" on Golden Crest, which hit in 1959. On the strength of the single, the Wailers toured the East Coast, played American Bandstand and released a handful of other great Golden Crest singles and an LP, *The Fabulous Wailers*, which is out on CD but tough to find. A recently issued 45, "Rosalie"/"Interview with Dick Clark" documents this fun-filled era perfectly. Singing lead on said song is Rockin' Robin Roberts, the band's original frontman who died in 1967.

Before kissing the big one, however, triple-R formed Etiquette Records in 1961 with fellow Wailers Kent Morrill (keyboard/vocals) and Buck Ormsby (bass), the latter two forming the core of the band through its many personnel changes. The Rockin' One also took the time to arrange a sober little Calypso tune into the universal cool guy anthem of all time. Yes, he was the mastermind behind "Louie Louie" as we know and worship it today, taking Richard Berry's 1958 original and pouring on the sauce heavy-like.

Talk about your out-of-the-gate burners, the Wailers and Rockin' Robin Roberts issued "Louie Louie"/"Mary Ann" as Etiquette's first release in 1961. For that we can all be thankful. But it was only another step in a great run for Tacoma's favorite sons. Ormsby, who had formed Little Bill and the Bluenotes in the mid-1950s, Morrill and the rest cruised through the '60s like the kingpins they truly were, with gobs of singles and LPs for Etiquette and United Artists, endless stage shows and closets full of matching suits you couldn't buy now if you had to.

The only accessible recordings of the Wailers are available on an Etiquette CD, *The Fabulous Wailers Anthology 1961-1969*. It's rather skimpy, including nothing of the earliest 1959 manna, and it kind of devolves toward the 1969 end of things. However, it cooks completely on Etiquette jewels like "Zig Zag" and "Since You Been Gone," which you desperately need to

hear. The Wailers deserve so much better treatment.

Thanks to the Sundazed label, the same can't happily be said of the Kingsmen. Bearers of all things cool, leaders of the powerful frat-rock beat, and by extension, the free world, this Portland group is now more accessible than ever, with smooth packagings of choice material and rare bonus cuts.

The Kingsmen started in 1957 (!) with Lynn Easton on drums, Jack Ely on lead vocals, Mike Mitchell on lead guitar and Bob Norby on bass. Don Gallucci was soon added on keyboards, and this lineup recorded "Louie Louie"/"Haunted Castle" in May, 1963, for Jerry Dennon's Jerden label. The single hit in Seattle but failed to catch on until a Boston DJ, Bob Levinson, broke the record wide open. Before you could say, "What the heck are the lyrics?" the band signed a distribution deal with Scepter/Wand, hit No. 1 nationally and started splitting apart.

Jack Ely left immediately after the 45 came out. Easton became lead vocalist and sax honky. Barry Curtis replaced Gallucci as keyboardist. Norm Sundholm took over bass duties from Norby. And Dick Peterson took over Easton's drums. Henceforth, this version of the group burned the 1960s with their Destructo-Charged sound, patent pending, and started flinging out LPs like some people change their sheets I count six albums in under three years.

Five original Wand LPs are out as Sundazed CDs, each one a holler (the band's sixth Wand LP, *The Kingsmen's Great Hits*, may not get reissued). *In Person*, the first LP, is the frat album for all eternity, utterly defining the tremendous hepness of the scene. Listen to "Money" or "The Waiting" and wipe away every note uttered by Robert Plant. The CD's three bonus cuts were originally singles. All rule, especially "The Gamma Goochee."

In Person was allegedly recorded live in November, 1963, at the Chase, a teen club in Portland owned by a local DJ. It's also rumored that the audience sounds were dubbed in. I could care less, frankly, but if it's a studio effort, then none other than its original producer, Jerry Dennon, is adding to the mystery by releasing *Live & Unreleased*, a frantic CD of tunes he says were recorded on the same night, but left off, the original LP.

Volume II, the second album, is another frat classic, one pounding number atop another. Likewise the third LP, *Volume 3*, which features the immortal "That's Cool, That's Trash," the hit "Jolly Green Giant" and Easton's "Long Green," covered by the Untamed Youth. Again, the singles cuts are top-shelf, especially the Wailers' "Since You Been Gone."

Taken as a pair, *On Campus* from 1965 and *Up and Away* from 1966 show the boys updating their sound with

the SONICS BOOM

various Brit tunes, an edgier snarl and traces of garage punk. *Up and Away* drops a couple points for the lightweight "Grass is Green," but the Kingsmen still have chops to spare. Unfortunately, a few late Wand and Capital singles were all the band could muster.

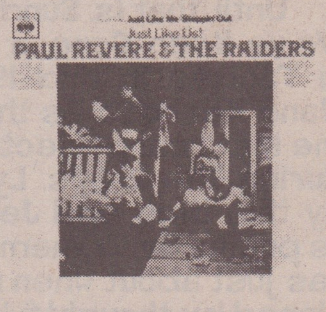
Until, that is, Sundazed unleashed *Since We've Been Gone*, a live album recorded in Tacoma in mid-1967 but shelved by Wand Records. As the liners say, this was the last real project by the original band during the 1960s. Lynn Easton was gone by this time, and Jerry Dennon was back as producer. If memory serves, mid-1967 was just about when rock-and-roll was replaced by thoughtfulness and heavy messages. If this had come out and stolen the thunder from Sgt. Pecker, we all might still have cool haircuts.

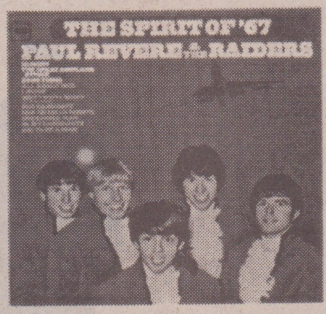
Moving on, what can I say about the Sonics that hasn't been said before? Plenty, it seems, 'cause there's hardly a word written about the group that launched a thousand cases of laryngitis. Alas I won't be the one to offer their complete history in these pages. I can say, howev, that the Sonics were prototypes of the Wailers and produced by Buck Ormsby.

The original band was fairly short-lived, consisting of Gerry Roslie (keyboards, lead vocals), Larry Parypa (guitar), Bob Bennett (drums), Andy Parypa (bass) and Rob Lind (sax, vocals). Their first album, *Here Are The Sonics*, and second outing, *Sonic Boom*, were recorded for Etiquette from 1964-66. A third LP, *Maintaining My Cool*, is out on a Jerden CD. They broke up in 1967.

Covered more than any other group I can think of, the Sonics left behind an intense body of work dripping with furious power; if they'd only recorded "The Witch" and then vanished, they'd still be legends. Etiquette's *Here Are The Ultimate Sonics*

Paul Revere & The Raiders





compilation CD packs in 24 tracks, a radio spot and an interview, including nearly the entire first two LPs (both complete albums are available on one New Rose import CD with crackly sound).

Don and the Goodtimes were Northwest stars that never broke out big-time, although they sure deserved to. Formed in early 1964 by former Kingsmen, Jack Ely and Don Gallucci, the group put down a tougher sound than the K-men and enjoyed much local praise. After the success of their original "Little Sally Tease" 45 in 1965, they signed to Dunhill Records and recorded with L.A.'s top producers. A stable lineup never gelled, though, and the Goodtimes produced a few more solid punkers before splitting in late 1967. A self-titled CD on Jerden hints at the wildness the band must have dished out to hungry NW teens.

Paul Revere and the Raiders may be the least understood of the great Northwest groups. That's really the fault of lame rock critics who see the kooky costumes and peg them as simply prefab. Sure the Raiders were huge, had a television show and often used studio cats on their records. But the band didn't get into a position of such popularity overnight or without talent. They slugged it out in Northwest dumps for years, grinding out the raunch like few others.

Starting in late 1950s Boise, Idaho, with Paul Revere on keyboards and Mark Lindsay on lead vocals and sax, the Raiders hit in 1961 with their third single, "Like, Long Hair" on Gardena. The band tore through the region in 1962-63 with a hard R&B stage act, recording great 45s and an LP, and even beating the Kingsmen into the studio to cut "Louie Louie" in April, 1963.

Columbia Records signed the band around this time, pairing them with top producers and launching them into orbit with many hits. Their first album, *Here They Come!*, recorded in September, 1964, happily retained a lot of the killer frat stage show, rivaling the Kingsmen's first album for high-oc-

tane fun. The band scored frequently for the next few years with solid American rock-and-roll, and although it's not technically part of this story, the Raiders' chart career shouldn't go overlooked, regardless of what you might read. Look forward to a collection of the group's early '60s frat material to reach stores this year on Sony/Columbia.

A quick word about the Ventures. Not the pounding punks that the Sonics were, they're nevertheless a tight and allright instro combo formed in Tacoma in the late 1950s. The band started their own Blue Horizon label and saw their second 45, "Walk - Don't Run," get picked up by Dolton Records. It went to #2 in the summer of 1960 and ignited a long career. They also recorded "Road Runner" in 1962, learning it from the Wailers. Seek out the Ventures' earliest work. It's their best

The Essential Northwest Noise Discography

Early material:

History of Northwest Rock Vol. 1 CD (Jerden) 1994. A good overall look at the late 1950s regional scene that spawned the noise of the '60s. Includes a cut by Little Bill and the Bluenotes, the group formed by Buck Ormsby, who went on to play bass for the Wailers and produce the Sonics. A second volume is promised.

"Rosalie"/"Interview with Dick Clark" 45 (Eticant) 1994. A Wailers artifact featuring Rockin' Robin Roberts.

CDs:

The Wailers:

The Fabulous Wailers Anthology 1961-1969 (Etiquette) 1993. Includes no early Golden Crest material but does a sufficient job of overviewing high points of the band's Etiquette career.

The Kingsmen:

In Person (Sundazed) 1994. Original LP from 1964. Often referred to as *Volume 1*.

Volume II (Sundazed) 1994. Original LP from 1964.

Volume 3 (Sundazed) 1994. Original LP from 1964.

On Campus (Sundazed) 1994. Original LP from 1965.

Up and Away (Sundazed) 1994. Original LP from 1966.

Since We've Been Gone (Sundazed) 1994. Recorded and shelved in '67.

Live & Unreleased (Jerden) 1992. Possibly recorded at first album sessions.

The Sonics:

Here are the Ultimate Sonics (Etiquette) 1994. You can now only buy this as a revised edition 26-track single disk. It was originally issued as a double 32-track collection.

Don and the Goodtimes:

Don & the Goodtimes (Jerden) 1994.

Paul Revere and the Raiders:

Here They Come! (Columbia) 1965. First major label outing, frat instincts mostly intact.

The Legend of Paul Revere (Columbia) 1990. Double disc compilation. First part is a rave, with all the hits and reaching back to the woolly beginning.

The Ventures:

Walk - Don't Run: The Best of the Ventures (EMI) 1990.

Other Good Stuff:

Merry Christmas from the Sonics, Wailers and Galaxies CD (Etiquette) 1992. Original LP from 1966.

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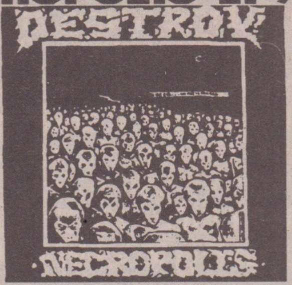

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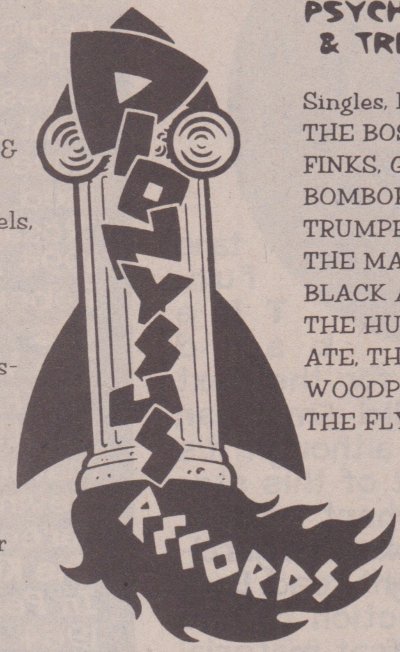

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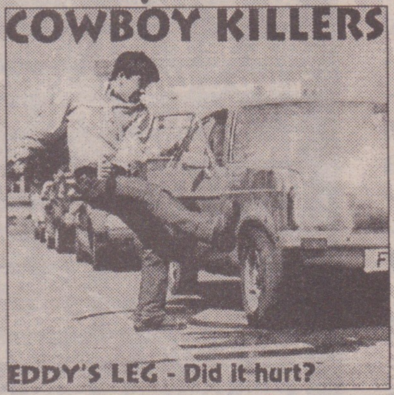

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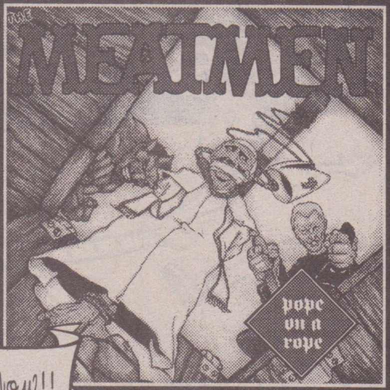

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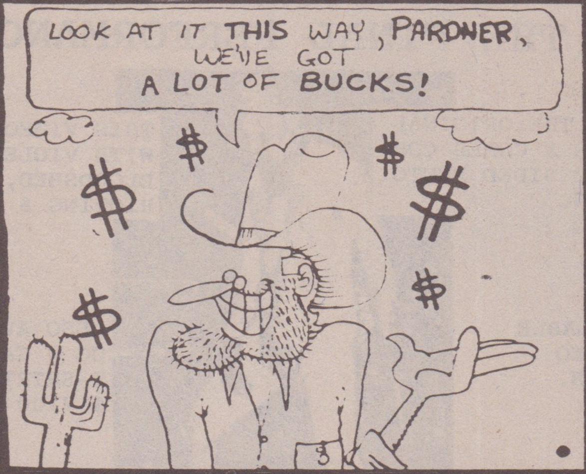

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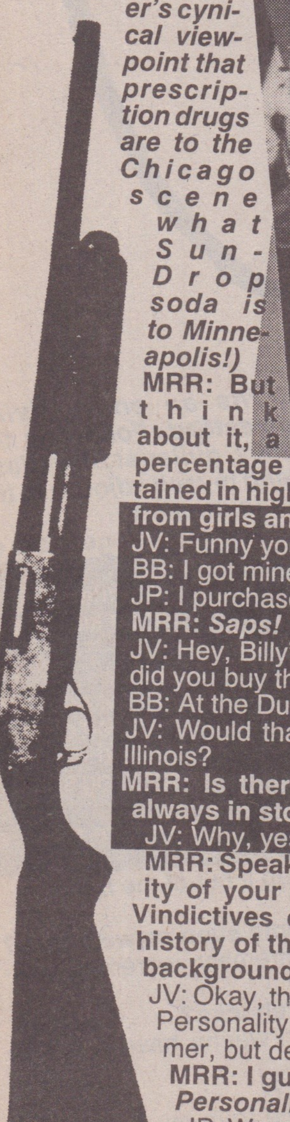
As you may or may not
recall, the very first thing this
correspondent HELP did upon taking office here at MRR was
to toss a shaky handful of barbs at a beginning-to-become-somewhat-
well-known-yet-still-rather-mysterious band called The Vindictives, whom i
JOEY'S considered to be substantially overrated, moderately annoying, and (the nail in
the coffin) from Illinois to boot. A GOT number of months, records, and bullet-sweatin'
Kevlar-coated trips A to Chicago later, i have more or less come around GUN to their way of
thinking (senseless Urge Overkill reference) to such an extent TO that, when the band asked me
to interview them in the bowels of their top-secret MY lair-slash-arsenal-slash-suicide-bunker, i
accepted without hesitation HEAD. This interview commences as i enter the apartment
building wherein frontman/marksman Joey Vindictive and his Legendary Better Half
dwell. In a strange twist of fate, J.V.'s mom also lives in the building. In a
predictable twist of fate, i have forgotten which apartment is Joey's, and, of
course, he and his mother have the same last name on their
mailbox ("Vindictive") — thus does Act One, Scene
One begin. Rev. Norb

the VINDICTIVES

BROUGHT TO YOU BY REV NORB

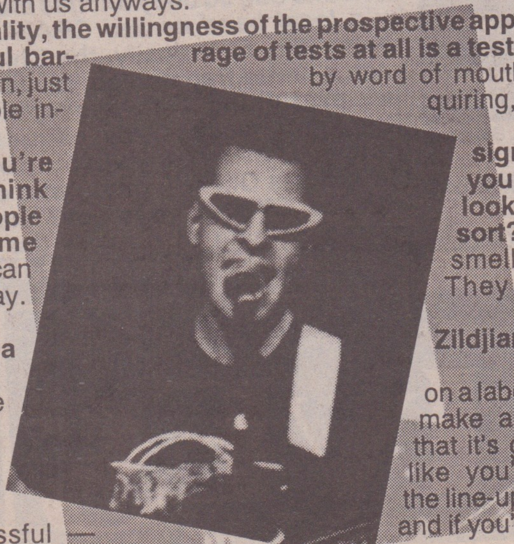
MRR: ***knock knock knock***
Joey Vindictive's Kid: Hello?
MRR: Er, ah, heh, um, i might not be in the right place, but, as i'm sure you're packing heat, i assure you i mean you no harm; is this the Vindictive residence?
Joey Vindictive's Kid: Are you looking for Dad?
Joey Vindictive's Mom: Is he looking for Ben or Joe?
(to up the scenester ante, lodged between three generations of the Vindictive family like the creamy middle of a punk rock Oreo cookie is none other than the home sweet home of Mr. B. Weasel himself. Well, at least that's where it used to be. He mighta moved after i wrote "GET OUT HUMAN" in Cheez-Whiz on his apartment door)
MRR: ***Dad*** **— er — Joey — ah, that is to say, Joe. Uh,** ***Mister Vindictive*****, yeah.**
Joey Vindictive's Kid: All the way upstairs.
MRR: Thank you, lad. Word to your mother. ***(i ascend the staircase)***
Ben Weasel's apartment: *Blare Blare Blare, Rock Rock Rock.*
MRR (at proper door): ***knock knock knock***
Ben Weasel's apartment: *Blare Blare Blare, Rock Rock Rock.*
MRR: ***i said KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!***
Joey (holstering his piece): Enter freely, and of your own volition.
MRR: Thanks, but how the fuck do you expect me to do an interview with that asshole downstairs makin' all that goddamn racket?!
(We hang out and watch Ren & Stimpy for a while, as i admire [with significant envy] the Dr. Seuss mural which adorns an entire living room wall at the Vindictive homestead. Following the cartoon's thrilling conclusion, Joey, guitarist Billy Blast-off, bassist Johnny Personality and myself adjourn to the Vindictive pantry for brass tacks journalism)
MRR: Are we gonna wait for the other guys to get here or are we just gonna commence without 'em?
JV: ...well, uh, the problem is that we're kinda undergoing a little phase-shifting at the moment...we, uh, kinda kicked out our drummer and our lead guitar player!
MRR: I am speaking, in essence, to the band.
JV: Yeah. Well, when people don't work out, they...*gotta go!* (chuckles and pats holster) No, our drummer was sort of more interested in his job than he was in the band, and our lead guitar player was kind of more interested in...shooting smack, and it was *bothering* me...
MRR: Dirt! Dirt! Dirt! I got full dirt, i didn't even ask a question yet!
JP: If you're gonna do that stuff, keep it out of the band.
BB: I live with the guy!
MRR: Are you trying out new people even as we speak?
JV: Yeah...this time we're being extremely, extremely cautious and picky...
MRR: Are you doing background checks?
JV: These guys think I'm nuts, but i wanna have a written exam.
MRR: How 'bout a Rorschach test?
JV: I was thinking about getting some from my Psychology textbooks...just to get a personality profile. That's usually the

problem...we're not so much into finding band members with great skill; we're more interested in being around cool people.
BB: With a heart for the music.
JV: We wouldn't hang around with people who shoot up and hang around in bars, so why the fuck should we be in a band with them?
MRR: Indeed. Anyway, so this will be a successful interview, we'll put all the sensationalistic stuff first. What do you guys consider more crucial to the spirit of Chicago punk: leather jackets or prescription drugs?
JV: Tee-hee. Leather jackets.
JP: I say leather jackets as well.
BB: Leather jackets.
JV: Leather jackets, but I do have my share of prescription drugs which i have to administer on a regular basis...
(It is this interviewer's cynical viewpoint that prescription drugs are to the Chicago scene what Sun-Drop soda is to Minneapolis!)

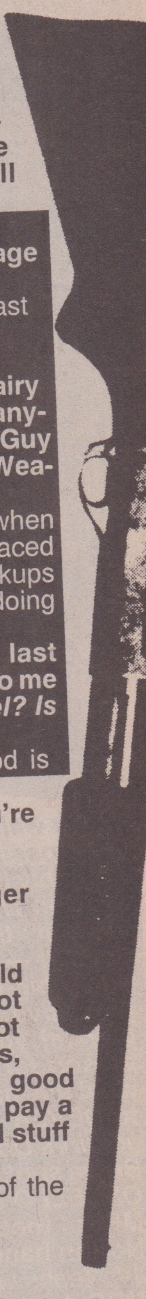


MRR: But think about it, a huge percentage of leather jackets are obtained in highly un-punk ways like receiving them as gifts from girls and stuff!
JV: Funny you should mention it, that's how I got mine!
BB: I got mine from a punk store. Joey's store!
JP: I purchased mine at an Army Surplus store.
MRR: *Saps!*
JV: Hey, Billy's not a sap; he's supporting the scene! Where did you buy that jacket, Billy?
BB: At the Dummyroom, Joey!
JV: Would that be at 1622 West Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois?
MRR: Is there vinyl, leather, and psychotronic videos always in stock?
JV: Why, yes. Funny you should mention it.
MRR: Speaking of records, it seems like even the majority of your die-hard fans don't have a handle on the Vindictives discography, or even a clear idea of the history of the band. Could you dispense a little boring background information?
JV: Okay, the band started out as me, Dr. Bob, and Johnny Personality. Johnny was originally going to be our drummer, but decided that he liked bass better.
MRR: I guess you could say he was having a bit of a *Personality* Crisis! What year is this, by the way?
JP: We got together in April of 1990. Me, Joey, Dr. Bob.
JV: We got Eric Elsewhere as our drummer, who Ben Weasel suggested, because Eric was in the Gore-Gore Girls with Ben, his interim band between Screeching Weasel breaking up and Screeching Weasel re-forming. Anyway, we decided that we wanted a little fuller sound, so I asked Ben if he could recommend any musicians who'd like to play rhythm guitar — and he offered himself. We recorded two 7-inches with this line-up: the first one, which is self-titled; and the second one, *Invisible Man*.
MRR: "Circles" is a fine, *fine* song.
JV: That's when we threw Eric out.
JP: It was a clash between job and band; he took job.
JV: We wanted to have practices two or three nights a week, he wanted to keep it at one. He was outvoted, therefore outdated. Then we got a hold of P.J. —
MRR: P.J. from the Anti-Nowhere League?
JV: No, P.J. from the Vindictives. P.J. Party. He played on everything else, which includes *Ugly American, Assembly Line, This Is My Face, Disturbia...*
JP: The last thing we did with Ben was *Assembly Line*. Then Billy took his place, 'cause Ben couldn't be in two bands at once.
MRR: Ya can't serve two mistresses at once. That's like trying to be in a band *and* shoot needle drugs. Or like trying to shoot two different needle drugs at the same time!
JV: So Billy was on *This Is My Face, Disturbia* — all of those we released ourselves — the one on Lookout, *Rocks In My Head* — and the upcoming two-song 45 with "Left For Dead" and "Alarm Clocks." Sometime in there we recorded the "Party Time For Assholes" double 10-inch for Selfless...
MRR: Hmm, rumor has it that also came out as a single 10-inch, and some people wound up buying both and not being at all happy about it!!!
JV: That all sort of happened unbeknownst to us...then we recorded "Leave Home," the second Ramones album. Weasel recorded the first one, the Queers recorded the third one...and that should be out in about three weeks. Then we have the 5-inch on SkullDuggery with two Sex Pistols covers...
BB: We did a Frank Sinatra song on "Chairman Of the Board"...
JP: We had a song on the Underdog comp...
JV: We're on the "Fallen On Deaf Ears" comp, we're on the Lookout comp, and soon to come out is a Banana Splits cover on a double 10-inch...
MRR: Good lord! Which song!
JP: "Two-Ton Tessie!"
MRR: I don't know that one. What America needs is a Lancelot Link & The Evolution Revolution tribute album!
JV: ...and we have a cut on an upcoming comp on Custodial Records...
MRR: That's a pretty thick discography; is there any reason you have yet to put out a

full-length album?
JV: Right now, we have an album's worth of songs completely written, we just need a drummer and a lead guitar player and we can run in the studio and record it like that; but before...
JP: We couldn't afford it.
JV: We did everything with our own money on V.M.L.., and we had to wait for the money to start coming back on one record before we could start a new one...
MRR: What's "V.M.L." stand for, anyway?
V: "Vindictives Music, Limited!"
MRR: Oh, i thought it was like "Visible Panty Lines," but for men. Like "Visible Male Lines" or something!
JV: Now that we're on Lookout, no, there's no excuse other than we're waiting for musicians. Lookout is also going to release — on double LP, CD, and cassette — our V.M.L. 7-inches, plus four comp songs that are kinda hard to find.
MRR: For not having a album out, you're prolific bastards.
JV: Yeah, we have a lot of stuff coming out that's already been recorded, so we're not gonna jump at the first drummer and guitar player we see just so we can make an album...that's why I want a written exam! These guys think I'm insane!
JP: Well, some of your questions..! If I were applying to be in the band, I probably wouldn't be allowed in due to my ignorance of punk history!
JV: Well, don't you think that if you're in a punk band, you should know, for instance, how Stiv Bators died? I mean, these things are kind of essential!
MRR: Stiv Bators is dead? *(Memo to myself: FIND NEW MATH EDITOR AT ONCE)* Wait, wait, let's pretend i'm an applicant for admission into the Vindictives. I'll walk in, and you ask me questions!
JV: No, I mean, it's nothing difficult —
MRR: I gotta do it. I gotta do it. I gotta see if I pass muster. *(exits room, walks back in talking like Ted Baxter)* Hi, guys. I'm here about the open spot as tambourinist for the Vindictives. Ask me real hard punk questions!
JV: Well, first of all, it would be written...
MRR: Let's say it's oral, so i hafta think on my feet...
JV: If it was oral, you'd be thinking on your knees!
MRR! *Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!* Let the record show the first truly amusing remark of the evening goes to Joey Vindictive!!!
JV: I don't know, it'd just be some silly little trivia things...
MRR: COME ON! COME ON! I WANT to FUCKING DO THIS!!!
JP: "Who is Joey Shithead?" You asked me that once, I had no idea.
JV: Yeah, you should *know* who Joey Shithead is!
MRR (bummed that the exam questions are so weak): *"Who is Joey Shithead, and why was that last D.O.A. album so BAD???"* So there wouldn't be anything really hard, like *"what are the running times for the songs on D.O.A.'s 'Triumph Of The Ignoroids' 12-inch?"* — which would necessitate the prospective applicant's running down to the Dummyroom, and shelling out, what was it, $75.00 you were asking for that record?
JV: Yeah...
MRR: — only to find that, if you look at the label, all the song timings are listed as 0 minutes and 00 seconds long!
JV: No, I would never do anything that cruel! That wasn't my price...
MRR: I got mine for $2.00!
JV: Plus, I figure that if you're not willing to put up with a little goofy bullshit, you're not going to fit in with us anyways.
MRR: So, in actuality, the willingness of the prospective applicant to submit to such a fanciful bar- rage of tests at all is a test in and of itself!



JV: Well put. I mean, just by word of mouth we've already
had a lot of people in- quiring, so I think we
should be okay...
MRR: Since you're signed to Lookout
now, do you think you're gonna get a
big stream of people looking to hop a gra-
vy train of some sort?
JV: Yeah, but we can smell those fuckers
from a mile away. They don't stand a
fucking chance.
MRR: Anyone in a Zildjian t-shirt is pretty
suspect.
JV: It's nice to be on a label that can give us
an advance to make a record, but the
bottom line is that it's gotta be fun, and
you gotta feel like you're doing some-
thing good. With the line-up the way it was, it
was really stressful — and if you're not having fun,



why do it?
BB: It becomes a job.
MRR: A low-paying job, at that.
JP: A beer-paying job!
MRR: Is there any type of preferred age range a prospective Vindictive would have to fall into?
JV: None.
MRR: For the record, what age ranges *do* you fall into?
JV: I'm 32 — which explains my vast knowledge of all things punk!
JP: I'm 23.
MRR: Wow, you got pretty hairy arms for a 23-year old! Does anyone ever refer to you as "The Guy Who Looks Like A Big Ben Weasel?"
JP: No, but I sound similar to him when I sing! Actually, when Billy replaced Ben, he started singing my backups because he assumed Ben was doing them.
MRR: At the bowling alley last week, people kept coming up to me and going *"Is that Ben Weasel? Is that Ben Weasel?"*
JP: I'm 23 and my favorite food is hamburgers.
MRR: Good. That means you're not a vegetarian.
BB: I'm 22.
MRR: You guys are younger than i thought you'd be.
JV: Dr. Bob was 40!
MRR: People look up to us old people, sort of, 'cause we got stories we can tell and we got better record collections. Plus, unlike younger people with good record collections, we didn't pay a whole helluvalot for the good stuff we got!
JV: I paid $2.99 for my copy of the Dictators "Bloodbrothers!"
MRR: Me too!
JV: I got it in a cut-out bin!
MRR: Me too!
JV: ...my Richard Hell & The Voidoids was $2.99...
MRR: I paid $1.99 for that album — then i traded it to my buddy for the Cars "Candy-O!" Haw Haw! Wait, why is that funny?
JV: "Candy-O" is a fine record, I think.
MRR: I wouldn't go that far. It does have a nice cover. How far away from Chicago have you played? What's your striking radius?
JP: About fifteen to twenty miles.
JV: So far, we've only played Chicago and the adjoining suburbs. We were kind of hoping to go on tour in the Spring, but that doesn't look like it's going to happen now...
MRR: For a band that's never left its hometown and has yet to release an album, you're acquiring quite a head of steam and a real loyal, grass-roots fan base. Almost like Deadheads, in a way!

JV: I dunno about that...
BB: That would make Dr. Bob Jerry Garcia!
JV: Since Jerry Garcia is a diabetic, i guess they both know something about syringes!
MRR: Why do people from Chicago think Old Style and Leinenkugel are good beers?
JV: I have no idea. I don't drink. Come on, Rev, rip us apart.
MILLIONS OF MRR READERS WORLD-WIDE: *ASK HIM ABOUT THE GUN THING!!!*
(i'm not gonna do it. Y'know why? Cuz it's STUPID. You supermarket tabloid mentality motherfuckers whose lives are so devoid of substance that you prefer wallowing in a peat bog of barely relevant punk rock celebrity gossip to the scholarly contemplation of punk rock itself probably have little else going on in your lives; YOU ask him about the Gun Thing. Not me, man. That shit just contributes to the "Star System" that, of course, punk rock is supposed to oppose, but doesn't — and, once you gossip-mongerin' geeks make someone into a big enough Pun Krock Celebrity [via an unnatural and all-pervasive scrutiny of every facet of their existance, both public and private], you immediately vilify and roll over the knees of that same person for being the "rockstar" that YOU MADE THEM. I forget what this has to do with anything. All i know is that my dad told me to NEVER broach the topic of firearms with a guy who openly admires Doc "Big Fucking Freak" Dart and admits to buying Jello Biafra spoken word albums simply because HE LIKES THE SOUND OF JELLO'S VOICE. Capeesh?)
MRR: I thought that i could heckle the old guy with the neo-Greg Norton handlebar moustache, but he's not here.
JV: Yeah...we don't really care about looks.
MRR: I can see that.
JV: But I do like it when I go to a show and see a whole bunch of people dressed really weird. I think that's good.
MRR: As sort of the voice of experience, what should a good punk rock record be like?
JV: It doesn't matter to me if it's really hardcore or really melodic, a good punk rock record has a certain feel...I know it when I hear it.
MRR: What's more important: buying new records or buying old records?
JV: Buying records you like. There's good old stuff and there's good new stuff.

JP: We have a pretty good balance — me and Billy listen to a lot of the newer bands, and Joe knows about all the older bands — so when you mix the two, you come up with something interesting.
MRR: There are a lot of people who are only into newer bands, and who care not at all about discovering older ones — by that same token, there are also a lot of older people who are only into the older stuff and who feel that modern-day punk rock sucks, and that since they quote-unquote *know* it sucks, they don't need to check out new records anymore.
JV: People tend to glorify the past because there were a lot of great bands — but there were equally as many shitty bands back then as there are today, too. Well, not *as many*, but...
MRR: By weight, not by volume. I mean, percentage-wise.
JV: Right. It's just that there's way more stuff these days, anyone can put out a 7-inch. You just have to listen to a lot more stuff to find the good stuff today. There's good punk rock now and there was good punk rock in the past. I totally think that "Old School/New School" thing is bullshit.
MRR: Half the people who use the term "Old School" don't even fuckin' know what era of music it's supposed to signify. They think "Old School" is like the Circle Jerks or something.
JV: Yeah, that's not Old School, it's Mid-School!
MRR: It's Old-Core! Bridge-builders between the days of "Old School" punk and hardcore proper. So, if you had a gun to your head, who would you rather have sex with: Leonard Nimoy or Betty White?
(long pause)
JV: I would say "shoot!" John would rather have sex with Leonard Nimoy because he's a big sci-fi fan!
MRR: I think you would get a better story out of the Leonard Nimoy experience! Let the record show that the bill of my hat is autographed by the cast and crew of *Mystery Science Theatre 3000!*
JP: Really?
MRR: Yup! Let the record also show that Trace Beaulieu is not only the evil Dr. Forrester, but the voice of the lovable Crow T. Robot as well! That's fucked! That's worse than June Foray being the voice of Rocky AND Natasha! *(at this point, the promo cassette of Jim Lauderdale's "Pretty Close To The Truth" album that the marketing wizards at Atlantic Records have supplied me with runs out, so Joey fetches me a copy of a tape by a local band named CRAW to tape over)* It seems like, historically, the Chicago scene has been a pretty fragmented, factionalized one. It's like everything's always splintered off into little...not neccessarily cliques, but splinter groups...like way back when, on one side you had the Articles Of Faith guys, who didn't get along with the Effigies guys, and the Effigies crew wanted nothing to do with the Rights Of The Accused/Negative Element/End Result guys —
JV: I think a lot of that had to do with what clubs the bands played.
MRR: But it appears that way to this day. Al-

The VINDICTIVES

The VINDICTIVES

though i full well may be an outsider who's talking out my ass, it would seem that in most scenes, bands like the Vindictives and Boll Weevils and Pegboy would be, like, allies — and unless i have completely misread the situation, it seems like you guys don't really...i don't wanna say "get along," but it's like you have different aims, don't really fit together, don't play shows together...

JV: That's kind of true.

MRR: ...and it doesn't seem like your stylistic separations are so vast that one would expect to find such a level of... compartmentalization?

JV: I dunno, we just sort of consider ourselves an island...

MRR: Well, you're strongly perceived as being allied with the Screeching Weasel type faction...so, y'know, there's the Vindictives/Screeching Weasel faction, the Boll Weevils/88 Fingers Louie faction, the Pegboy —

JP: Naked Raygun.

MRR: ...right, the Pegboy/Naked Raygun faction...

JV: It needn't be that way...it should be more of a cohesive scene...but it's not. I think a lot of the reason why the bands don't get together and stuff is because in Chicago there's this horrible rumor mill, and a lot of it is just so ridiculous...the reason why we don't get together more with these bands is just that we're not friends with them. We're not enemies with them or anything, we're just not friends...

MRR: So no one is drawing a line in the sand saying "WE are the Screeching Weasel/Vindictives quadrant of the scene on THIS side of the line; on THAT side of the line are the Boll Weevils and 88 Fingers Louie, whom we oppose"?

JV: Not at all. Actually, it would be nice if there could be one thing written about us where we weren't lumped in with Screeching Weasel... (hint hint)

MRR: Oh, i'm hip. I know exactly what you're saying. I sympathize with your plight. Unfortunately, this is not that one thing, sorry! Since a member of that band was on your *Invisible Man* EP, what would you do if you were possessed by the spirit of Claude Rains and became invisible for a day?

JP: Haunt all my enemies.

BB: Look in the mirror a lot, going *"where am I?"*

JV: I'd run to my therapist and tell her *"See, all my fuckin' paranoid suspicions are true!"*

MRR: Since i have already done you the grand disservice of lumping you in with That Other Band, allow me to carry that line of reasoning out even further: For better or for worse, the public tends to perceive your band as part of a larger sub-movement which also includes Screeching Weasel and the Queers. To many people, these three bands are considered, essentially, the front-line standard-bearing vanguard of "PUNK" today. I mean, a sizable faction of people would use these three bands as a textbook example of what "punk" is in 1994; however, you're not collectively perceived as a particularly innovative bunch. What do you think the role of innovation in punk rock is, and what do you think it should be *(back to Ted Baxter voice)* as it strives to meet The Changes Of The 90's?

JV: Any band, be they classical, jazz, blues, whatever, is gonna progress. And sometimes, certain bands do it and it can sound very forced. When you make a punk rock record, you *don't* want it to sound forced — you want it to sound like the people making it mean what they say, and are having a good time. You wanna be fun, but still keep that "fuck you" edge — "fuck you" is a very important part of punk rock...

MRR: That's right! If there were no middle fingers, we could only make the horn-hand, so we could only listen to metal! But is it *possible* to progress and still stay "punk?"

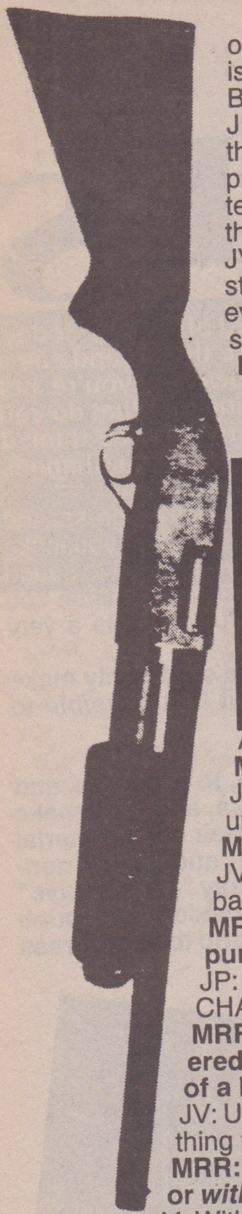
JV: *semi-irrelevant tangent.* Where the fuck was I?

MRR (for the third time): IS IT POSSIBLE to innovate, to progress, and to still stay "punk?" Obviously, some bands progress, and they make horrible records. But some bands try to just rehash their early material — often after a failed attempt at "progression" — and their "non-progressive" records sound just as terrible as their lousy "progressive" records. Even worse, in a lot of cases. Are progression and punk mutually exclusive? Are the only options for a punk band to a) progress and suck or b) stagnate and suck?

JP: I think a band can progress and stay punk—

MRR: Let the record show we realize how stupid it is for a bunch of grown men to be saying things like "and stay punk" — BUT YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!

JP: — but the key to it is that, when band members acquire more and more musicianship, there's a tendency to wanna show that off to their audience. It's kind of a musicianitis disease that can strike with bands — you notice their early stuff is very raw, but then you go to like their last record and it sounds like the same people who played



on Bon Jovi's record playing punk rock. The wrong idea of progress is making things too clean.

BB: Taking all the garlic out.

JP: If you can grow as a musician but still keep that loose, raw feel that you had when you began, that's progress in my book. Bad progress is when you begin to change the band around to focus on technical things, how it was produced or whatever. You tend to lose the "fuck you" — it turns into "fuck you — no, just kidding!"

JV: People hate when I say this, but I think when you go into the studio you should go off kinda, I dunno, half-cocked. Like not have everything etched in stone before you get there. That adds a certain spontaneity...a certain freshness...

MRR: If not freshness, then, at the very least, a certain unstaleness...

JV: Right, it become the music of the moment.

JP: A snapshot.

MRR: A veritable rock'n'roll Polaroid!

JV: I think little things like that can help. But, just like a human being, a band is going to grow naturally; there's going to be a natural progression. And, oftentimes, that progression can get out of hand and that's when it's time to break up. A lot of times, bands don't know when that time has come, and I hope that we will.

MRR: Do you think that you've progressed? There are not vast stylistic differences between your first record and your last one.

JV: One of the secrets to that is that I write all the songs on guitar. And, as these guys can attest, I can't play guitar.

MRR: That would tend to keep a good deal of the rawness intact.

JV: But, eventually, there comes a time when a punk rock band grows up, and you should not be putting out records...

MRR: At least not as that band.

JV: Right, that's not saying that you can't do other projects, but that band, as a punk rock band, is dead.

MRR: There exists a certain planned obsolescence gene in the punk rock gene pool.

JP: The four most important words to remember when that happens — CHANGE THE BAND NAME!

MRR: Being as your names are so similar, have you ever considered recording the Vibrators "Pure Mania" LP and standing in front of a huge "V" on the cover?

JV: Uh...no. I mean, the Ramones thing we did because it was a really fun thing to do...

MRR: Will your version of "Leave Home" be *with* "Carbona Not Glue" or *without*?

V: With!!!

JV: I did some research and found out that there were *three* versions of that album. The later American version had "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" substituted for "Carbona Not Glue," but I think the Australian version had "Babysitter." We did all of them, we felt like that was important.

MRR: What's the sequencing, then? Is like "Carbona Not Glue" in the right place, with "Sheena" and "Babysitter" tacked on at the end like bonus tracks? Or are all they all together on the first side?

JV: I don't even know.

MRR: Well, is this gonna be on CD, so i can fix the playing order how i like it?

JV: That'll be impossible...we didn't leave any spaces between the songs...

MRR: Goddammit, where is "Carbona," where is "Sheena," and where is "Babysitter"??!

JV: I don't know. We resequenced the whole album.

MRR: What?

JV: We changed the order of all the songs around.

MRR: WHAT??

JV: It doesn't start with "Glad To See You Go" anymore.

MRR: *WHAT??? (interviewer freaks out totally) JESUSFUCKINGCHRISTWHAT THEFUCKDOYOUMEANITDOESN'T STARTWITHGLADTOSEEYOUGOANYMOREHOWTHEFUCKCANYOUDOLEAVEHOMEAND NOTHAVEITSTARTWITHGLAD TOSEEYOUGOHOLYFUCK THAT'SFUCKINGINSANE!!! YOU'RE CRAZY!!! YOU'RE CRAZY!!! YOU'RE CRAZY!!!* Christ almighty Joey gimme a hit off that Xanax bong..!

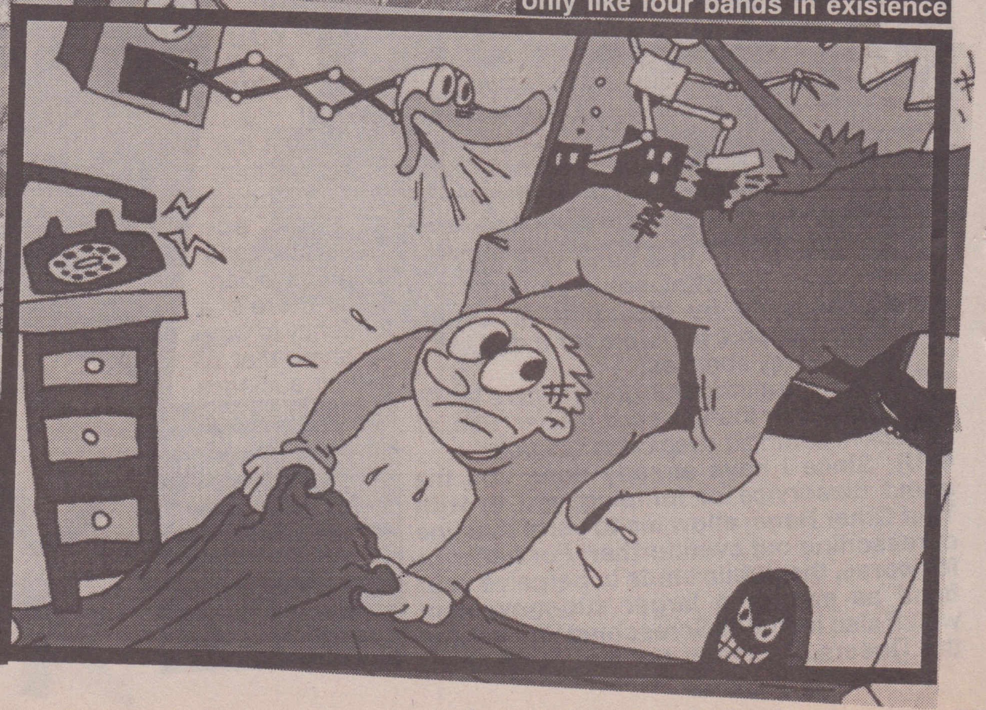
JV: Take a big one, you're obviously stressing heavily.

(order is eventually returned)

MRR: Now *see*, *THAT'S* innovation! I can not fucking believe you did that! I never would've thought to rearrange the tracks in a million fucking years. It wouldn't even have occurred to me.

JV: We did it as if they were our songs, that's how we would've sequenced them.

MRR: Speaking of songwriting, i will admit that the first few times i heard the band, i was moderately unimpressed — but then i began to read the lyrics, and i decided that you were one of the very, very, very few bands that have consistently good lyrics. It's like, Vindictives, Mr. T Experience, Didjits, Lee Hasrvey Oswald Band... and then *maybe* Sicko, Brainiac, Green Day and Bikini Kill on the bubble. But that's more or less it. There's only like four bands in existence



where i can point at the lyric sheet, go "Damn, them's some fine lyrics — wish i'da written them." To what do you attribute this approval from myself, a notoriously stern lyrical critic?**

JV: Obsessive compulsiveness.

MRR: I think the selling point is that your lyrics aren't overly topical in nature, they're more abstract. Like, it's been said that rap music is the black community's version of CNN; I think too many punk bands think that punk music should be the punk community's version of CNN. It just doesn't make for good songs when the lyrics are so specific — and your lyrics are almost Dylanish, in a sense.

JV: I think that's "Dylanesque." The thing is that I don't want to be pinned down to meaning one specific thing, but I don't want to write just any old bullshit, either — so first I make sure that every word has an exact, definite meaning to *me*, then, when I'm rewriting the songs for the hundredth time, I try to open it up, so people can have their own individual interpretation.

MRR: Therefore a line like *"So sixty second savior slipped a slug in every slot"* from "Circles" has both an objective meaning and a subjective meaning (we sit and babble about this particular line for like ten minutes. Eventually, it is decided that it means roughly the same thing as "meet the new boss, same as the old boss," which i consider to be the most profound rock lyric ever penned, no shit). So, what's the best Bob Dylan album?

JP: "Highway 51 Revisited."

MRR: Yeah, that was ten albums before "Highway 61 Revisited!"

BB: Bob *who?*

JV: I guess that one live record..

MRR: *EHHHT!* I'm sorry, you're all wrong. The best Bob Dylan record is "Bringing It All Back Home," but thanks for playing! We'll have some consolation prizes like Archway cookies and Frostie root beer for you to pick up on your way out!

JP: My favorite Bob Dylan lyric is *"The sun's not yellow, it's chicken."*

MRR: *"The sun's not chicken, it's turkey!"* What was the first punk rock record you bought?

JP: My first punk rock record was the Misfits "Earth A.D. - Wolfsblood" thing.

JV: The first punk rock record I ever bought was the New York Dolls first album.

MRR: Wow, that's hardcore. Er, actually, that's *not* hardcore!

JV: If you don't count the New York Dolls as punk, then the Sex Pistols "Never Mind The Bollocks" and the first Clash album. I bought the Dolls record when I was a little kid because they had big platform heels and I thought they looked like Kiss!

BB: "Never Mind The Bollocks" was my first one.

JP: The first record I ever bought in my life was the 45 "Turning Japanese" & "Talk Talk" by the Vapors.

MRR: Do any of you have that album?

V: No.

MRR: I guess that explains why you covered the hit instead of "News At Ten!" "New Clear Days" by the Vapors is one of the most underrated albums of all time! (band dutifully writes this down). If you had to have sex with Betty White, have sex with Leonard Nimoy, or state for the record your favorite punk album, what would that album be?

Vindictives c/o Dummyroom/ 1622 W Grand Ave/ Chicago, IL 60622

JP: I really like the Dictators "Bloodbrothers." Do we consider that punk?

JV: Of COURSE we consider that punk!!! That's so punk it drips! I would choose "The Master Tapes" volume I & II compilations...

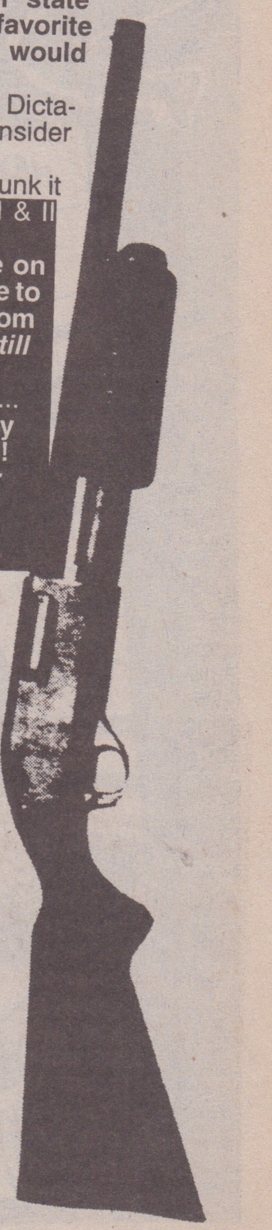
MRR: *No way!* My old band was supposed to be on "The Master Tapes, Vol. II!" We sent a 1/4-inch tape to Paul Mahern as he requested and i never heard from him again! That was over ten years ago and i'm *still* pissed about that!

JV: I'm partial to it because it's mostly from the Midwest...

MRR: I always thought the first record was pretty weak. Obviously, i never bought the second one! Sacred Order, though — what a band!!! *(note: Milwaukee's Sacred Order were the second band of all time to be officially banned-blackballed-held-in-general-low-regard by MRR, the Fuck-Ups bein' the first. Unlike the Fuck-Ups, however, Sacred Order were actually REALLY FUCKIN' GOOD, at least in their original incarnation)*

BB: Toy Dolls, "Twenty Tunes From Tokyo."

JP: I'd like to change my answer, I just thought of something I like better: D.I. "Horse Bites, Dog Cries."



MRR: You were cooler when you went with Dictators. What's the stupidest thing you ever did with a power tool?

JV: I knew this would come up! We were doin' this bloody gore horror flick, and there's this sequence where these two lesbian girls have these guys chained up in the basement that they torture — and they stick a butt-drill up my ass!

JP: That's kind of mine, too...

MRR: You guys don't share drill bits, do ya?

JP: I was forced to eat his intestines off the butt-drill — it was actually a half-eaten Snickers bar — and i had to put it in my mouth and i tasted the metal of the drill, *eeyuhhh!*

JV: John improvved the best line, he goes *"I'm not gonna eat that shit!"*

MRR: Um, no further questions.

I've always laughed at and ridiculed people for their addictions to phone sex. I've never quite understood its appeal. It wasn't until a call to Stinkerbell's Kelly and Christi was I able to appreciate the eroticism that can be conveyed across the phone lines. These young ladies can even make the acts of changing diapers, shining shoes, and putting Ben Gay on your groin sexualistic. Not only that, but they are also capable of cranking out some damn good punk that's pleasing to the earhole, or whatever other holes you may have. With their latest 7 inch, Death and Blood, on Last Resort Records rocketing to the top of the charts, these gals have firmly planted their six-inch stilettoes on the map of punk rock. Expect to see a full-length from them sometime in the near future. Because there ain't no a-stoppin' this rock n' roll juggernaut from destroying everything in their path. So whether you like it or not, get used to it baby! (due to the family nature of this publication, some of the more vile and explicit dialogue has been deleted)

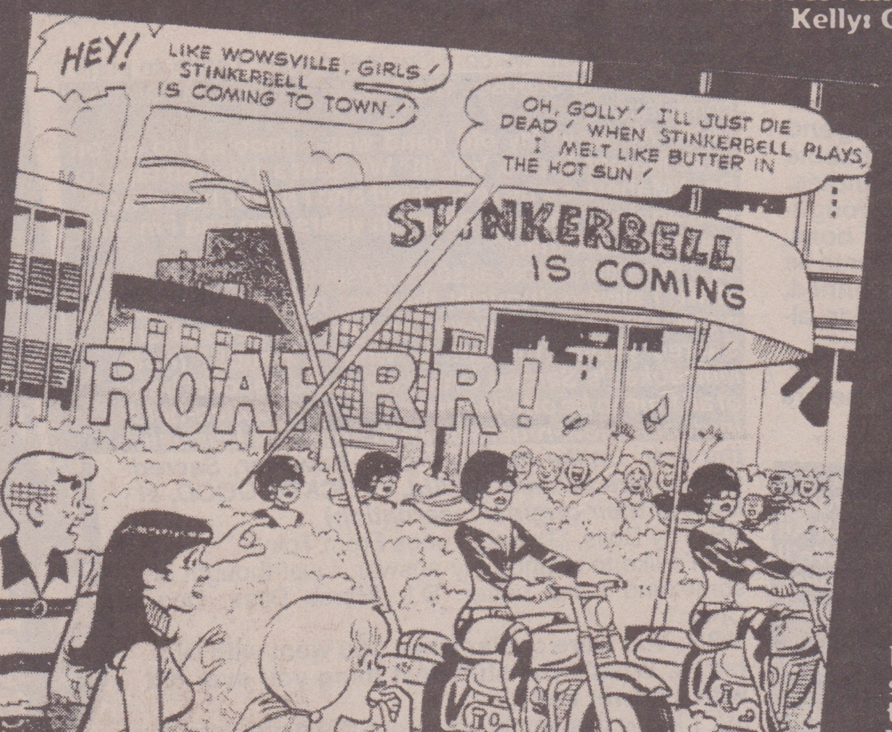
So without further ado I present to you . . . STINKERBELL. Stinkerbell are: Christi B.- vocals, Kelly Keen - bass, Mary Manning - guitars, Lisa Harrington - lead guitars, Matt Sargent - drums, Pammie Worthington - trumpet. Interview by Tim From Pomona, done over the phone lines courtesy of Last Resort Records in Covina, California. Photos by Kevin McGowan.

Stinkerbell

Kelly: Hi Tim! Are you from Pomona?

MRR: Yes I am. How did you know?

Kelly: Oh, I don't know, it was just a rumor, a vicious rumor.



MRR: So Kelly, tell me about yourself.

Kelly: I play bass in Stinkerbell and write a lot of things. And there's Christi, she sings! And we have our day jobs as well.

MRR: Tell me, what it is that you do for your jobs.

Christi: We are conservative!

Kelly: I work in a hospital and Christi does banking. So she's a banker and I'm a nurse.

MRR: Wow, so during the day you guys wear really conservative outfits!

Kelly: Yeah, the rock n' roll nurse!

Christi: My friend at work, her sister works at channel 26 which is the Fox Network. They had us on a show and the host said, "By day they're conservatives, at night, punk rockers!".

Kelly: We're in Houston Texas, what do you expect?

MRR: I'm getting excited just thinking about it. So, do you girls like being on TV?

Kelly: Hey, it was free publicity.

Christi: But fuck MTV!

MRR: What would you do if you were to wake up and find your video to be a MTV Buzz Clip?

Christi: They would have to bleep it out every two seconds. (sings) "Don't BLEEP with me,

Don't BLEEEEP with me!"
MRR: (sings) "Stop blowin' smoke in my Bleep!" (Laughter abounds)
Christi: On the TV, in subtitles, instead of "don't fuck with me", they put "don't fork with me". But I sang "don't fuck with me".
Kelly: It's kind of a warped saying.
MRR: How would you feel if Ricki Rachtman came to your shows?
Kelly: Who's that?
Christi: Now Joey Ramone, that's someone I can get excited about!
MRR: What other celebrities would you get excited about if they started hanging out at your shows?
Christi: After seeing Natural Born Killers I will never look at Woody Harrelson the same again.
Kelly: I don't know about celebrities seeing us. We're in Houston Texas. They would have to travel pretty far. We're just a lame girl punk band trying to have some fun out here. None of us played our instruments until we started Stinkerbell.
Christi: We're virgins to the punk rock world! (much laughter)
Kelly: I wouldn't say that. We're old punk rockers that got tired of listening to the lame hippie bands playing what they call "alternative music". You know, you should just take the term "alternative" and replace it with "mainstream" everywhere it appears and you would have the truth. I got tired of listening to that music, so we started playing music that we wanted to listen to.
MRR: So your music is a reaction to what is now the mainstream?
Kelly: Yeah, . . . don't you think?
MRR: Alternative-slash-mainstream, I should say.
Kelly: Yeah, exactly. Some people describe us as post-punk. I guess that means we survived through it.
MRR: It's really interesting how punk is being accepted with bands like Green Day and the Offspring. I was wondering if punk is more accepted out in your neck of the woods as well?
Kelly: X, what happened to X?!? They went to Austin then cancelled their Houston date. I was so disappointed. I love X, Exene is so wonderful. And John Doe, my god . . . When bands like that have to cancel shows I really do not understand what is wrong with the music scene today.
(conversation somehow drifts to tattoos)
Christi: I don't see anything wrong with tattoos. My first husband had tattoos. But now . . . there are just too many people getting them. It's too trendy. When I get old I don't want any tattoos. And I think it looks hot on some people, but on others it looks just too goddam trendy. They all get the same fuckin' thing, Aztec art and all that tribal stuff. It's OK, but there needs to be some individuality somewhere.
MRR: It will be funny when our generation reaches rest home age. All the people with fading tribal tattoos . . .
Kelly: I got drunk and got a tattoo.
MRR: Of what?
Kelly: Well, that's your mission to find out, Tim.
MRR: Things like this make life worth living!!
Kelly: Thank you. We should be touring Calif. in April '95. Have you heard our 7" yet?
MRR: I have a tape that Jesus made for me that has both your 7 inches on it. I like it very much.
Both: Yay!!
Kelly: When we sent the DAT we put extra songs that he (Last Resort) is going to put on a comp.
MRR: You mean the much talked about Spinnin' the Chamber comp?
Kelly: Of course.

MRR: Jesus Rake says that he plans to put out a full length for you all soon.
Kelly: Whooo hooo hooo!! Jesus, blow job time for you Baby!
Christi: Kelly said the other day that she was going to put a singles ad at the end of this conversation.
Kelly: Yeah, we'll put out a groupie ad!
Christi: "Wanted: young men single and free."
MRR: What's the thrift shop scene like in Houston?
Christi: Pretty fucking lame!
MRR: Is it really that bad?
Kelly: I don't know. Look at Kathy's house.
Christi: Recently the really good thrift shops have been raided by all these vintage clothing stores. They charge more so it is not as fun as it use to be. We use to get up and drink Bloody Marys, go in there and look through every inch of clothing and find some great stuff cheap. Going into a vintage store you are lucky to get one dress, you can't get stuff for fifty cents. I feel really bad cuz I got rid of a bunch of old shit when I got fat. Now I'm skinny again and it's like "goddammit, where are those fucking dresses now!".
MRR: What are the beauty secrets of Stinkerbell?
Christi: Vinegar and water, baby!!! (much laughter)
MRR: Oil of Olay, Miracle Mask?
Kelly: Budweiser and a lot of the Ramones!!
MRR: Have either one of you beaten up a guy?
Kelly: I hit one in the head with my guitar once. And I put CJ Ramone in a head lock and swung him around backstage.
Christi: I got a baseball bat and tried to hit my boyfriend with it.
MRR: Was it aluminum or wood?
Christi: It was wood one. A good one. He hurt me and I was going to hurt his ass back! (sadistic laughter)

Kelly: All right Christi, a woman taking control of her life!
Christi: Kelly hit a guy with her bass guitar once.
Kelly: He hit me in the face with a beer can. Not once, but twice. Then he smiled at me like a Cheshire cat. It drove me insane. They said all you could see was my bass going through the crowd like a shark fin. (giggles) The guy was a good sport and let us stay at his house afterwards. We dished out the abuse and they loved it.
MRR: What do you girls think about the Riot Grrrl movement?

Kelly: I have a riot grrrl story. I asked Christi about it today and she was like, "What's that?" I had the same reaction at first. Mark Arm was here in Houston and I gave him a 7" and he said "Are y'all like riot grrrls?" and I said "Well, on a good night!" He just looked at me. Then I learned a couple of months ago it was some feminist punk movement started in the northwest. Is that how you would adequately describe it?
MRR: In a broad sense. (no pun intended)
Kelly: We just make music.
MRR: Did the baseball strike help attendance at your shows?
Christi: I hate sports!
MRR: Spanking is a sport. If you could spank any celebrity who would it be?
Both: A Ramone.
MRR: If you could leave Stinkerbell to join the Ramones, would you?
Both: YES!!!!!!!!!

If you wish to write to Stinkerbell, please send your correspondence to us care of Last Resort Records, P.O. Box 2986. Covina, Ca. 91722

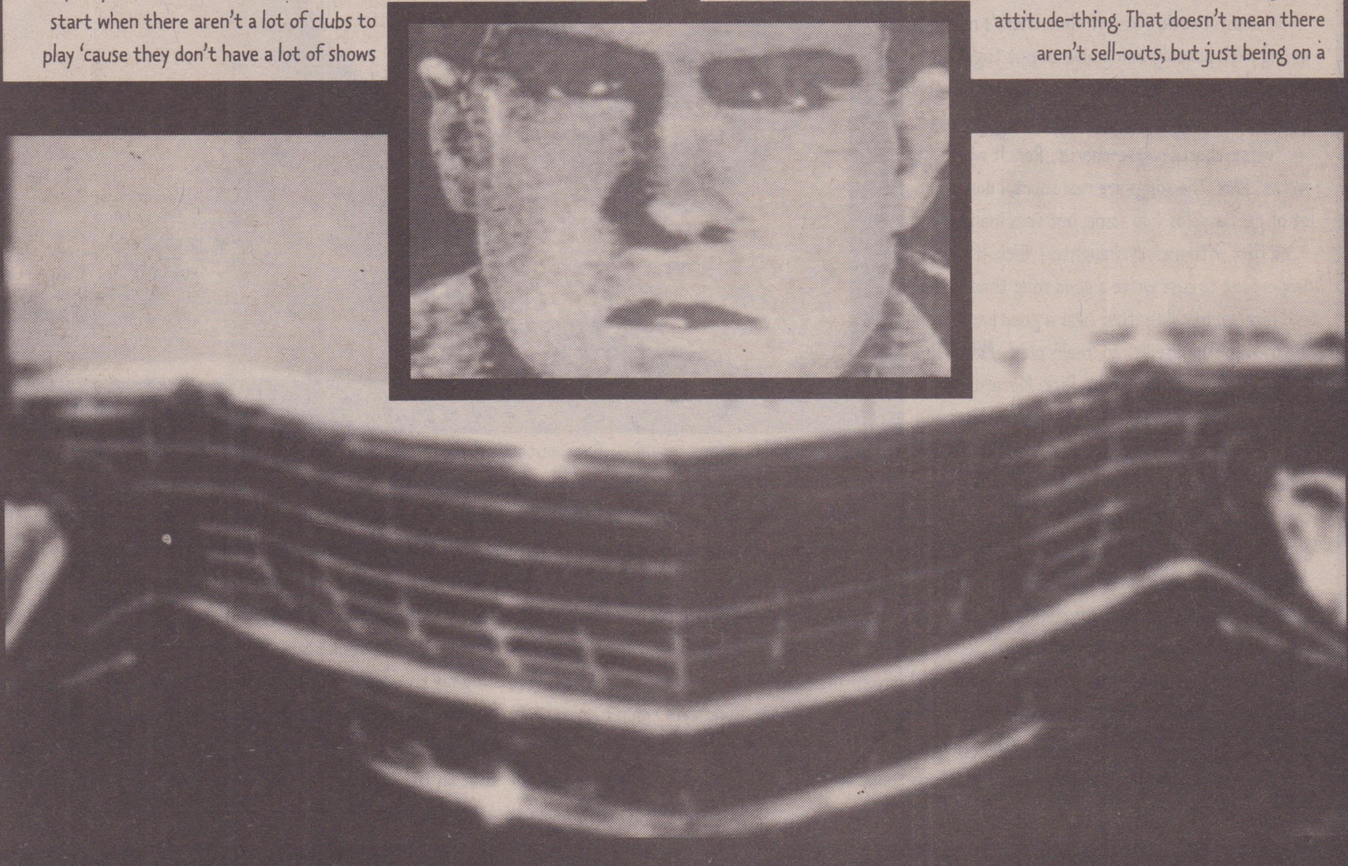
JESUS CHRISt

[SuperFly]

Unlike most of their contemporaries, Jesus Christ Superfly inject a healthy dose of mid-70's hard-rock heaviness into their potent garage rock/punk-rock fuel-mix, and that extra-added power really comes through on cuts such as "Big Shit", "Over And Out" and "Commander" from their self-titled debut LP on Rise Records. With a new album in the works and several tours and innumerable local gigs under their belt, this Austin, TX, stripped-down power-trio seems geared-up for just about anything, but underneath it all they're real down-to-earth, no bullshit, just straight-ahead punk-rock work ethic all the way. This interview was conducted by Chuck of Apathy Trend fanzine on an unusually balmy November evening at their practice space in the heart of downtown Austin. Heat and enjoy...

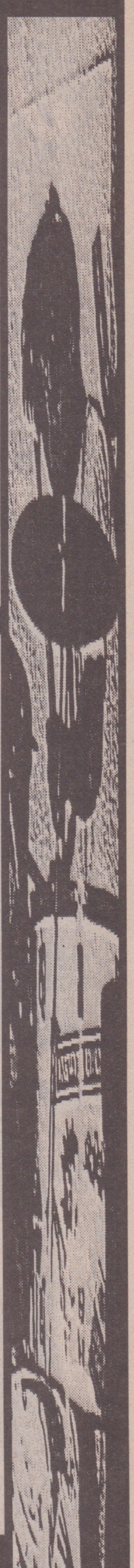
MRR: Ok, why don't you tell us who's in the band. Rick: My name is Rick and I play guitar and sing. (laughs) Ron: I be Ron, bass player and singer! Rick: And there's also Eric Erickson, the drummer. The new drummer! The third drummer. **MRR: Y'all have had quite a few drummers in your history.** Ron: We're hard to work with! Rick: Yeah, it's the old Spinal Tap-syndrome. **MRR: You used to have a second guitar player, correct?** Rick: We've had two seperate second guitar players. Originally we had Brian McGoo, and then we had a guy named Steve. They just didn't work out in the long run. **MRR: So Brian's in Chaindrive, right?** Rick: He was in Chaindrive, now he's in Pretty Mouth. As a drummer. **MRR: As a drummer!? That's interesting... Pretty Mouth are ex members of the Dicks, right?** Rick: Yeah. It's Buff and Glen and Mark. **MRR: So did the old drummer switch instruments?** Rick: No, they didn't have their old drummer in the band, he was in Trouser Trout. Brian's a little steadier drummer. Ron: Actually he is a pretty good drummer. Rick: Brian can play anything - he's pretty amazing. **MRR: You played bass in EMG, right?** Rick: Yeah. Good memory. **MRR: And helped run the old Cavity Club.** Rick: Yeah, I booked the Cavity Club for about a year and a half. **MRR: Whatever happened to the idea of getting the Cavity going again? Did the management not want a club there anymore?** Rick: Yeah, the owners of the property weren't real happy with the condition of it. Ron: The usual punk-rock thing. Rick: There were lots of underage kids living there... you could always find dirty needles laying around. It's kind of a health hazard. But it was a good place, we need something like that again. **MRR: What are the chances of something like that happeing again in Austin?** Rick: It always happens eventually. This is the longest there's been without a real scummy, honest-to-god punk-rock club, 'cause there'c been such a succession of 'em over the years. The Blue Flamingo is the closest we're gonna get right now. **MRR: So did you first start off in the Pocket Fishrmen, Ron?** Ron: Founding member, yeah. **MRR: You played with them for quite awhile.** Ron: Six years. Rick: I was in EMG almost... eight years. **MRR: What are the other guys from EMG doing now? Isn't the singer now in Wonder Whip?** Rick: No, he was in a band called the New Age Hookers. Actually four bands came out of EMG eventually - now there's Tallboy, which is the guitar player, Jerry, and Hyperfluff, which is the drummer, Russ. Ron: Also our original drummer. (laughs) Rick: Who used to be in this band also. He's on the record. And Brian. **MRR: You guys have put out a 7" and an LP on Rise Records, right?** Rick: Right. Weren't those the first 7" and 12" releases on Rise? Rick: Yeah. They came out in pairs. The first two 7's were us and the Monomen and the first two LPs were us and Moist Fist... besides the fact that it's real old now, it's still a good record. Two and a half years old from when we recorded it. **MRR: So you probably don't play a whole lot of those songs live now...** Ron: When we were on tour we played about three songs off of it, but we've got a whole bunch of stuff. Rick: When we're on tour, we try to do it 'cause that's all anybody knows of us outside of Texas. **MRR: How many times have you been out on tour?** Rick: Three tours this year. **MRR: And for how long?** Rick: The first one was about a month - about three and a half weeks. Then two weeks, and then we just did six weeks. **MRR: Where are some centers of activity for you guys?** Ron: Some surprising places. Rick: Some of the obvious places - Seattle and New York - have been real good, but Mizzoula, Montana was probably the best show of the tour. MRR: How's it been going back to the same spots? Is there a decent building of your audience going on? Rick: Yeah. We're starting to build on things. Like in Philadelphia, the first time we went there we went with Ed Hall and it was an ok show. There weren't a lot of people there. Then we played by ourselves, no bands we were familiar with, and people came to see us more than the Ed Hall crowd. We do good in the South. Tuscaloosa and Huntsville, Alabama also. **MRR: Is it just a word-of-mouth thing, or can people get ahold of your records fairly easily?** Ron: I suspect word-of-mouth. Rick: And just trying to be persistent, playing the same places over and over again. Hopefully you try to at least double everytime. It doesn't always work that way, 'cause you have to play Sunday, Monday, Tuesday somewhere in there, and those nights usually aren't that great. Ron: Bad nights anywhere in the country! **MRR: One of the first things I ever read about Jesus Christ Superfly talked about how you combined elements of 60's punk as well as the later 70's stuff. I know EMG was more metal-based...** Rick: Yeah. Ron: Or hardcore. Rick: It started out being a noise band. **MRR: How do you perceive that? Everyone has their influences, but it seems like a lot of bands are going for a sound that's much more based in the past - do you feel that's true, or is that way it is?** Rick: It's sorta 'the way it is', 'cause with Ron and I - I'm 30, Ron's 31. Ron: I was always into that standard-issue... Stooges, Black Flag, all that stuff. Rick: We went through that once already. And the garage-thing that's happening now, we really like garage-stuff, but we don't try to sound garagey. I think we're a lot heavier. Ron: We like all that stuff. Sonics, too. Rick: We're not gonna try to use old equipment on purpose or try to be lo-fi. Ron: Our sound is a mix-master. The different songs sound like differen aspects of it, I guess. It's not that consciously thought of. Rick: It's kind of a 70's punk-rock influence along with 70's arena-rock too. Ron: We don't get embarassed if someone calls us a punk-rock band! (laughter) Rick: It's probably as much Ted Nugent-influenced as it is the Ramones. Ron: The early songs are even more hard-rock kinda stuff. Rick: When we went to one guitar, we kinda stripped down and made things a little more simple. A little more buzz-saw kind of attack. **MRR: Have you recorded a new LP already?** Rick: We're working on it. We've got a new 7" coming out on Lance Rock out of Canada and there's gonna be a cut on the next Emo's live compilation and we're talking to a couple of labels in other countries about doing some stuff. **MRR: 7's?** Rick: 7's or possibly even full-length. It just depends. And there's also a 7" coming out on No Lie, Lindsey Kuhn's label. It's a comp with us, Death Valley, the Cryin' Out Louds and I think the Motards 'cause Jack O'Fire didn't want to put a song on it or there wasn't a song available. Ron: It's all instrumentals too. Rick: I think it's called "Shut Yer Face". (laughter) **MRR: One thing we were talking about earlier - touring - it's been really emphasized to me how important it is for bands to get out of-state.** Ron: I really do think it's important for bands to get out. It just helps in general. It does things for your sound, your perspective. It toughens you up. I just think it's really healthy. Rick: It makes you a better band. It makes you a lot better band. Ron: You get some perspective. You don't want to get in that so-called 'velvet rut'. It's like, "Oh, I do so well here I don't feel like going anywhere else." Rick: That's the problem with Austin, people just expect - since they're from Austin - they want to be discovered out of the blue without actually putting any work into it, which doesn't happen. Ron: And it does require work. No slackers here. We are not a slacker band. MRR: Do you think the scene here in Austin is pretty healthy right now? Or is

there going to be a big 'dying-off'? Rick: I think it's just gonna get bigger and bigger at this point, which is gonna be good and bad both, 'cause people expect it to be the next Seattle, but it's probably gonna be the next San Diego where a lot of bands get signed, but nothing really happens. The San Diego bands all got signed, but now not much is really coming from it. Ron: That's what A&R people want, a big scene they can sniff out, throw against the wall and see what sticks. And a lot of things probably won't stick. Rick: The scene here is one of the better in the country. Ron: I would say it's definitely healthy. And it's probably almost as healthy as it was when I first started going to shows here in '81. Rick: I think it's every bit as good as it ever has been. Ron: I'm not strung-out on the good old days. **MRR: What do you think contributes to the cycles a scene goes through?** Ron: Like when they were telling you "Punk's dead!" I never quit being a punk-rocker! There were other things for the people to pay attention to and punk sorta lost the spotlight, but there were always a few bands into that. Or people in those bands, like me in the Pocket Fishrmen. I was always still into that stuff and wrote my songs like that. I think some of it is a media thing, and there might be larger or fewer numbers of bands at certain points. **MRR: When I first started going to shows in Houston in '86, it was pretty dead.** Ron: That's about how it was in '86 here - all the bands - the Offenders the Big Boys - had just broken up. Rick: That's why I moved here. I expected punk-rock mecca and everybody' broken-up. The Big Boys were gone, Poison 13 was still playing a little bit, but they were almost gone. The Offenders were gone, the Dicks were gone. Ron: A lot of those people in those bands have gone onto other stuff speed-metal or whatever! (laughter) Rick: Or just speed! Ron: I think those cycles are pretty natural, basically. Rick: It's good though. **MRR: Well, it seems like when the scene kinda declines, it makes it more personal in a way for those of us still involved.** Rick: That's when the party-scene takes off. And more bands start when there aren't a lot of clubs to play 'cause they don't have a lot of shows to see, so they're just kinda bored and they say "We could start a band..." And then pretty soon there's a bunch of like-minded bands and they have a little scene without even knowing it. Ron: You could probably see the early 70's that way - when there was the Dolls and bands like that, and then in '77 there was a lot of bands like that. You could probably even connect it to the 60's garage bands, like there was a lot of them at one point and at one point there wasn't. Rick: It's like when we started this band in 1990, there wasn't anybody else doing *this*. The Fishrmen were playing poppy punk-rock kinda stuff... Ron: They had a couple of punk-rock songs in their repetoire. ... Rick: ...but there wasn't any bands doing a lot of 70's-influenced punk. And this started as just being a cover band for fun. EMG was still going, the Fishrmen were still going strong, and it was a side band I put together with people I worked with. It wasn't meant to be like a full-time thing it turned into. Ron: And lo and behold, we discovered we could write songs! **MRR: It seems like one of the bad things about the scene when it's like this is that you see a lot of trendiness...** Rick: I see some bandwagonism. Ron: I think that kinda goes with the territory. You get that lemming-effect. That's why you had a bunch of good hardcore bands and then hundreds and hundreds of not so good hardcore bands. You kinda just gotta keep you head while all the bandwagon-hopping's going on. Rick: At least a lot of those bands that are springing up now are really young, which is cool. Ron: There's no telling what they'll turn into. Like I think Green Day is cool. And people are already saying, "They sold out! Blah, blah, blah..." I was talking to Carl Normal (of Stretford) about this and I was saying y'know all the punk bands from England like the Pistols all had chart hits. And people over here that worship those very same bands, if a band over here gets on the charts and they're punk, it's like "You guys sold out!" Rick: And those were all major-label bands. Ron: Yeah. The Sex Pistols were on a major-label. Rick: Stiff Little Fingers. Clash. Buzzcocks. Ron: It's part of that whole underground attitude-thing. That doesn't mean there aren't sell-outs, but just being on a



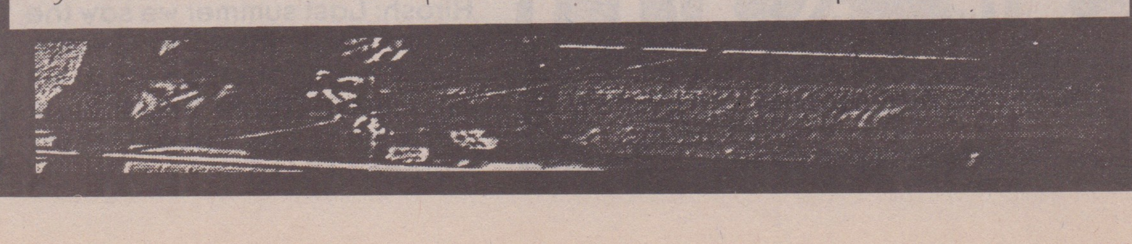
major-label itself doesn't mean that you suck. There are plenty of bands that suck that are underground bands. I have strong feelings about things like that, certain underground attitudes. Not that I don't have misgivings about major-labels and all that stuff, but all you have to do is keep your head. And have some common sense. Get a good lawyer! Rick: And it's really silly to just jump out there and try to get a major-label deal 'cause that's not gonna do you any good. But bands that build-up a following after a couple indie records, it's a natural progression. There's nothing wrong with it. They shouldn't be ashamed of it, people shouldn't slag them for it. Ron: If you've worked hard, really earned it. **MRR: I also look at the fact that bands like Green Day, and Nirvana even, may be getting a lot of kids into a new kind of music and maybe as they outgrow that stuff, they'll go back and maybe discover who influenced them.** Ron: It's kinda like in the 60's when all the English bands started playing rhythm and blues, and then if they were really into it, they went back and found where that stuff really came from. Ron: A sense of history is not a bad thing to have. Rick: Yeah, rock n'roll has a lot of history and if you ignore it... you can learn from what's already happened.

Ron: That's why I don't like it when people say things like like if the stuff vaguely resembles some certain chord progression... If you're playing three-chord rock n'roll, any song you write is bound to vaguely resemble some song that's probably been written in the history of rock music. It's like the more important question is whether your music has any feeling, any guts, any drive. Those people have dismissed anything like the Sons of Hercules or us as just 'retro', just 'cause... In blues and jazz and country you wouldn't necessarily hear this kinda stuff, like "Oh, they're playing old-style this or that. That's not to say it's wrong to be modern, but it's just more of a feel thing to me. If it's been done before, so what? I wasn't there doing it! (laughter) Rick: There's only so many notes you can play, and so many that sound good together. You can play stuff that doesn't go together, you can play noisy stuff, but if it doesn't rock, it doesn't rock, y'know? Ron: There's nothing wrong with actually being able to put together a song! (laughter) Rick: We try to stay within the traditional rock n'roll/pop-music song format - verse-chorus-verse-chorus. Ron: It works, it works. Rick: The songs are real short, I don't do a lot of guitar solos. I do some, not very many. Ron: We flirt with melody. (laughter) Rick: It's more important to just write a good song than actual tech nical ability. I'd rather hear a good band than one guy who supposedly can 'really play'. **MRR: Who do you like to play with?** Rick: Motards. We've played with the Supersuckers a bunch of times and they're a really great band live. And Nine Pound Hammer - who are really fucking amazing. Ron: Southern-fried punk-rock. Rick: It's like if the Ramones were playing Merle Haggard songs. Ron: Locally, I like the Motards. Rick: The Motards, Inhalants, Cryin' Out Louds. The Hormones. Ron: I like the Hormones. I think they're great, even though I'm in the band! I feel like I can plug them 'cause I don't write most of the songs. Rick: Gomez. Stretford. Wannabes. Ron: The Wannabes, who are a lot better than most people think they probably are. They kinda have that drunken reputation. But they actually do have a lot of songwriting craft. They're an example of a band that knows how to write songs. In high-school I was really into the Who and the Kinks and the Beatles. As well as Judas Priest and Black Sabbath and AC/DC. Rick: I was a big Nugent fan. Ron: I almost forgot the 'Nuge' - slap me! We're not embarassed about hard-rock influences. There's good music in almost any genre. I guess even disco! (laughter) Rick: You've gone too far Ron! Name one good disco song. Ron: Actually, I don't think I can. Rick: I know one - "I Was Made For Loving You" by Kiss. (laughter) You can't forget Kiss! Anyone my age that plays rock n'roll, besides Ron, can't say they weren't influenced by Kiss. (laughter) Ron: I was a Blue Oyster Cult fan. Rick: You were intellectual even in grade-school. Ron: Yeah! I didn't know I was a dumb-rocker 'til later! I saw the error of my ways. **MRR: Any final comments?** Ron: I'd like to say I really enjoy all this new punk-rock stuff. I think it's great. Rick: People being afraid of having bands like Bad Religion and Green Day making it, they have the wrong attitude about it. They should be happy that they can hear that on the radio versus five or ten years ago having to hear April Wine or some shit like that. Ron: Punk-rock's not dead, it just smells funny! (laughter)



NEW DAY NEW DAY

New Day formed in September of 1993. Since then they have played a lot of shows and pissed a lot of people off. They have also managed to squeeze out a cassette and two 7"s, and are getting ready to tour the southwest. The members are Scott (guitar), Mike (vocals), Dominic (drums), and Chris (bass). Only Chris and Dominic were available for this interview. **MRR: What are your ambitions in the future with the band and your lives?** ND: As far as the band goes, just to keep playing what we want and to keep dealing with issues that are important to us, either through our lyrics, or whatever other ways we choose to express ourselves. As for as my life goes, I'd like to be able to be more focused and more driven towards whatever goals I set and to become more active in trying to change things that, in my opinion, are wrong. I'd like to become more out spoken and worry less about alienating others—in other words, to be more honest. **MRR: What are the main themes in your new LP?** ND: I think the main theme on our new 7" probably has to do with conditioning. "Hallway" is about the whole "death before dishonor" mentality that everybody, or at least all the males I knew, seemed to be caught up in, and mostly still are. I was actually thinking back to high school when I wrote it, about all the ways that we all went out of our way to separate ourselves so that we could all feel superior to everyone else. It's a behavior that we learn and then pass on. I think that theme pretty much runs through the other songs on the record as well, that idea of learning a way of thinking or acting and having a hard time letting that go, even when its become a handicap. **MRR: What songs do you like best on your new LP?** ND: I think I like "Christ Asbestos" best, because before we recorded it I didn't really like it all that much, but then I heard it on tape and it's actually a really intense song. **MRR: When do you start your tour? Where are you playing?** ND: The tour starts December 30th in Pensacola, FL and ends January 21st in Auburn, AL. **MRR: What is your view on America and what do you feel needs to be changed?** ND: That's a really broad question. There are a lot of things that need to be changed. I think the biggest thing is that most of the people in America, and elsewhere, don't give a fuck about anything that doesn't directly affect them. We're individualistic to the point that it's killing us. More than anything, I think that's at the root of most of the country's problems. People don't see anything wrong until it's too late. The media has a lot to do with that, since they decide what we are allowed to know about, and they have an interest in not letting us know too much. **MRR: Do you think the war on drugs is helping America? If not do you think they should be legalized?** ND: The goal of the so-called "war on drugs" is to expand the powers of the police and the military, and to get people locked up. If they wanted to make an impact on drug use, they would make treatment more accessible and affordable, and they would start giving a fuck about living conditions in the cities. **MRR: What city did you enjoy playing in the most?** ND: I liked playing in Lake Worth, because we pissed off a lot of the exact people that we wanted to piss off. **MRR: Are there any people or bands that inspired you to play the songs you play and write?** ND: Too many to really get into, but especially political punk bands like Econochrist, Antischism, and Christ on Parade. **MRR: What are your views about censorship?** ND: We're in a really dangerous situation right now where a very small group of corporations owns a majority of the major media companies. This includes magazines, newspapers, television and radio networks and stations, and movie studios. A lot of these corporations have close ties to the government, many through defense contracts, and like I mentioned before, have an interest in controlling the information we get. News coverage of military operations after Viet Nam has been extremely slanted and incomplete. Media self-censorship also occurs a lot when dealing with environmental and energy issues, as well as labor and product safety issues. At the same time we have religious fanatics who want to tell everyone else what they can or can't hear, watch, or read, and through our apathy are gaining power. The fact is, we're letting them take our rights away. **MRR: Do you believe in religion as if it is real, or do you think it's a bunch of lies and crap that is made up to keep people out of trouble?** ND: Religion has been used to control people for thousands of years. Whatever your beliefs are is fine, providing they don't infringe on the rights of others to believe differently. **Write: Raw Products/ 3149 Carrib Way/ Lantana, Florida 33462.**



JUST WHAT THE FUCK IS A REGISTRATOR ANYWAY!???

The Registrators, a '77-style punk band from Tokyo, played wild shows in San Francisco, Sacramento, and Seattle in November. They were interviewed at 3am after their SF show by a group of drunken Americans and Canadians. Hirosh (short for Hiroshi) answered most of the questions because he is the most confident with his English. Jon Von

MRR: What are your names?
Hirosh: Cocksucker. [vocals, lead guitar]
Ren: My name is Ren. [bass, vocals]
Jun: Jun. [rhythm guitar, vocals]
Daira: Daira. [drums]
MRR: Now it's time for some clever questions. What are your favorite bands? What are your influences? How long have you been a band?
Hirosh: Too many questions.

MRR: I hear you have a CD. Is that true?
Hirosh: Fuck CD's. Fuck you.
MRR: How many records do you have?
Ren: Two thousand. We are genius.
MRR: No, I mean how many releases?
Hirosh: Only one right now. We will have a new single in December, and another next year.
MRR: Why did you want to come to America?
Hirosh: Last summer we saw the Guitar Wolf shows in Seattle and San Francisco and we enjoyed it. [Three Registrators were here on vacation for Garage Shock.]

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MRR: How are the shows different from Japan?
[much discussion in Japanese]
Ren: Minorities.
MRR: Do you wear matching shirts on stage in Japan? [They all bought red shirts at a thrift store.]
Hirosh: No, only in San Francisco.
MRR: If you are on the subway with your girlfriend in Tokyo at rush hour, would you kiss her?
Hirosh: No, no. [It's not cool to kiss in public in Japan.]
MRR: How about for 50,000 yen?
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Hirosh: Yes. I want American girl.
MRR: Do you have a girlfriend in Japan?
Hirosh: My right hand.
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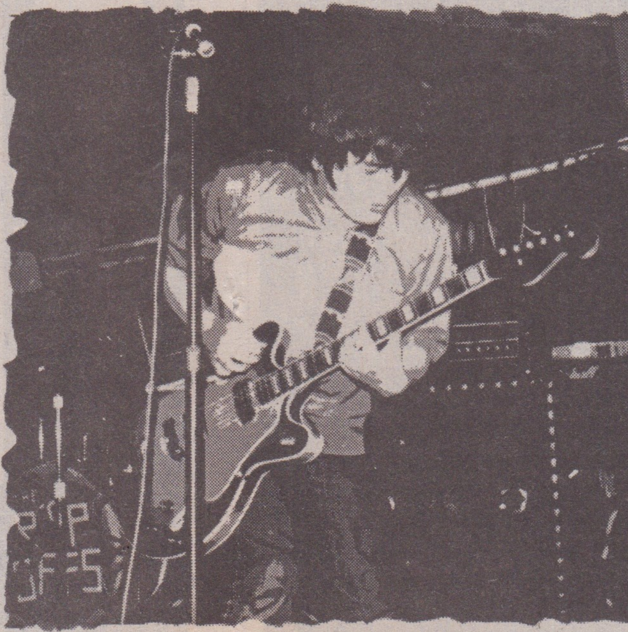

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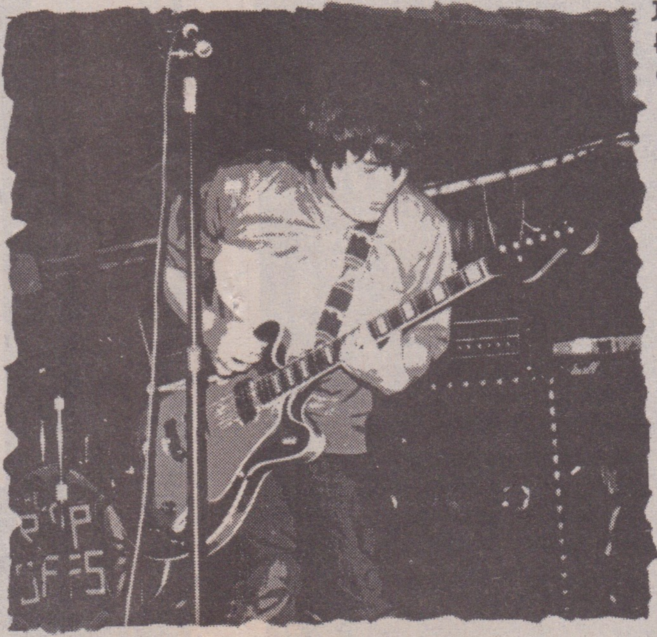

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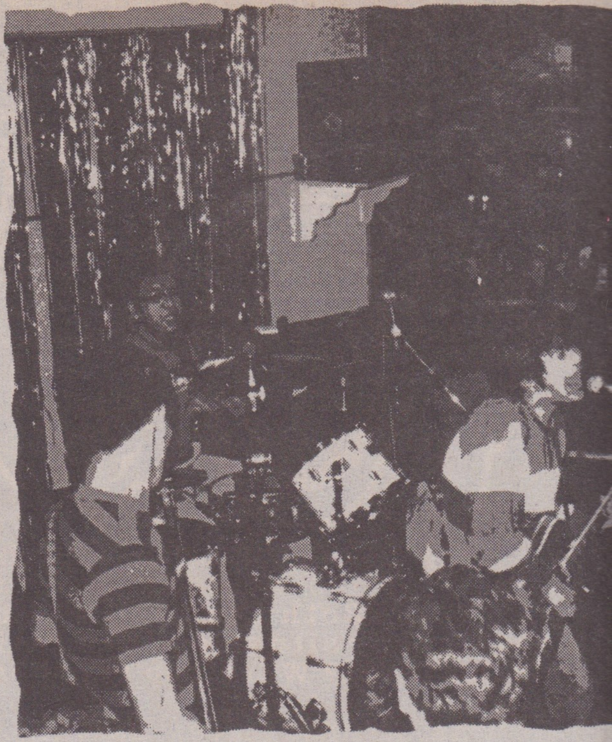

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Jun: Computer programmer.
Ren: Just cooking. Japanese, Chinese, American fast food.
Daira: Japanese record shop.
MRR: What kind of records do you sell?
Daira: Heavy metal. Suck.
MRR: Can Japanese bands play in China?
Hirosh: No, it's a different culture. It's not Westernized.
MRR: In Japan, where do you play?
Hirosh: Tokyo, and sometimes Osaka.
MRR: Say some last words.
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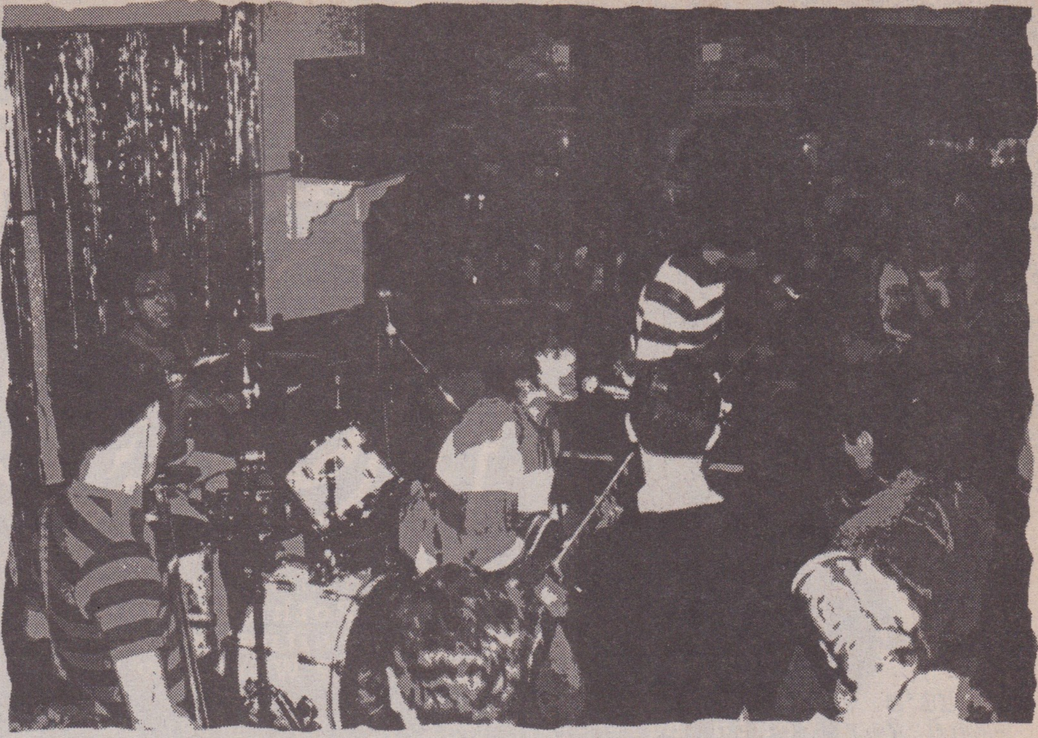
Hiroshi Otsuki / 5-21-1 Kitahara
Tanashi / Tpkyo 188 / Japan



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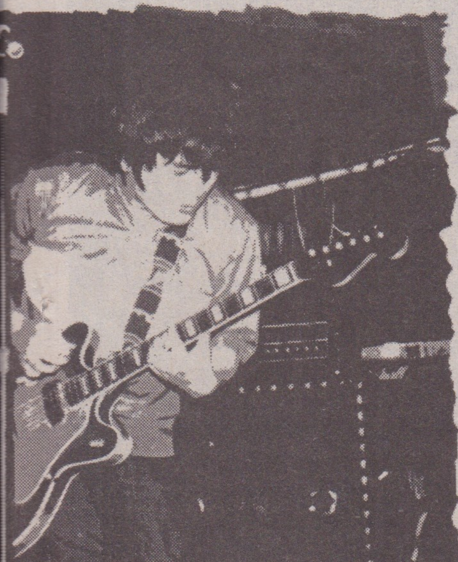

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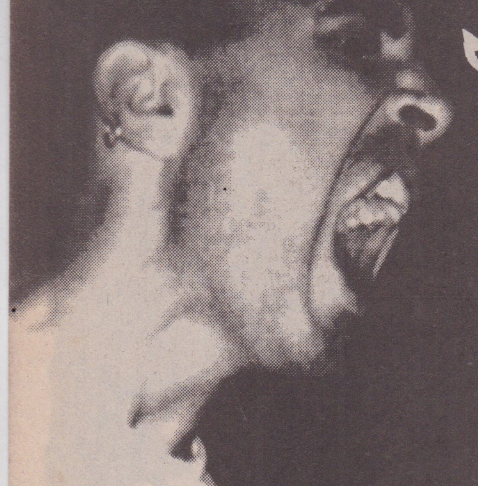


It's been a long road for Youth Brigade, and with their recent return to the ranks of the living, a lot of questions surfaced as to what they were up to and why they got back together. Looking much the same as they did (with the addition of a second guitarist), the three Stern Brothers sat down and fielded all queries cleanly, with both seriousness and humor. Nice to see that a whole new generation of punks will get a chance to experience them. Tim Yo

MRR: You just mentioned that the band just took royalties from your own label for the first time recently.

M: Yeah, a couple of years ago, and just once.

S: Adam is always complaining, because he doesn't have anything to do with the business and he wants his money.

MRR: Was that a big decision?

S: No, we had money in the bank finally and paid off pretty much everybody else finally, so we could pay ourselves.

MRR: Both the band and the label have been in an ambiguous situation for a while. What was going on with the label? Were you repressing older releases all along?

S: It was in '87, after getting heavily dissed by all kinds of people for The Brigade...

M: ...which I still like!... We did a session with 20 songs, and if we had just released one record, it was a good album's worth of stuff there.

MRR: I'll take your word for that!

A: I had nothing to do with that record!

S: Mark and I had been doing music since '77, and then started the label in '82, promoting shows, putting out records, playing in the band, working regular jobs to be able to live cuz we weren't earning anything off of it... though as the years went by we started earning something for the band, but the label never... We just got burned out by '87. The Brigade wasn't really going anywhere, the label we tried to expand by putting out some different stuff that got bad, bad responses.

MRR: Like what?

S: Junior Gone Wild, Hungry For What?, Scram. They were bands that we liked and we didn't want to get defined to such a narrow category, but people didn't like it, and between that and the band...

M: It was a weird time.

S: It *was* a weird time. Punk rock was just folding in on itself and all of a sudden...

M: ...all the independent distributors went bankrupt...

S: Jem, Greenworld, Sounds Good all went bankrupt. All those things, and then the Sunset Strip longhair hairspray scene took over, first Motley Crue and then Guns'n'Roses—everything combined and we said "We don't want to do this anymore." We took our break, and told John Loder over at Southern Studios to take over our distribution. He just took over the titles that we selling: Youth Brigade, 7 Seconds, SNFU. The same thing he did for Dischord.

M: We needed to go surfing for a while. Got tired of seeing good waves, but no, we got to go in the office.

S: We needed a break from each other, the music, and the scene wasn't all that great. I guess it wasn't the best time to have taken off, considering what happened with Fugazi and Bad Religion, but so it goes. I started

political work, Mark and Adam got together a couple of years later and did Royal Crown Revue. Then I started this band That's It back in '90. We took a couple of years off and then slowly got it back together.

MRR: From the cynic's point of view, one could say "Here they are, trying to cash in on the glory days, punk is making a 'comeback'." Mark and Adam, you guys were in a swing band...

M: ...which you never came and saw! And now, which nobody should go see.

MRR: ...why would you give that up to do Youth Brigade?

M: We started doing Youth Brigade again after the first year of doing Royal Crown, figuring we could do two bands. We were in Europe with Royal Crown and Shawn was there with That's It and had a couple of days off in Hamburg and...

S: ...met at this bar and you guys were really drunk, and Jans from The Smarties was walking around playing Youth Brigade songs on his guitar. Him and Jay from Simpletones and Channel 3 who lives over there now, between them and your hearing "Sink With California" at punk discos, you got all nostalgic.

M: So we said let's go home and jam, and if we can still write stuff, we'll do it—but not just to go play the old stuff. We did that and wrote "Come Again." (laughter)

S: I said "You guys are drunk, but if you want to do it and we write songs, fine, I don't mind doing it part time." But I was concerned that people would think we were trying to cash in. I won't deny there isn't a motivation there cuz hey, people are finally accepting this music on a bigger scale, and we're one of the first bands doing it, and people liked it, so why not give it a try? But if we were just going to do some kind of 'Fear Reunion' thing to cash in, which is completely obvious, I don't want to have anything to do with it.

M: The punk scene is so different now. There didn't used to be any reason to even believe that you could make a lot of money doing this, cuz no bands were. But at the same time, that kind of thing made for a lot more diversity in the music—everybody wasn't trying to sound like Bad Religion.

S: The scene was new and creative and there weren't a lot of limitations put on the music. Now, with corporations involved and lots and lots of money, with images being made on TV... Then, you created your image out of a thrift shop. It wasn't something you thought about.

MRR: Why is it now Youth Brigade instead of The Brigade?

M: Cuz we weren't going to play Brigade songs.

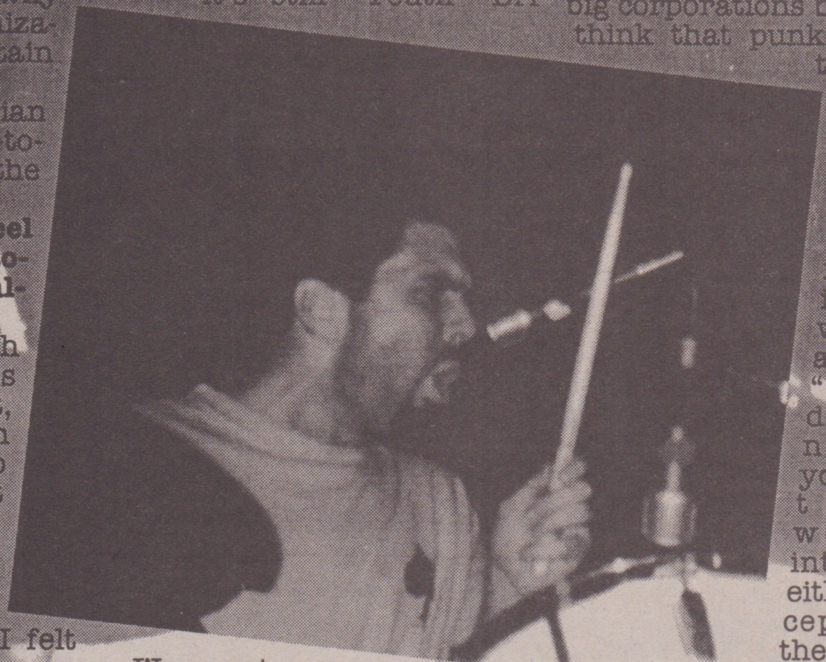
S: We agonized over the idea of changing the name to The Brigade when Adam left the band, cuz it wasn't going to be Youth Brigade anymore cuz he was one of the founding members. We didn't know whether to name it a whole new thing or hang onto some semblance of what we did. In retrospect, I think it was a mistake and we should've changed the name to something different. So when we got back together, there never was a question as to whether it was Youth Brigade or The Brigade.

MRR: But you're not youths anymore.

S: It may be idealistic, but I always say that youth is an attitude, not an age. You're young at heart. People would always say to me, "Why don't you just grow up, you'll understand when you grow up." I've always equated that kind of

BRIGADE

growing up to giving up. It's about giving up your ideals and dreams and go conform to what society wants me to do. Go get that job, be responsible, etc. Not to say that you can't be responsible, have a family, etc, but in this society it seems that once you do that, you can pretty well give up your ideals. You're supposed to work hard, go to school, get an education, save your money, and then retire when you're old and can't enjoy it anymore. That's why it's still "Youth" Brigade and Better "Youth" Organization. You don't have to be a certain age to value those ideals.



M: When you choose to be a musician or artist, you're living hand-to-mouth most of the time, which is the same attitude.

MRR: There's ample reason to feel cynical, both with your band history and some of your business dealing fiascos.

S: Let's just say we worked with some people who had similar ideals when we started, or so we thought, but when we decided to become an active label again and started to put out records again, it didn't work out with where we were at and where they were at. They had gone in a different direction, and we addressed some of those discrepancies, we didn't get what I felt were satisfactory or honest answers. We went our separate ways because I don't think they have the same philosophy they used to. I just felt we needed to have more control over the situation, which is the bottom line.

MRR: Nowadays, how do you do your distribution?

M: Like we always did. When we took it back from Southern, we talked to some other labels and thought about doing a manufacturing and distribution deal, but we decided to learn from our mistakes and do it ourselves.

S: I remember talking to Brett from Epitaph after he got screwed from that whole Chameleon deal, and he said the same thing: "Never again, I always am going to control it and won't let anybody else have their finger in their." The big argument was between Mark and I because I'm the one who tends to do the running of the label and I didn't want to be stuck doing that again, which was one of the reasons Youth Brigade didn't put a record out for so long.

M: The running of the label and the distribution are two different things! There's more to the label than that...

S: Yes Mr. Artman. (laughter)

MRR: Going back to my question, there's ample reason to be cynical now, so how do you feel in terms of the commodification of punk? What are your ideals at this point? What have you learned in the last 15 years and how do you compare yourselves to then?

S: I don't know if we've changed that much. We still yell and argue with each other all the time.

M: Maybe we're a little more organized now. It's funny, you go see bands we used to play with ten years ago and they're way more on top of it business-wise, carrying around the briefcases, talking about the biz... I don't remember talking about that stuff; we just used to get drunk and have a good time.

S: As far as us and the label, we definitely have learned a lot more about business. Whether that's good or bad remains to be seen. That's the reality of living in a capitalist society, you have to know this. Being a great talent is only half the battle; if you want to be successful, you need to know the business. You may not need to run it yourself, but you need to know it or you'll get screwed. But I'm not interested in going on a major label, it's not my thing. I would never sell our label. I don't want to work with big corporations because I think that punk rock is the antithesis of that, the whole reason it came into being. It was all about "We don't need you." And they weren't interested either, except with the few exceptions of The Dickies and X, but again it's all about compromising on control. As soon as somebody else gets in there to sign the checks, no matter what they tell you before signing the contract, they are in control of the whole situation and will tell you what you can and can't do. They destroy good music.

MRR: You're in this weird position of knowing how it works, and on some level you have to play business hardball, yet on another level you have to... like with Ruth at Mordam, she can play hardball, yet she has to try to maintain some kind of vision or principles. Do you find yourselves getting torn?

S: The conflict between Mark and I, me being the more idealistic one and him being the more pragmatic one. But at other times, I'm the one doing the bookkeeping and accounting, and I become the more pragmatic one and

he becomes the more idealistic one.

A: That's probably a good combination, keeping each other in check.

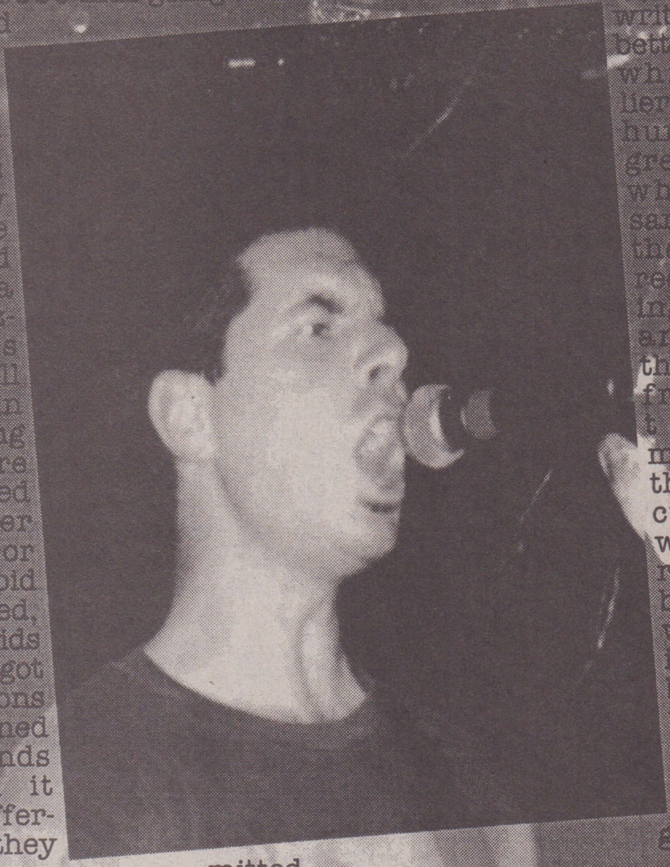
M: We're still looking for bands and listening to tapes that reflect the ideas that aren't any different now than before. The Bouncing Souls, who we just signed, are a BYO band.

MRR: What is a BYO band?

S: A band that epitomizes the independent spirit and the attitude of youth, someone who's doing music because they love it, who realize that being a musician means you're so lucky because you get to travel, is so much fun. They do it themselves, from screening their own shirts by hand, making their own records, booking tours, building that network of friends, speaking about things that people can relate to...,

M: ...being involved in the scene that they're playing in, as opposed to some bands that come in from the outside and want to be accepted but don't want to build it.

S: Those are the main things, doing it yourself and having the motivating factor of having ideas that you want people to hear—not money. Those types of bands will have an understanding of what we can and can't do with them. We aren't Warner Bros and we won't be getting you a big tour bus and #1 on Billboard. From my view though, it's wonderful what happened with The Offspring because it proves that you don't have to be on a major to sell a million records. It's the first time it happened, and I hope it keeps happening. Course there are other people who are going to talk about how they sold out, and that all the idiots who are going to see them now are only doing so because of MTV. But there were times back in the 80s when punk got huge in L.A., 5000 kids going to a show at the Olympic, and people would write us saying "Oh, it was better back in the old days," which was just 2 years earlier, "when it was just a few hundred of us." Sure it was great going to an X show when the whole audience sang along to their songs and they didn't even have a record out. That was amazing, but it doesn't mean it's any less great to see all these bands at the Olympic in front of 5000 people going totally nuts. Yes, there may be a lot of kids who shaved their head for the summer cuz they liked some girl or were jocks or whatever stupid reason they got involved, but their were tons of kids who wrote and said they got involved for dumb reasons but that then they listened to our lyrics or 7 Seconds words or whoever, and it made them look at different things and think, and they got more involved and committed.



MRR: Where do you think they are now?

S: Some are still doing it. It's amazing to me who comes out of the woodwork to see us sometimes. Some of them are completely fucked up losers. "Remember me?" "Yeah, see ya!" And some of them have bought into the system, thinking nostalgically about their former life as a punk rocker, and it didn't really mean much except for some memories. So if we can influence some people to think for themselves, then we're doing a good job.

MRR: Nowadays, what are you writing songs about?

S: The old days! (laughter) No, I write about things that I see. Like how much my brother drinks or doesn't drink. "Punk Rock Mom" is about our mother, and about friends that are having babies, about the unfortunate situation of some women having babies as a surrogate relationship. They can't get it together with a mate, a lot of which has to do with how fucked up guys are in this society, so they have a baby who will give them unconditional love. It's not the greatest reason to have kids. I see a lot of kids who are fucked up because their parents are not ready to have children because they're still children themselves. Most of the kids I've known in punk come from divorced families, dysfunctional families. You aren't taught in school on how to have a child, raise a family, and people wonder why kids are screwed up. That's one of the things I write about, watching talk shows on TV, where people are so hard up to be famous that they'll go on TV and tell the most nasty, stupid, horrible secrets about themselves or friends or family. And then we sit there and watch it, saying "What a loser." (laughter) Everybody wants to vicariously realize that their fucked up situation isn't as fucked up as "those losers on TV." What else? "Better Without You" is a little influenced by John Wayne Bobbitt and that whole scene, but more about people in abusive relationships, always making excuses. If you love somebody, you shouldn't be beating them. If you beat them, you don't really love them. It's funny, when I first

mention John Wayne Bobbitt at shows, all the guys cheer until I talk more about it.

MRR: Now that you're older and the audience is younger, is there a change in your approach in communicating?

S: No, I think certain things are universal, no matter what age. I make jokes about our age, because a lot of kids don't know who the hell we are.

M: I think there used to be a lot more chaos going on at gigs, a lot more tension, on the brink. Now, it's a little to much of "This is how it's supposed to be."

MRR: Even in L.A. there's not a lot of tension?

S: It's not crazy the way it used to be, though now there's that gun element that we didn't use to have.

M: But it wasn't just about fighting, the energy also came from doing illegal shows. We'd tell them we were doing a "rock" show and then hold our breath for 3 weeks as we advertised the show, waiting for them to figure out it was a punk show. That was fun.

S: And there was the cop element. But now it's more accepted, because there's more money being made, and people before—who had the authority—weren't getting a piece of it, but now they do.

MRR: So where do you want to take this?

M: Japan. Australia. Places we can surf.

A: Fiji.

S: When we stopped playing music, I got involved in grassroots political organizations, in the peace movement during the Gulf War, helping set up a big rally downtown with 20,000 people, with the Chili Peppers and L7 and That's It. I liked helping and learned a lot, but they argue incessantly, fighting among themselves for a piece of the resources for their narrow interest. I wanted to broaden them, bringing in people who might be influenced, the unconverted, the people who might have to go fight this war, not the old hippies. No offense, but that's the reality. It was frustrating, and when I had the chance to do music again, that was what I want to do. It's a wonderful way to earn a living. We're lucky. We get to travel, put my ideas out there, meet people. I'm glad punk rock still exists, but if it ever gets taken over, there will be something new to come along and I hope I'll be involved in that. What I really want to do is make films.

MRR: What movies?

S: I've been working on a film, much to my brothers' disgust because funding comes out of BYO. It's 10 years after "Another State Of Mind", we did our tour of Europe and I got 30 hours of tape done. It's amazing there, the squat scene, the anti-fascist network, how organized it is. And we filmed some stuff in the States. It's taken a while, but now with Mac computers getting video editing capabilities, I'll be able to work on that. It'll be called "Searching For America," what's happened to punk rock in those ten years. Is there some sort of political/social movement, or is it just people cashing in? And not just punk rock, but people all over the spectrum, are we going to finally destroy this world?

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PHOTOS BY DAMON BEEBE

PIT

INTERVIEW BY UZI DUZZIT BIO-PIT BEGAN IN PORTLAND, ME WHERE THE BAND REHEARSED FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS BEFORE EMBARKING ON A CHAOTIC 'TOUR' THAT EVENTUALLY BROUGHT THEM TO TAMPA, FL. PIT ARE BUGSY SCROT-VOCALS, MIA MERRYWEATHER-GUITAR, DAVE-BASS, RIFF RAFF-DRUMS, THE UNSEEN SPIRIT OF EDDY EGGNOG-GUITAR. (FOR PURPOSES OF INTERVIEW, UZI DUZZIT=MRR, BUGSY SCROT=B, AND MIA MERRYWEATHER=M)

MRR- WELL, WHERE DO YOU WANNA START?

B: Ask us questions!

MRR- AM I GETTING PAID TO DO THIS?

B: No.

MRR- I'M OUTTA HERE! OKAY, SO THE NAME OF THE BAND IS PIT. HOW LONG HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN AROUND?

B: About six months or so.

M: Yeah, but you and Eddy Eggnog came up with the idea about two years ago.

MRR- GIVE EVERYBODY A BRIEF HISTORY OF YOUR ORIGINS.

B: There's this guy whose name is Eddy Eggnog, and him and I came up with the idea of doing a band that would be more like old punk, not new school punk. He was really into the Damned, cause he saw them when they first came out- he was thirteen when he saw them, which makes him really ancient by punk standards. In theory, he's the second guitarist, but he's three thousand miles away right now, in Scotland.

M: Yes, and the first gig we had, he wouldn't even play.

MRR- NOW THAT'S ALTERNATIVE!

B: Just before the gig happenned, he

told us he wasn't gonna play. I yelled at him for an hour.

M: But he didn't absorb any of your criticisms.

B: No, he doesn't care what people think. This was in Portland, Maine where we started the band, and we also had a bassist- her name was J. Hag- and she called us an hour or two before the gig and told us that she wasn't gonna play either, cause she had hepatitas.

MRR- WAS THIS THE NIGHT OF THE INFAMOUS SWORD INCIDENT?

B: Yeah. So, as it hapenned anyway, we didn't have a drummer. We had this guy named Dave who was gonna play for us, but he had never heard any of the songs before. So we called up the club owner and said "If you can get us a bassist,we can play." So, the band that came on after us lent us their bassist, and we played the gig with a bassist and drummer who had never heard the songs before. We got kicked out. There was a guy there who really hated us, cause he wanted to hear acoustic music- this was the Porthole Restaurant- and he said "People play acoustic guitar so they can learn how to play their fucking instruments!" So I told him I wished I was Paul Simon, so I could fuck Art Garfumkel up the butt. He got really mad and charged the stage, and started to choke me, so I hit him with a sword I just hapenned to have on me..

MRR- A MOVING MOMENT...

B: Yes.

M: The bassist took off. He said he was afraid for his life.

B: Three or four songs later, the manager came over and said, "Sorry, but you guys are gonna have to leave. The owner is really pissed."

MRR- ANY OF YOU WANT SOME MORE FRESH TOILET WATER?

B: No, I'm. drinking my Jolt..

M: So, now Eddy Eggnog decided he really loved Pit, so he went up to Lewiston and he got on the radio and played all our songs five times. It was an alternative radio station, and he says people loved it, but the only complaint he got was that

PIT

it was "too hard."

B: So, then we started our roadtrip, but Eddy Eggnog wasn't able to come with us. We went to Ithaca, NY.. at GIAC, but we had to pay for the place and the PA system.

M: And we had to play with another bassist and drummer who hadn't heard any of the songs before.

B: So, I drank a liter of Tequila, and I was so drunk I couldn't even see. I started yelling "Why isn't anybody dancing? What's wrong with you!" But in reality, there were people dancing and doing somersaults, and there was a guy swinging a trashcan around - and smashing things, but I couldn't see any of it. And Metal Mike's brother Bonze Blake was in the crowd, and I couldn't see him.

M: Well, aren't you the big name-dropper!

B: So two nights later we played at ABC Cafe with another drummer and bassist.

MRR- SO BASICALLY, YOU GO THROUGH A DIFFERENT DRUMMER AND BASSIST EVERY GIG?

B:Well, not anymore. But our line-up was pretty shaky there at first. So that gig was pretty good. On our first song, everybody got up and left.

MRR- THEY LEFT?

B: That's right, they left! But on our second song, they all came back and started dancing. We grew on them. The drummer was on heroin, and I drank some more tequila.

M: Gooney was there, he had played bass for us at GIAC, and he was insulted that we didn't have him play again. We had Scott Megan on bass, and he kicked ass!

MRR- HOW MANY SHOWS HAVE YOU DONE?

B: I haven't told you about the hippies yet!

MRR- LET'S LEAVE THE HIPPIES ALONE. WE HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITH THEM.

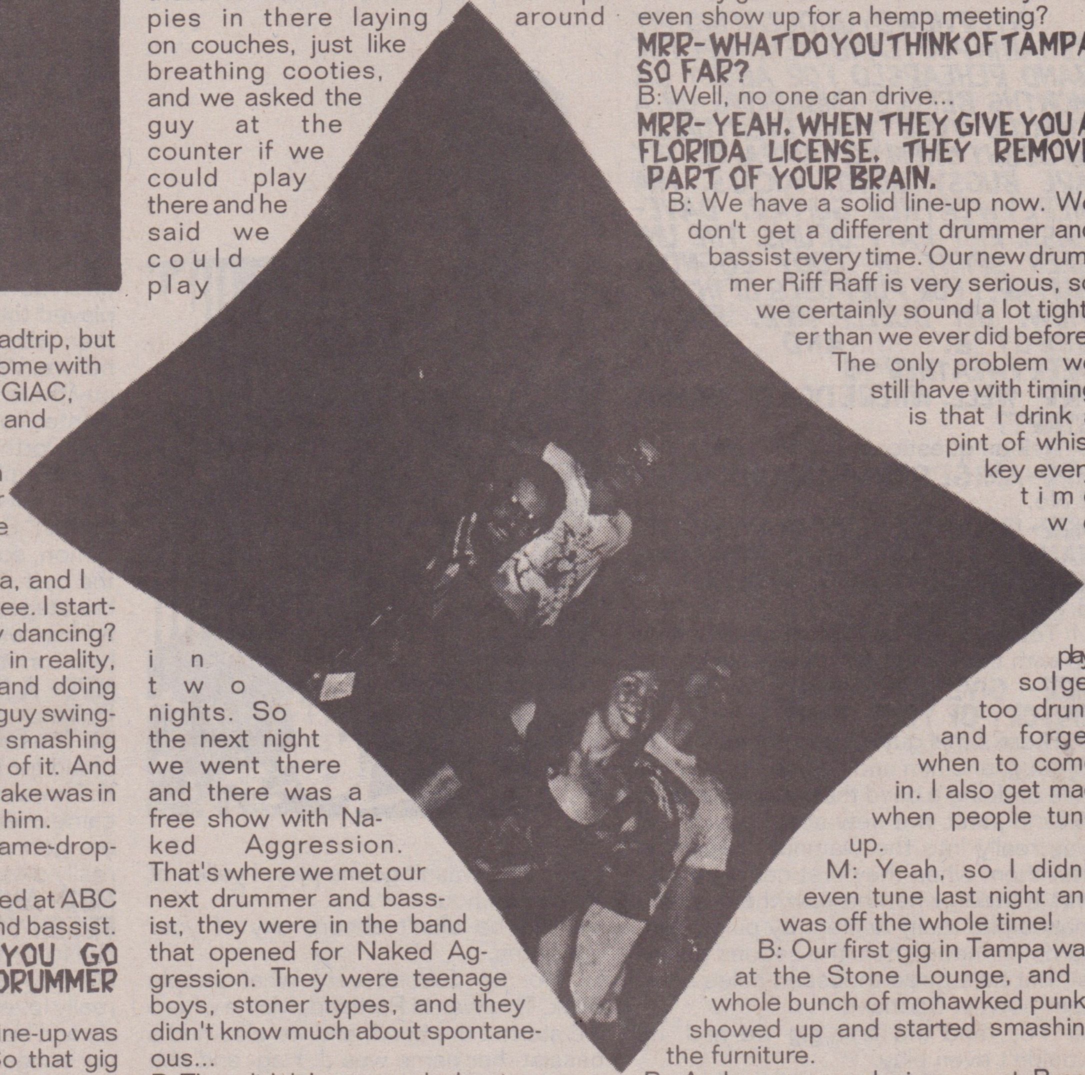
B: No, I wanna tell you about the hippies, and what I did to them!

MRR- OKAY.

B: We played in Lexington, Kentucky.

M: We spent four days in Lexington in our truck in a municipal parking lot. We spent the first night checking all the clubs for a place that would book us. So we went into the New Morning Cafe, and there were all these stoned -out hippies in there laying around on couches, just like breathing cooties, and we asked the guy at the counter if we could play there and he said we could play in two nights. So the next night we went there and there was a free show with Naked Aggression. That's where we met our next drummer and bassist, they were in the band that opened for Naked Aggression. They were teenage boys, stoner types, and they didn't know much about spontaneous...

B: They didn't know much about spontaneous human combustion.



M: They agreed to do the gig.

B: So Naked Aggression came all the way from California, and at the last minute, the hippies wouldn't let Naked Aggression play, cause they wanted to have their weekly "Legalize Hemp" meeting instead! The only reason Naked Aggression ended up playing was because none of the hippies even bothered to show up for the hemp meeting!

M: We forgot to tell the punk crowd we were playing the next night, which was really stupid

B: We had to play to all the hippies!

M: We made it about 3/4 of the way through the set when the drummer threw down his sticks and said "Time for a smoke break" and went off to smoke pot...

B: Just like a hippie! Pot is not punk! The bassist was shaking and saying "Hippies aren't that bad, man!" cause I was making fun of them between every song.

MRR- DOESN'T IT SCARE YOU, HOW THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?

B: They've always wanted to, but how are they gonna run the world if they can't even show up for a hemp meeting?

MRR- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TAMPA SO FAR?

B: Well, no one can drive...

MRR- YEAH, WHEN THEY GIVE YOU A FLORIDA LICENSE, THEY REMOVE PART OF YOUR BRAIN.

B: We have a solid line-up now. We don't get a different drummer and bassist every time. Our new drummer Riff Raff is very serious, so we certainly sound a lot tighter than we ever did before. The only problem we still have with timing is that I drink a pint of whiskey every time we play, so I get too drunk and forget when to come in. I also get mad when people tune up.

M: Yeah, so I didn't even tune last night and was off the whole time!

B: Our first gig in Tampa was at the Stone Lounge, and a whole bunch of mohawked punks showed up and started smashing the furniture.

B: And our second gig was at Brass Mug, opening for Magadog. On the last

song I jumped into the crowd and scuffled with this guy, and I knocked over three tables and sent bottles flying everywhere, and I drenched the videotaper in wine cooler from the tables.

MRR- WINE COOLER, THE CHOICE OF THE NEW PUNK GENERATION!

M: You got sick after the Stone Lounge gig, you didn't tell him about that.

B: Yeah, I puked up a plate of spaghetti.

MRR- WHO ARE YOUR INFLUENCES?

B: Nobody wants to hear that question, it's boring! I like Black Flag.

M: The way you whine sounds like Johnny Rotten.

B: I don't whine! I don't whine at all!

MRR- ARE YOU SURE HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MORRISEY?

B: I don't sound even remotely like Morrisey! Though I once knew a guy who looked like Morrisey. He was an English football hooligan.

M: You sound like Darby Crash when you're drunk. The Ramones and X are influences on my guitar playing.

MRR- SO, MR. SCROT, YOU STILL SWEAR THAT THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF A NUCLEAR WAR WILL BE THOSE WHO CAN MIRACULOUSLY TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO COCKROACHES.

B: Yes. My ability to turn myself into a giant cockroach is a definite plus.

MRR- HAVE YOU TURNED YOURSELF INTO A COCKROACH LATELY?

B: Well, I've tried.

MRR- THAT EXPLAINS THE EXTRA LEGS.

M: You have to be inside the system to change it, so if he were a cockroach he might be able to slaughter some of the roaches that infest our house!

B: Fuck that! I won't have any interview of ours talking about being inside the system. We have to destroy it, not change it!

M: This is my interview too, so speak for yourself!

MRR- YOU SHOULD DO A SONG CALLED "I'M THE COCKROACH KING." SO, HOW ABOUT THE STATE OF MUSIC TODAY?

B: Most of it really fuckin' sucks! I hope I get to meet Green Day someday, so I can beat the fuck out of them. I'll kick their fuckin' heads in.

MRR- YOU'LL BEAT THE DOOKIE OUT OF THEM?

B: Yes.

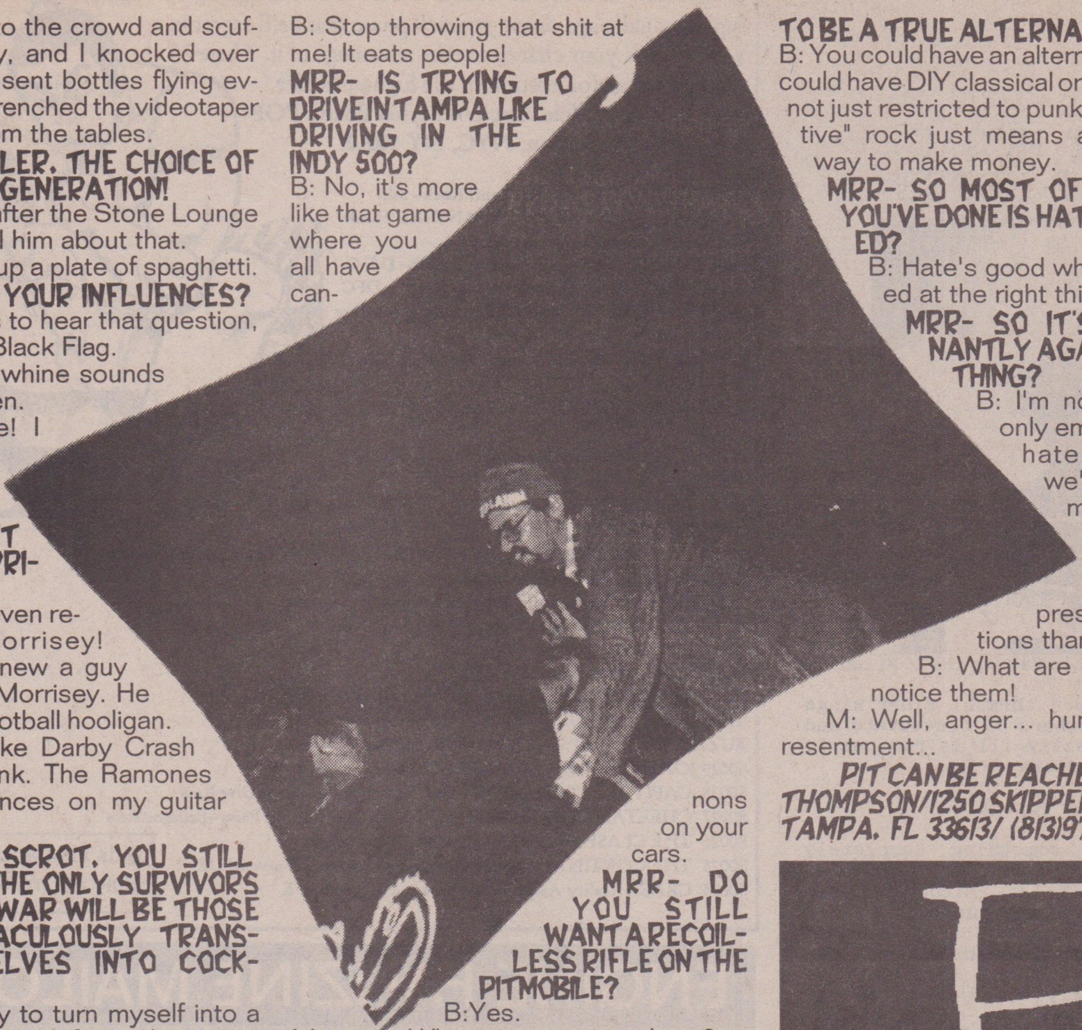
M: Whitney Houston openly said that she only makes music for the money.

MRR- EVERYBODY DOES IT FOR THE MONEY, NOT FOR THE SOUL. WE'RE HAVING A 'GAK' PARTY HERE. THE NEW SLIME FROM NICKLEODEON.

B: Stop throwing that shit at me! It eats people!

MRR- IS TRYING TO DRIVE IN TAMPA LIKE DRIVING IN THE INDY 500?

B: No, it's more like that game where you all have cannons on your cars.



MRR- DO YOU STILL WANT A RECOILLESS RIFLE ON THE PITMOBILE?

B: Yes.

M: Who are we gonna shoot?

B: Peace punks!

MRR- THAT'S A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS!

B: I know, but there's a whole fucking movement of peace punks and vegetarian punks. It seems like half the punks are peace punks now. They're all peace punks, and P.C., and they totally fuckin" suck! You know what would be really cool? If there were giant maggots under the sidewalk that occassionally burst out and attack people. If anyone wants to sign us, they should call us right now. Just a 7-inch would be fine. No one will sign us! Ask us some more questions!

MRR- WHAT IS THE SPEED OF LIGHT? NO, REALLY, DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE A FOLLOWING?

B: I think we have a virtual cult that worships us.

MRR- OH, THAT MUST BE THE COCKROACHES.

M: I wanna hear about the inspiration for your songs.

B: They're based in my total hatred.

MRR- TOTAL HATRED AS IN YOU HATE EVERYTHING TOTALLY?

B: No, but I have considerable amounts of hatred. I hate the government, I hate college students.

MRR- WHAT WOULD YOU CONSIDER TO BE A TRUE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC?

B: You could have an alternative rap, you could have DIY classical or New Age. It's not just restricted to punk. But "alternative" rock just means an alternative way to make money.

MRR- SO MOST OF THE WORK YOU'VE DONE IS HATE-ORIENATED?

B: Hate's good when it's directed at the right thing.

MRR- SO IT'S PREDOMINANTLY AGAINST SOMETHING?

B: I'm not saying the only emotion I feel is hate, but when we're doing this music it's the emotion I express.

M: You express other emotions than hate!

B: What are they? I don't notice them!

M: Well, anger... humor... irony... resentment...

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PIT

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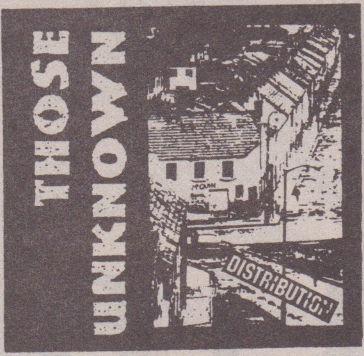

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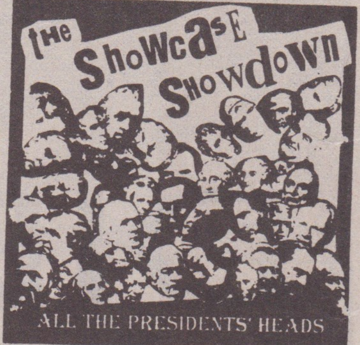

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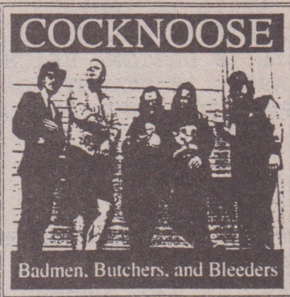

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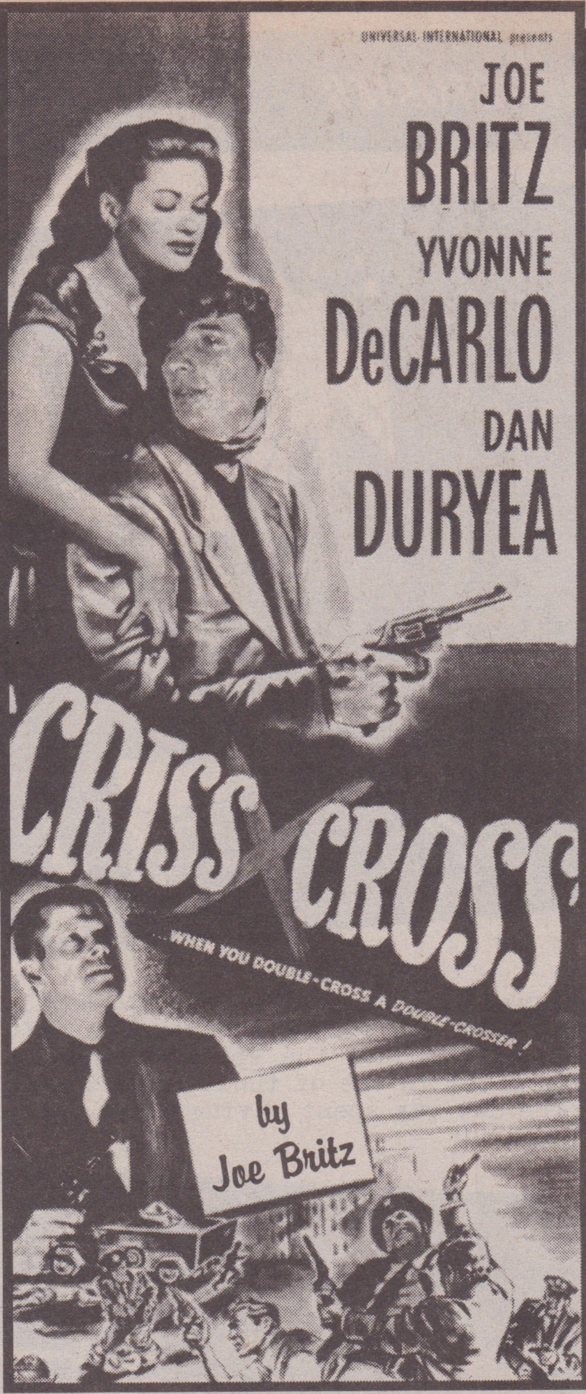


by Joe Britz

When spotting a cop on the street I used to reflexively think that he or she was most likely a cruel, hateful, violent, cynical thug, drunk on power. And those were their better qualities! The kind of mindless dupes who enjoy clubbing a man lying on the ground, shooting a weaponless 16-year-old in the back, brutally gang-beating a 12-year-old epileptic and then suing his family because the boy rendered them "sick, sore, lame & disabled" (all actual accounts) or just randomly killing, raping, beating, stealing, boozing, blackmailing and breaking every law in the book with full immunity.

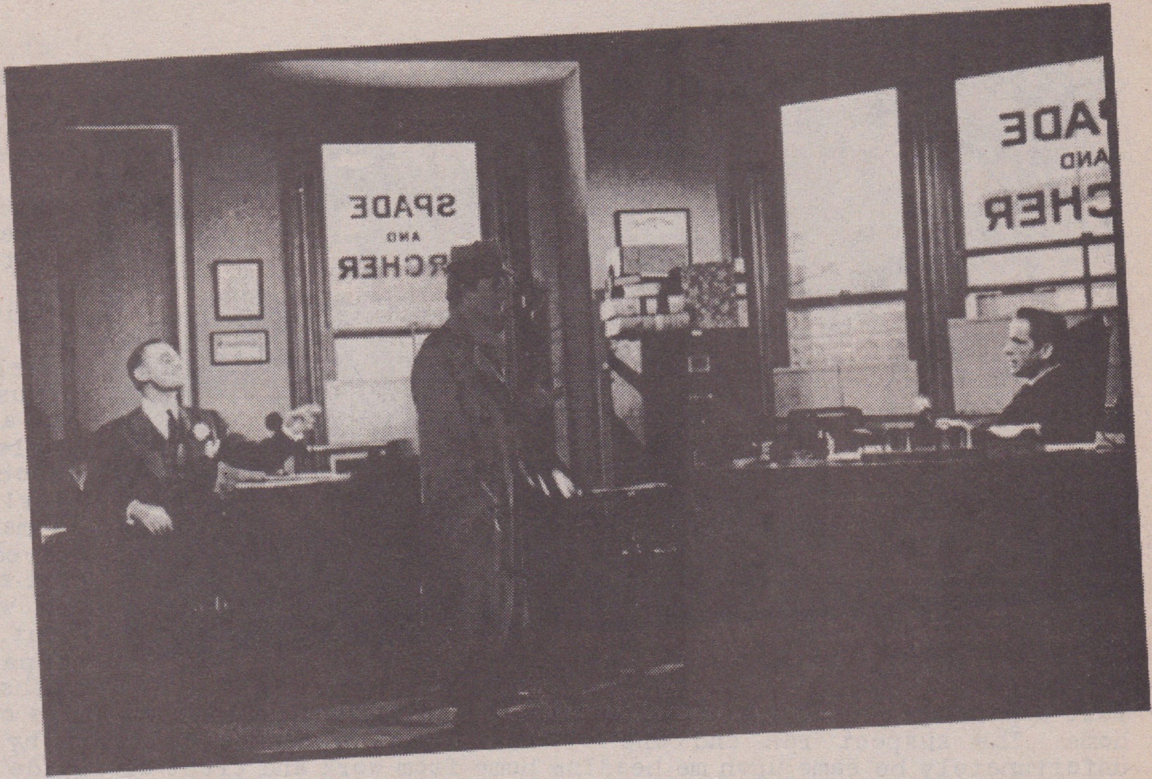
But I really do try to remain open-minded. Not all police officers act like the corrupt, drugged-up, lying, gambling, drunken, thieving bully-boy in the classic movie "Bad Lieutenant". A high percentage seemingly follow the nearly-as-terrifying pattern of the inept, bored, bumbling goof-offs of the equally great flick "Brazil". Or if I may continue yet with another cultural reference (don't you hate it when someone keeps doing that?), many cops are in the mold of my hero, Chief Wiggums of "The Simpsons". Take that utterly lazy, ignorant, corrupt, incompetent doughnut-munching figure and mix in a confused, intimidated, vengeance-mad witness or two and you might find yourself mercilessly entangled in a nightmarish legal web that will ruin you physically, mentally, emotionally and financially. If you're lucky, it won't prove fatal. A 75-year-old minister wasn't so fortunate after Boston cops burst into his apartment in a mistaken drug raid, threw him to the floor and handcuffed him. The innocent, harmless old fellow died of heart failure in yet another deadly police blunder.

What follows is a true account of how my own personal Chief

Wiggums' negligence, backed by an incompetent justice system that treated me as guilty until I proved my innocence, nearly put me away for six years for a crime I had absolutely nothing to do with.

My ordeal began 7 27 92, a date I'll never forget. I was at work at about 3 PM when suddenly a coworker approached me with an urgent message that two FBI members were on the other side of the wall, no more than 10 feet away from me, with a warrant for my arrest. Sure Richard, and it's signed by the Easter Bunny. It had to be a joke, maybe inspired by the song by The Who which was on the tape player at that moment. "It's a legal matter baby, you got me on the run, it's a legal matter from now on." Well, for the next six months, at least.

After finally being convinced of the truth of the matter, I did what any confused, innocent, frightened character in one of those great old film noir flicks would do: I ran like hell! The rest of the day was spent buying a pen and getting phone change, hiding in bars and cafes calling people to find out more info and see if anyone knew a criminal lawyer and wandering between friends' homes looking over my shoulder the whole time. Since I didn't even know what the charge was, and it was the *FBI* calling on me, for all I knew there was a serious manhunt happening with me as the star. That night I was fi-



nally able to get in touch with a lawyer who then called a few connections and discovered the charge. "Armed robbery with a bail set at $20,000," came through the phone receiver like cannonfire. I was utterly stunned. We still had no other details so he advised me to keep away from home, meet him the next day, submit to being arrested and get out on bail. I agreed, not having many other options. So concluded the very worst day of my life, until the next one.

After a night of little sleep -and what sleep I had was plagued by nightmares so it was better to stay awake- I met the lawyer and a friend with the bail and brought myself in to be arrested. We wandered from office to office, floor to floor, finding no takers. The lawyer remarked that it might be the best place for a fugitive to hide. Finally the privilege was granted. What followed were three horrible hours of finger-printing, mug shots, cold-hearted cops, tough inmates and utter fear. The paperwork was delayed on the bail, surprise, surprise, and I was about to be ominously "housed" in a new holding cell for 2-3 more hours when it came through

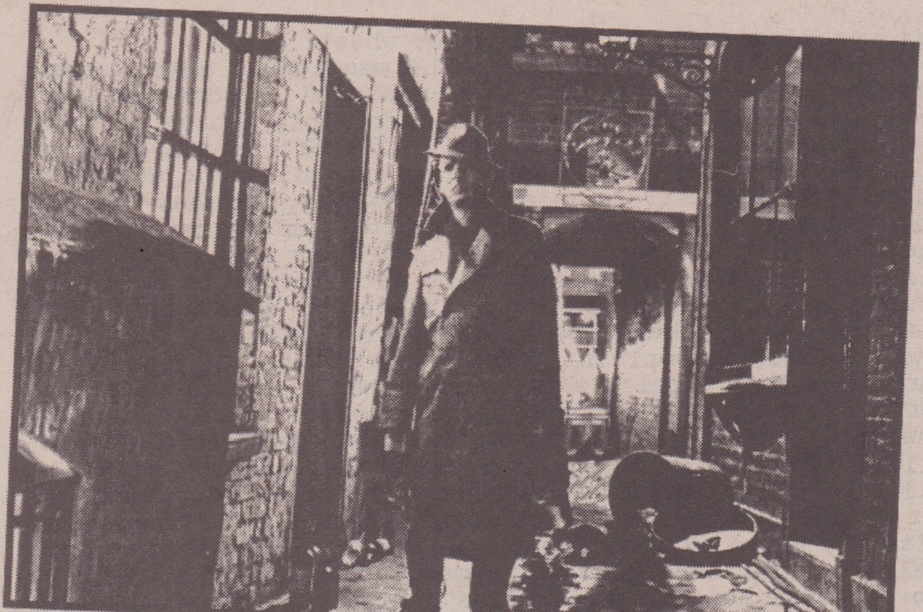
at the last minute, thanks to my persistent friend. They had fun watching me sweat, I suppose.

The legal maneuverings that followed are almost too trite to detail if you have any clue about the maddeningly slow, grinding wheels of the U.S. injustice system. At the arraignment where I plead "I'm fucking innocent you assholes!!!" (well not in so many words) I received the police report and finally found out what it was all about.

Apparently 5 1/2 months before my arrest a parking garage attendant was robbed of $10 with a kitchen knife one block from my home. The suspect ran and one of the three witnesses followed by car. Extremely unfortunately he came upon me heading home from work and crept alongside me slowly in his car. I remember once someone following me late at night in the crime-filled Mission district so I walked quickly and went into my apartment. The witness decided even though I had on a different jacket and no knife that I was the suspect and was trying to escape again. Into the building I lived in, no less. So began my Kafkaesque ordeal though I would have no clue for another 5 1/2 months.

Next to enter the scene on the night of the crime was the investigating officer, whom I'll call Wiggums, who would proceed to make one of the shoddiest and most inept criminal investigations one could imagine. He claims to have pressed all the buzzers in my apartment building but that no one answered. Let's see, you're being paid a huge salary out of sorely needed tax dollars to chase down armed suspects, and all you do is ring the bell and walk away to the doughnut shop when nobody answers? I would estimate that a criminal wouldn't answer the bell probably 99.9999% of the time, if not greater.

Since I was the only young white male who lived in the building, the next quick-witted move from Wiggums was to obtain a six year old photo of me from the Department of Motor Vehicles and show it to the witnesses two full months after the crime. For some reason, maybe my hair was similar to the suspect's, all three picked me out of a photo line-up of six. So now it's April '92 and what happens next? Nothing. For three 1/2 months absolutely nothing is done to find more evidence or to apprehend this dangerous criminal. Why? Maybe Wiggums didn't think I was the



culprit for some reason. Could the witnesses have been subtly persuaded to pick that photo? Did one witness pick my photo and call to alert the other witnesses that it was the one on the bottom left? Did Wiggums have some contradictory evidence? Was he biased against me? (In a later interview with private investigator Stephanie Voss he admitted despising the store I work at, calling the workers "commies" and saying I may have needed the money for the office pools in which "they bet how many socialists can dance on the head of a pin." Also, in his report he decided I was gay, my male friend and roommate was gay, another gentleman who lived in the building was gay; it seems every male connected with the case in any way was gay, in his mind. Any third-rate analyst would have a field day examining this crackpot.) But the most important question I have is: Why wasn't I notified and questioned right after the night of the crime? I had a dozen witnesses who would have testified that I was at work at the time the suspect was spotted at a phone booth an hour before the crime. But as we didn't know until six months later, the chance for an alibi was lost. The copsucker's excuse was that if I was informed of the investigation, 1) I might flee, and 2) it would damage my reputation at work. Doesn't he know that a commie's co-workers would be so proud of a police investigation of their comrade that s/he'd be given a quart of vodka at the next meeting? Anyway my questions will most likely never be answered short of my goal of a Warren Commission investigation.

To make a long story even longer, they eventually decided to arrest me, at least the FBI did. Later I found out that the FBI's Anti-Violence Task Force came to town looking for action and found the report on me in some pile. It was the summer of a presidential election year, remember. You would think the FBI had plenty of more important business during Bush's war-on-drugs summer, but I suppose the CIA had already taken over all the jobs of funneling drugs into the country. Yeah, another lunatic's conspiracy theory.

Anyhow, through more money I was able to hire a nice guy and great lawyer named Doron Weinberg. His persistent nagging to the DA about my case, along with quite a bit of evidence on my side including my time card and bank record, got the DA to reluctantly drop the charge. Pre-trial hadn't even begun, yet it was one year after the crime and six

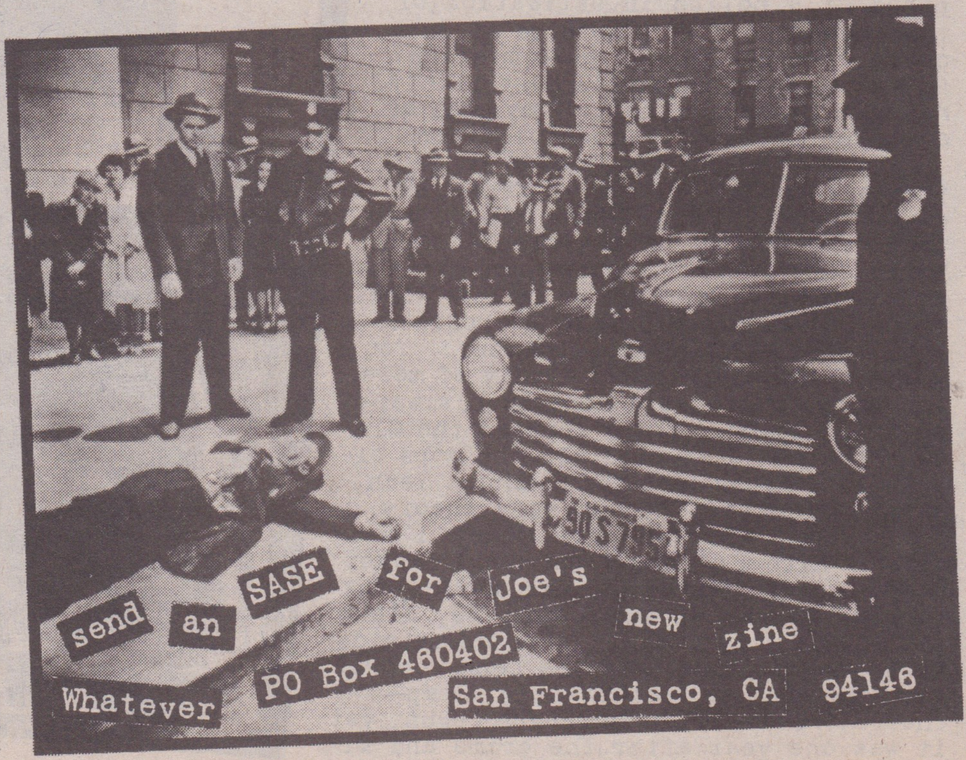
months after my arrest before it was dismissed. So grinds that wheel...

The results of the whole mess are mostly very negative. The emotional, physical and mental stress during those six months and even beyond can't be measured. It cost me $6700 in various fees; taxpayers probably blew six times that much. Incredibly I have a police record which states "Charged with Armed Robbery - Dropped Due to Insufficient Evidence." My lawyer, my investigator and I tried for months to expunge my record, to no avail. We talked to two of the witnesses who both signed letters under threat of perjury that I wasn't the suspect, after they saw me in the flesh instead of only a photo from the neck up. The DA surprisingly admitted to me that she was afraid I'd sue if she cleared my record. A lawsuit is nearly hopeless as the case stands now. Wiggums arrested me with "probable cause" so his ass is covered unless we could prove he persuaded the witnesses or some other major misconduct. If I sue and lose, the DA would likely sue *me* for court costs, astoundingly enough! My only other recourse was to file a complaint through the police watchdogs, the Office of Citizen Complaints, but I ran into a brick wall there as well. The investigator for the OCC did in fact agree that I'd been screwed over but his supervisor ruled otherwise. When I complained and told him what a joke the OCC was considered to be by most people, he told me proudly about their 11% success rate. Let's not make those standards too high, people. So after being stonewalled at every turn I understood why the Mafia formed.

There were however two silver linings to come out of it all. First off, I learned quite a bit through the experience which may prove valuable someday. In fact I ended up working at a couple of volunteer jobs related to prisoners to put some kind of positive light on it all. It's truly astounding to discover some of the stories behind the ever-increasing percentage of our fellow citizens in prisons. If the government really wanted to decrease the jail population they could legalize pot for starters and free a huge amount of people imprisoned for selling, buying, smoking or growing it. Then some of the mountains of tax dollars collected each year could be put into quality jobs and education instead of building more jails. Also, Americans don't realize just how many innocent folks are falsely, cruelly imprisoned, especially among the poor, who are definitely judged by a different standard. Just ask Michael Milken. But that's a whole other column.

The second and very substantial silver lining was how everyone helped me out. My lawyer Doron and investigator Stephanie were wonderful, putting in a lot of unpaid hours after their obligations to me were met. My family would've been extremely helpful but as they live 3000 miles away I never told them anything about it. My friends, too numerous to name, made up for it though. Without loads of money on your side, they'll stick your ass right into jail and forget you exist. Two great folks handled the bail for me. Another set up a benefit, others took up a collection totalling $1000 with donations from some people who hardly knew me. A couple of people in another state somehow found out about it and sent money. Many of the donations came from people who were financially strapped themselves. And equally important was all the hugs, moral support, legal counseling from Peter, Komotion International for the benefit, everyone at Rainbow Grocery and various offers to campaign, enlist political pressure, burn down the Hall of Justice, etc... But I'm starting to feel overly sentimental now. Like Jimmy Stewart at the end of "It's A Wonderful Life". (Uh-oh. He's not starting that again!)

"A curse on the judges the coppers and screws, Who tortured the innocent, wrongly accused, For the price of promotion and justice to sell, May the judged be their judges when they rot down in hell." Lyrics: Shane MacGowan of The Pogues



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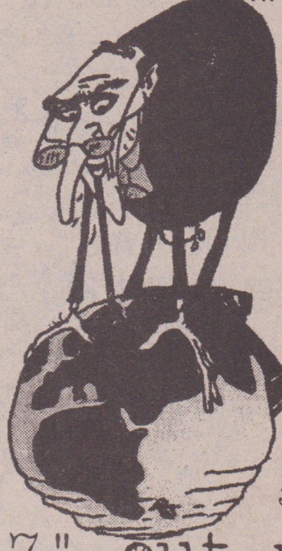

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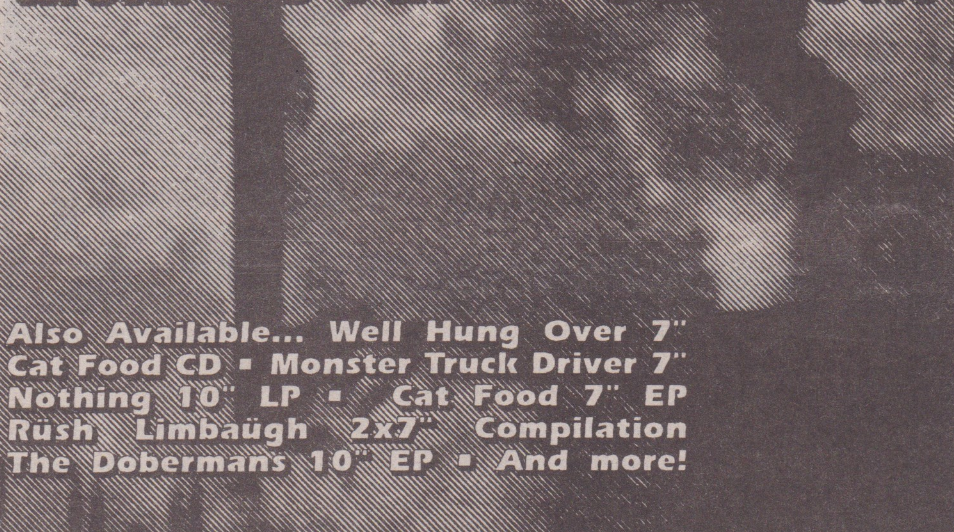

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Attention! The artist previously known as

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have officially changed their name to

Serpico

Their Excursion CD will be re-released under their new name. The LP will be going out of print. We still have a limited # of **Serpico** LPs available through mailorder, so this may be your last chance to buy it on that format. Look for new **Serpico** CD's on Equal Vision and Excursion soon.

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Seattle Straight Edge Hardcore

Ten-O-Seven

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Punk/Emo/Hardcore/Rock.... Uh, remember Skaterock? This is great, trust me.

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So is this magazine, punks - get over it.

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FUTILITY

zine

$2.00

Depress

a blur of dark poetry and fiction about repressed homosexual sexuality and other semi interesting stuff

from "Boyish Charm" part V appearing in FUTILITY VI

chose it like this. Not like **this!**"

He just stared at me patiently, let me ramble.

"You know, I always **thought** I was normal, I never really thought of shit like this. I mean, I did, but its like I didn't think much of it. It was like some dark secret, or just a part of me that I didn't tell people about. Its not like it had anything to do with my LIFE or anything! I mean, it was like stuff you didn't talk about anyway! People don't talk about stuff like...

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SPLIT LIP "For the Love of the Wounded" LP$8/CD$10.Dog 020

UPCOMING RELEASES (February-March)

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THREADBARE "Feeling Older Faster" 5-song 12"/CD.Dog 028
FALLING FORWARD 2-song 7".Dog 029
ENDPOINT the final record... 5-song 10"/CD.Dog 030
and in April or May, the new **SPLIT LIP** album.

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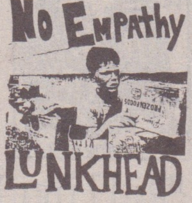

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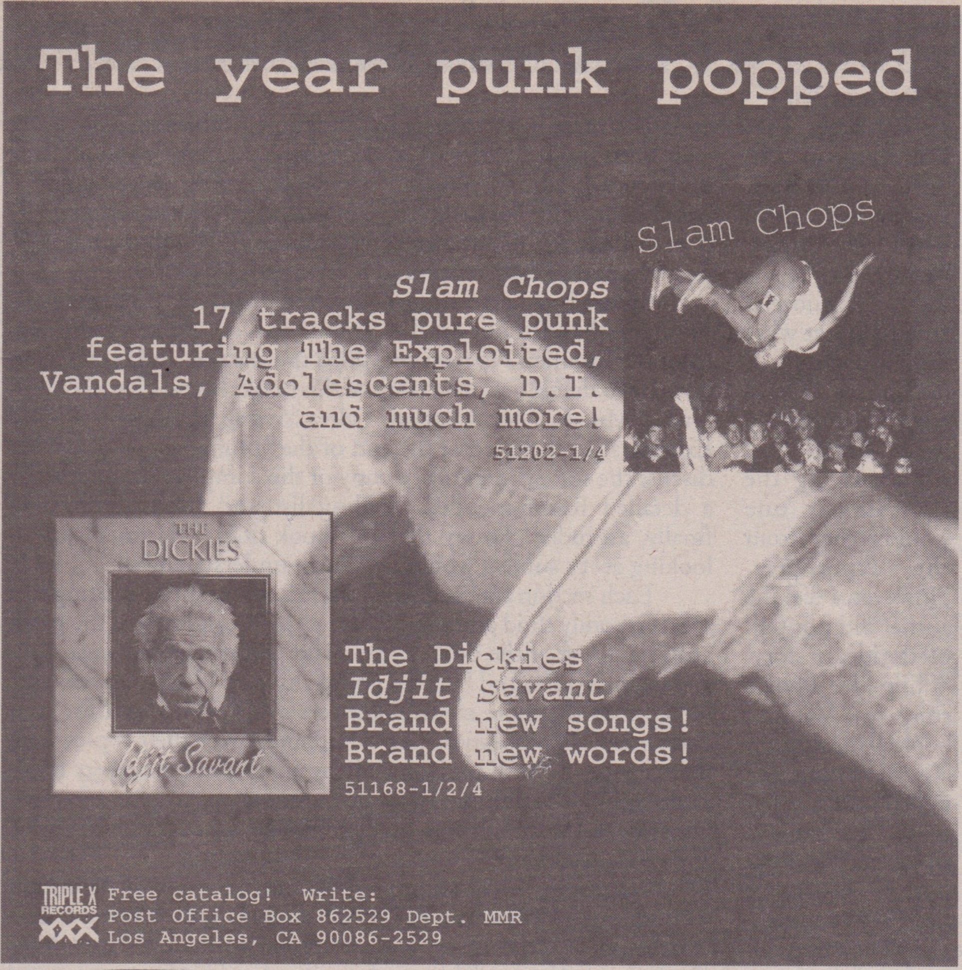

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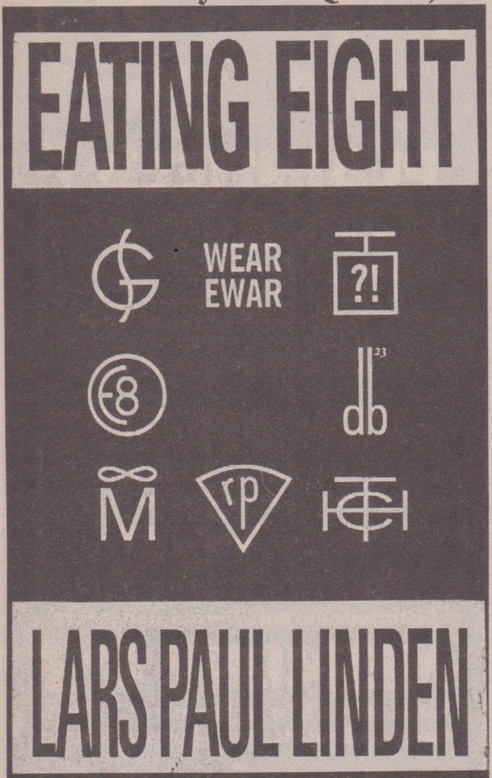
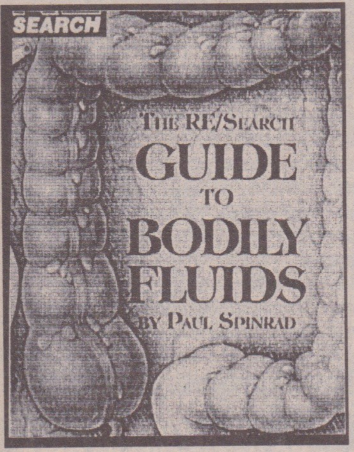
BOOK REVIEWS

Reviews by: Steve Quinlan, Trent Reinsmith



***Eating Eight*, Lars Paul Linden, 152 pgs, $5.00 ppd. (Earthvault, P.O. Box 1159, Allston, MA 02134)**

This novel is an attempt at what the author calls in his book a Hyper-type-Hypnotune--a book that if read while playing the right music one would get high from the experience. However, I feel the auther did not pull off the idea or story. While the book's story of "What if books were drugs... " is interesting, the writing wasn't that great, "See on the infra-red how North must be holding his plectrum? North never holds his plectrum like that. North is angry and up to something...". The author also introduces a lot of characters but fails to develop on any of them, causing them to seem flat and unbelievable. Another fault was the writer made up a lot of words like Anthony Burgess did in *A Clockwork Orange*, but in this book it just does not work. While reading the book I found myself confused by the make believe words and lost among the large cast of characters. The music on the tape that accompanied the book reminded me of early generic punk. I liked the fact that the lyrics of the music tied in to the book but I really didn't care for them, "I got a ticket to Your Mother's Tattoo. I've got a ticket. Do you?". I felt the overall project could have been a lot better, but you might want to pick this up if your really into weird sci-fi stuff. I hope the author tries something else though because this whole project was DIY. (SQ)



***The RE/Search Guide to Bodily Fluids*, Paul Spinrad, (RE/Search Publications, 20 Romolo, Suite B, San Francisco, CA 94133-4041) 136 pgs, $20 ppd.**

A cursory glance at the cover and title of this book may lead you to believe that the folks over at RE/Search have lapsed over into the realm of kitsch with their newest volume, but like the saying goes, "don't judge a book by its cover." This book was written to put an end to the thinking that bodily fluids and functions are taboo subjects and bring them out into the open, into polite conversation. Every human being on the planet performs these functions, so why are they ignored by practically everyone? Paul Spinrad tries to take these subjects on and study them in a way that gives insight to a subject that has never truly been studied. After all, as the book mentions, "as our culture undergoes profound transformation concerning its relationship with Nature and the Earth, how can we realign with nature globally if we can't deal with our own excreta taboos and bodily functions?" Those taboos are what Spinrad is trying to dispel.

Spinrad gathered information for this book through questionnaires handed out on the campus of U.C. Berkeley and also from the Internet. He then compiled the answers and broke them down into the six major sections of this book; Feces; Flatus; Vomit; Urine; Mucus, Menstruation, Saliva, Sweat and More; and all Excreta. Also included at the end of the volume are sections that discuss the survey methods, a copy of the complete questionnaire a detailed Recommended Reading list and Bibliography and finally, an index. To say that this book does a thorough job of looking at it's subject would be a huge understatement.

Each section starts off with a series of questions relating to a specific bodily fluid and then analyzes the breakdown of the given answers. Most of the time answers and percentages between men and women differ and Spinrad points this out. He also leaves space for some of the more colorful answers to be printed out for your enjoyment. The questions are varied and cover their topics well, they can also be answered honestly by anyone that has every made a trip into the bathroom. Also the questions seem to be answered honestly and without room for shock value, which helps the book and study read better.

Following the questionnaire section is a sort of definition section. For example the Feces section goes into what exactly a "loaf" is, what makes up feces; the color, the content, the nutritional value, etc. Also, variables such as size, density, shape, color and odor are discussed in detail. This "definition" section follows each questionnaire and helps to make the book more enjoyable and also more informative than a straight question and answer survey.

Also following each section are pieces that pertain to the subject such as "Constipation: An American Obsession," "Wiping Through History," "Joseph Pujol, the Fartiste," "The Psychology of Disgust," "Urine Therapy," "Prince Albert in a Can: Urination Experiences with Genital Piercings," "Smegma, Toe Cheese, Belly Button Lint, Dandruff," "Female Ejaculate," and many more. Like I said before this book is thorough and discusses every topic imaginable relating to bodily fluids.

The "All Excreta" section is by far the largest and most informative in terms of historical perspectives, with sections such as "Scatological Lives of the Greats," "Excrement in Psychoanalysis," "Excrement in Religion," "Excreta in Medicine," "Excretal Customs Worldwide," "Bodily Functions in Literature and Cinema," Excrement in Food and Drink," "Sanitation and Excrement Through Western History," and "Art, Music and Criticism(G.G. is included.)

Don't get the idea that this book is all about science and nature and is therefore dry reading; far from it. Spinrad has compiled this book in a way that it is very entertaining and humorous without falling into the realm of a bad junior high school comedy sketch. And as you've come to expect from all the RE/Search titles, the book itself is classy looking and very professionally done.

This volume lives up to the claim that it "...sparks a radical rethinking of our relationship with our bodies and Nature..." After reading this book I seriously doubt that you will be able to make a trip to the bathroom without analyzing it and trying to see where you fit in as far as the survey and percentages go. Without question, this book is another success for RE/Search. (TR)

MOVIE REVIEWS

Hey, MMR readers. Mad Prof. Mike here. About two years ago I sent this piece in to MAD MAGAZINE. They didn't want to buy it. In fact, they gave me a form rejection. Since Tim Yo seems to publish just about anything these days, I thought I'd run it up the MMR flagpole. Heh, heh, heh. Eat your heart out, Alfred E. Neuman.

INTRO: Well, it had to happen sooner or later! Those tofu-chomping goody-two-shoes are sticking their noses into all our fun and guilty pleasures. Pretty soon, the campus thought police will be invading our local drive-ins and telling us what we can and can't see. So here's our...

MAD Look at Politically Correct Horror Movies
by Mad Prof. Mike

PANEL 1:
CAPTION ABOVE: "It's wrong and terribly Euro-centric to use the word CANNIBAL. Instead, we should call these people THE ANTHROPOPHAGICALLY INCLINED!"
IMAGE: A berserk, wild-eyed, bloody-mouthed, HANNIBAL LECTER whapping the crap out of Charles Napier in the portable cell used in *Silence of the Lambs.* Lecter says: "Don't you understand that I'M the victim in this relationship? That I wouldn't be this way if society didn't limit my personal DIETETIC FREEDOMS?"
PANEL 2:
CAPTION ABOVE: "And who are we to judge what is a MUTATION and what isn't? Individuals exposed to the A-bomb should be referred to as THE RADIO-ACTIVELY ENHANCED."
IMAGE: GODZILLA rampaging through downtown Tokyo, surrounded by flames and exploding missiles, and walking toward high voltage wires. In the extreme foreground, a Japanese military commander and an enlisted man are about to throw a breaker switch, but a skinny, bearded guy in a Greenpeace T-shirt is stopping them, shouting: "DON'T YOU DARE!!! Godzilla is a protected species. It's bad enough what your government's done about whaling, but THIS..."
A horribly bloated and blank-eyed RAYMOND BURR looks on, silently.
PANEL 3:
CAPTION ABOVE: "SERIAL KILLER is a phrase that is hurtful and that violates personal boundaries. More properly, PERSONS OF SEQUENTIAL AGGRESSION should be used..."
IMAGE: JASON bursting though the wooden door of a cabin, wielding a bloody machete. A "Humbolt Honey" girl with scraggly long hair, in a skirt and wearing Birkenstocks with thick wool socks says: "I really envy your ability to express your negative feelings so freely!"
PANEL 4:
CAPTION ABOVE: "To use the word ZOMBIE is to appropriate the beliefs of certain Indigenous Persons. We should use DIFFERENTLY ANIMATED instead."
IMAGE: A horde of hungry, George Romero-type Ghouls (the old EC Crypt Keeper among them!) closing in on two guys in a barricaded room. One guy, sort of "normal" looking, is screaming as the rotting hands close upon him, but the other guy, a caricature of a Dead Head, is saying nonchalantly: "Look, dude! If we have an excess of Life, we're like, OBLIGED to share it with others less fortunate than us!"
PANEL 5:
CAPTION ABOVE:"WEREWOLF perpetuates negative stereotypes of wildlife. LYCANTHROPICALLY INCLINED is much more appropriate."
IMAGE: A bunch of John Bly-type 'wild men' prancing about a fire in the woods, beating drums. A huge, powerful-looking Werewolf, like in *The Howling*, is leaping from the bush, sinking its claws into one of them. A particularly out of shape and ugly wild man in a grass skirt says encouragingly: "Yes, Carl! Yes! Release the ANIMAL inside you!"
PANEL 6:
CAPTION ABOVE: "To refer to something as THE ALIEN simply reeks of xenophobia! Certainly, we can refer to these remarkable creatures as THE CO-DEPENDANTLY GESTATED instead."
IMAGE: SIGOURNEY WEAVER doing her backward dive into the blast furnace, as in the end of *ALIEN 3*, the Queen Chest Burster exploding from her sternum. Two of the bald space cons look on enviously; one says to the other: "It's really beautiful that Ripley's gotten in touch with her INNER-CHILD!"

* * *

Boy.... It sure is rare that one gets to see a horror movie that makes no bones about being a horror movie. Right now, we've got a bumber crop of TWO out-of-the-closet horror movies— TALES FROM THE CRYPT: DEMON KNIGHT and John Carpenter's IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS. Go figure.

Now I got to tell ya, for a hardcore horror-head like me, IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS is the most fun you can have in a movie theater with out a raincoat over your lap. There are in-jokes and nudges in the ribs galore— from a character named Dr. Saperstein, after Mia Farrow's OB-GYN in ROSEMARY'S BABY, to visual quotes from THE OMEN, AMADEUS, SUSPIRIA and a BIIIIG tip-of-the-hat to Nigel Kneale's QUATERMASS AND THE PIT **and** the entire corpus of H.P. Lovecraft's work.

So here's the deal. IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS is about wise guy investigator Sam Neil looking for missing horror novelist, Jurgen Prochnow, whose books are boring a hole in the fabric of reality. There's Cthuloid monsters and Yog-Sothothery everywhere, and lots of folks running around with bloody axes. Sort of like Christmas with my family. I had a warm, fuzzy, IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE kind of feeling watching this flick.

But for all this, IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS didn't deliver all that it should have. Don't get me wrong. It's a good movie. It's just not as great as it should have been, or could have been. It's sort of like Carpenter studied really hard, but choked on the final exam. I mean, let's face it. How can you totally respect a horror flick that has Charelton Heston in it, but doesn't have Heston saying "Ohhhhh, my Gaaaaahd"?

For all it's faults, IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS is WAY ahead of most crud out there that masquerades as horror, despite a somewhat predictable, but funny, ending.

On our Headbanger scale of 1-4, IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS gets three solid headbangs.

* * *

Donald Pleasence died this month in the South of France at the age of 75. Now, let me ask you something. Can you possibly name all, or even HALF, of the movies you've seen with Donald Pleasence? I defy you to pick up Michael Weldon's THE PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM or John Stanley's CREATURE FEATURES MOVIE GUIDE and see if you can flip 20 pages without coming across at least one of his movies. The man has been in everything.

Sure. Not all his horror movies are great. But the simple fact that Pleasence was in them makes them worth seeing. The man had an incredibly rare gift— he could be really creepy and really charming at the same time. Even in MANIA, where he played a dispicable grave-robber, he was kind of likeable. My favorite Pleasence roles are the ones where he plays priests, like in LAND OF THE MINOTAUR, EYE OF THE DEVIL, and PRINCE OF DARKNESS. Even when he's a supposed force of Good and Light, he gives you the heebie-geebies.

Flip through Pleasance's body of film work. Just look at all the cool titles. Who wouldn't want to see a movie called CIRCUS OF HORRORS? Or TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS? Who could resist JAGUAR LIVES, starring Pleasence, Christopher Lee, Barbara Bach and Woody Strode? Or what about THE MUTATIONS, also known as THE FREAKMAKER, where Pleasence played a mad geneticist monster maker with future Doctor Who, TOM BAKER as his assistant? That one was directed by Michael Powell's cinematographer, Jack Cardiff!

The grand gentlemen of horror are slipping away from us. Vincent Price. Peter Cushing. Now Donald Pleasence. Only Christopher Lee remains. No one can really fill these shoes.

Maybe no one should try. Maybe the era of gentlemanly horror movies is behind us.

Too bad. Later.

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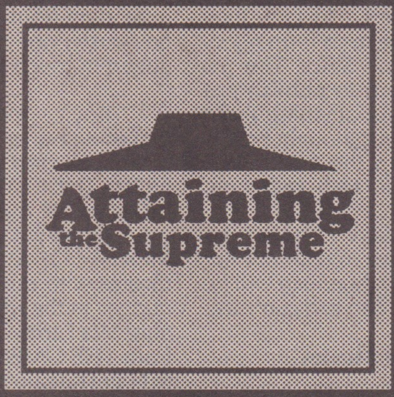

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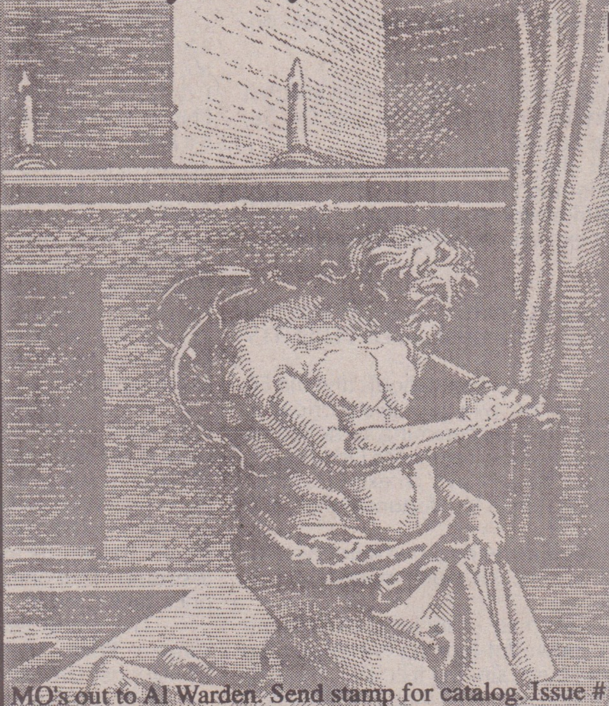

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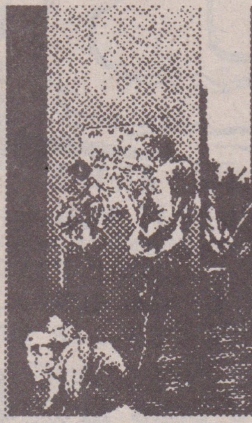

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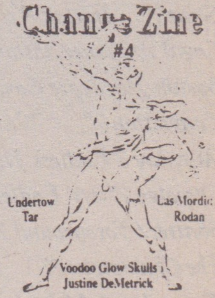

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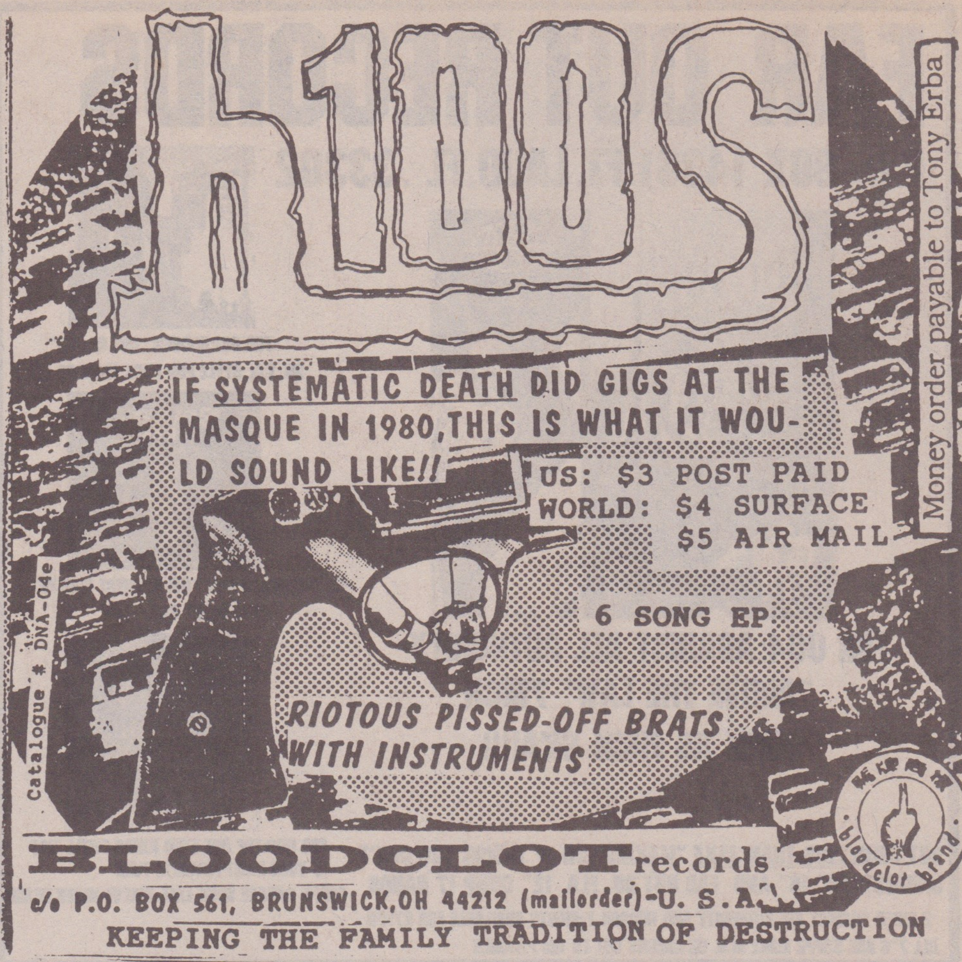

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ABUSO SONORO - "Jogo Sujo" EP

Anarchist punk from Brazil that highlights many of the common political concerns facing people regardless of their location - even concerning the recent progressions within 'punk'. The music suffers a bit from thin production - perhaps from trying to stretch the full 7 minutes out of each side. Generally mid paced, certainly with no shortage of conviction or energy. (TM)
(Low Life Records, Caixa Postal 6700, São Paulo, SP 01064-970, BRAZIL)

AGENT 94 - LP

Well, it's tough to know what to say about this - I've listened to it five or six times over the past couple of weeks and it still hasn't left any lasting impression. Basic hardcore, competently done but without any of the rage or insanity that would separate this from the masses. (TM)
(Reality Control, 5970 Birch #2, Carpinteria, CA 93013)

ANAL CUNT - "Greatest Hits Volume 1" CD

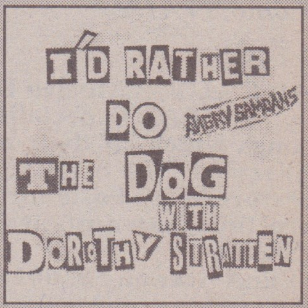
Companion to the CD that Neil reviewed a couple of months ago - this has everything not included on Volume 2. Demos, Early EPs ("88 Song" EP, "5643 Song" EP, "Another" EP) - some live stuff, material from splits etc. While everyone's daily dosage of A.C. is probably different - it's certainly therapeutic listening for me after wading through all of the crap promos we get sent. (TM)
(Ecocentric, P.O.Box 572, 56005 Koblenz, GERMANY)

ANDON - "Vate Faire Encouler" EP

Young pissed HC from Texas with a coarse, early 80's punk production quality. The vocals splatter all over the place, reminding me a little of BORN AGAINST in their more chaotic moments. It's encouraging to see what seems to be a new wave of cool bands coming out of Austin. P.S. - not all of us are jaded garage rockers. (MK)
(Chad Miller, PO Box 16370, Austin, TX 78761)

ANGER - "If Punk Is Dead..." CD

Tight, well played funny punk with gruff vocals and singalong chorus. Songs about junkies, fast food, video games, beer and New Jersey. You get the idea. A funnier, happier FEAR. (MM)
(Anger, 5 Dale Ave., Pompton Plains, NJ 07444)



ANGRY SAMOANS - "I'd Rather Do The Dog With Dorothy Stratten/Letter From Uncle Sam"

Two so-so goofy punk songs from METAL MIKE and Company. I could go for a little more buzzsaw here, but then again I lost track of the SAMOANS years ago. (RL)
(Triple X Records, PO Box 862629, Los Angeles, CA 90086)

ANTISEEN - "It All Breaks Down" EP

There will never be an ANTISEEN record that doesn't do it for me. These fuzzy mutts and I will be on the same page 'til we meet in hesher heaven. When you rock like a beast, you rock like a muthafukin beast. I am partial to Jeff Clayton's roughest vocal deliveries, though. The first song threw me for half a second, cause it's sorta anthemy, but no scum points were lost, and testosterone pours out with usual ease all over this piece of vinyl. (RY)
(1+2 Records, Gloria Hatsuho 601, Nishi-shinjuku 7-6-5, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160, JAPAN)

APPALACHIAN DEATH RIDE/GERALDINE - split 45

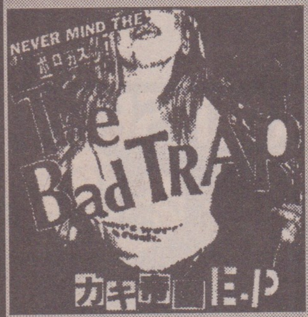
A.D.R.'s song is a cool, lurching, noisy, mid-tempo thang with dual vocals throughout that was the best song of all the records I've reviewed this month. GERALDINE's tune was not as memorable. In fact, not memorable at all. I'm not sure what it sounded like. Sorry. (PC)
(Anyway, 118 E. Patterson, Columbus, OH 43202)

RECORD REVIEWS

ASTRO BOY - "Holidays At The Beach" EP
The debut by this Detroit trio. The first song is an enjoyable garage-punk rocker, but the other two songs are more in an arty '90s boring indie rock vein. (PC)
(Honeyking, PO Box 31, Romeo, MI 48065)

ATROX - "Domani Rosso Sangue" CD
Italian band busts out with a followup to their previous 1990 LP. 23 songs in 29 minutes had me guessing that it'd be crazy fast - not the case though. It's certainly quick but not in a speedcore sense - catchy hardcore as it should be - hooks, speed and cowbells. As Martin said, these guys look like they've been around long enough to remember 1977. (TM)
(Joint Zero, Casella Postale 804, Como 5, 22100 Como, ITALY)

AUT AUT - "Musica Di Periferia" LP
AUT AUT specializes in tuneful, anthemic punk songs which, at their best (the album's title track, hilarious "Mucho-Mocho"), alternate complex punk textures with basic three/four chord material. Several failed attempts at ska. All in all, a decent outing. (SS)
(Via Avicenna 58, 00146 Rome, ITALY)



THE BAD TRAP - "Never Mind the..." EP
Three songs of rambling vocals, frantic bukoos of distortion, and disjointed shouts. Like CONFUSE slowed to a '77 pace, then put on a diet before blasting back to hardcore. This Japanese band ramcharges loose and sloppy. Not a jawdropper, but fun. (KS)
(no address, JAPAN)

BED OF EYES - "Crimp in the Facts" CD
A very nice pop band with male/female vocal harmonies in the X vein. Upbeat songs that sometimes tend to go too much into the realm of indie/alternative rock, but luckily come back before it goes too far. (CK)
(Alive Records, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

BEV. CLONE - "Don't Use Hooks" EP
A very young sound with a trashy recording. The bass seems a little out of tune (flat?). But this band makes up for in energy for what they may lack in finesse. Their enthusiasm and impassioned heartfelt lyrics overall bring to mind some of the early FUGAZI material They have what many tighter and more polished bands totally lack—a soul. (MK)
($3.00 ppd: Bev. Clone c/o Ben Padget, 247 Hollister SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506)

BLACKTOP - "Mojo Kitty/Hot Lips and Swivel Hips"
Raunchy ELVIS-style thick and smarmy rock. Has a nice steady drumbeat and deep deliberate vocals. Not fast enough to get my engine revved up, and is hip in a way that seems too contrived. (SB)
(In the Red Records, 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, CA 92806)

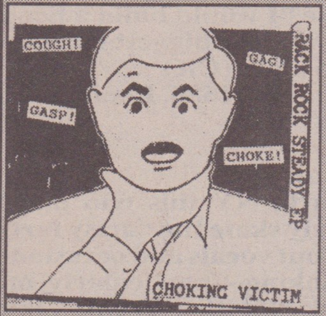
THE BLUE DEVILS/MINI COOPER GANG - split EP
THE BLUE DEVILS do a fairly heavy instro take on the BO DIDDLEY beat with some non-squeaky sax thrown in for good measure and a vocal number that treads a line between garage and souped-up punkabilly (sort of like SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS, pardon me for resorting to the old "this band A sounds like band B," but what's a girl to do?). MINI COOPER GANG are more straight forward garage, and while it ain't the return of St. John the Revelator, you should certainly buy this before picking up any recent CRAMPS stuff. (DD)
(Makeface, Adam Parpet, 6, Rue Jean Perrin #165 37000 Tours, FRANCE)

THE BOLLWEEVILS - "The History Of The Bollweevils Part One" CD
This CD is a collection of 25 tracks from various 7" and comp. cuts from the BOLLWEEVILS recorded between 1991-94.It's an excellent showcase of this bands high energy Chicago style pop punk. (MM)
(Dr. Strange, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

CANNED TRAVOLTA - "Time To Change/Hot Stuff"
Probably the worst name for a band ever! "Time To Change" is a poppy tune, a cross between the BAY CITY ROLLERS and bad RAMONES. The B side is a Heavy Metal version of a DONNA SUMMER song that evolves into a JOAN JETT song. This record is so demented I can't believe it, and don't you even think about making fun of JOAN JETT, idiots. (EC)
(Go Kart Records, PO Box 20, Prince St. Stn, New York, NY 10012)

RECORD REVIEWS

CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE - "Self Pity/Man Behind The Wall"
Fast, engaging punk hardcore. Though the band is from Norway, they have a decidely SoCal sound, reminding me of the mid/late period BLACK FLAG sound. Very well produced, an excellent debut. (TY)
(Heart First, Hockhstr 39, 10967 Berlin, GERMANY)



CHOKING VICTIM - "Crack Rock Steady" EP
Not much of a ska fan, I do profess to a weakness for ska played by punx who take the traditional organ grinder sound and mix it in with terrific blistering HC. So basically this is a great little 7" of political ska/punk (punk being the key) which, if you don't pick up a copy should cause you to kick yourself real hard. (LD)
($3.00 ppd: Scott Sturgeon, PO Box 2330, Stuyvesant Stn. New York, NY 10009)

CLAM HAMMER - "o" EP
Loose, raunchy, funny stuff. No mail on Sundays. This stuff reminds me of early Buy Our Records bands. It's hard to tell if it's a joke and that makes it even funnier. Shotguns, whiskey, and a bad trumpet player. Sprocket groove thang. (SM)
(Reproductive Records, PO Box 211, Allston, MA 021134)

CLEAR - "Hook For Rent" EP
Pretty generic punk and hardcore. Fairly tuneless and lo-fi production works against rather than for. Retarded lyrics scream, "We're from Nowhere, Iowa!" And it's no excuse. (LH)
(Final Jeopardy Records, PO Box 8973, Welch Ave Stn, Ames, IA 50014)

CLUSTER BOMB UNIT - "End The War Now" EP
Straight-forward thrashy political hardcore punk with a wall of buzzsaw guitar and anguished vocals spitting forth words on Armageddon, war, child abuse, and an interesting take on how to deal with the mainstreaming of hardcore. Musically this brings to mind bands like CRUCIFIX, DISCHARGE, CONFLICT, etc. Overall, a good release, and if they were to get some better production behind them they could level buildings. (MA)
(Thought Crime Records c/o Jens Walter, Namslaustr. 52, 13507 Berlin, GERMANY)

COCKNOOSE - "Bad Men, Butchers, And Bleeders" CD
COCKNOOSE does for music what a motorcycle club does for a Sunday afternoon. 12 freaky songs plus an AC/DC cover. These goons geek live chickens. I'm sure they'd geek any squirrel two-faced punker. Straight forward punk slabs of raging wrestling core. Commander P.P. spits out lyrics like an semi-automatic rifle. A hotbed of juvenile delinquency. Not for the timid, frigid, or faint at heart. (SM)
(Baloney Shrapnel, PO Box 6504, Phoenix, AZ 85005)

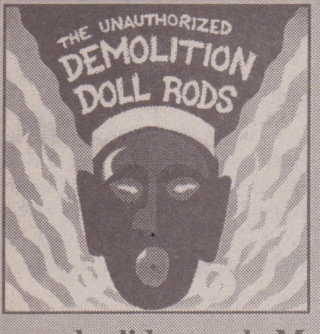
LOS CRUDOS - "Shelter" EP
Not to be confused with Chicago's lords of thrash, this Spanish band dishes out old school punk/new wave a la IGGY POP. Sung in English, maybe these guys should stick to their native tongue (i.e. "Speak Something Bright"), as the limited and tentative vocals hold back this release. After all, even the U.S. LOS CRUDOS shred in Spanish. (RL)
(Mojave, PO Box 50308, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

D.R.I. - "Live" CD
I've come to view every new DRI album as another nail in the coffin but I actually enjoyed this one to some extent. It's a good recording made better by the fact that it's left rough. "Commuter Man," "Couch Slouch," and the old classics still ring true, bringing a smile to my face and a bang to my head. The newer material just doesn't make the cut—too long, too metal, etc. Plus, they've defaced their logo, which is just plain unacceptable. (NN)
(Rotten Records, PO Box 2157, Montclair, CA 91763)

DECEPTACONS - "Kill Your Family" EP
Raw, unpretentious positive punk. Simple, lacking needless complexity. Straight forward fuzzy guitars mixed with youthful scratchy pissy vocals. Even includes a not so bad cover of the BAD BRAINS "Pay To Cum". (MK)
(Jedi Records, 145 Independence Dr., Morrisville, PA 19067)

DECEPTACONS - "Kill Your Family" EP
Uh, punk rock, I guess. I'm convinced that Tim is trying to punish me for something this month. I'm not really into this. In the '80s (you know—back in the day) I would've called this "generic thrash". Will that suffice? A cover of "Pay To Cum" (oh, no), a song with an "Oi!" chant (meant to be ironic but still...) I'm too old for this. Or maybe too young. (PC)
(Jedi Records, 145 Independence Dr., Morrisville, PA 19067)

RECORD REVIEWS



THE DEMOLITION DOLL RODS - "Unauthorized" EP

I haven't quite become a fan of this band yet. They seem sincere enough and their music is just fine with plenty of rough edges and goofiness, but their sound is always too thin. I'm of the opinion that a band has to have a bass or it just doesn't sound solid enough. Maybe they'll get a bass player and it'll start sounding better. Of course, that's just one guy's opinion and they're probably sick of hearing that same shit from everybody.."How come you don't have a bass player? Is she sick or something?" and they like their band just the way it is. Well fine. (CH)
(Bulb Records, Box 8221, Ann Arbor, MI 48107-8221)

DICKIES - "Idjit Savant" LP

First off, I actually like the DICKIES, and I'm not ashamed to admit it in print. Few bands have ever been able to mine the same formula for nearly twenty years and receive so little recognition for it. This new LP collects a few singles released within the last couple of years (like "Roadkill", for instance) with a few other odds and ends - among them an old GERMS song that the band never got around to recording. Though nothing here is quite as great as their first couple of LPs, their fans will probably still get a kick out of it. (JR)
(Triple X, PO Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529)

DISCORDANCE AXIS - "Ulterior" LP

Quite possibly the best grind album since "Holocaust In Your Head." With 23 songs overkill is the big fear, but the innovation and energy involved make it possible to listen to this over and over. They never slow down, they never resort to metal, and they've got some of the greatest shrieking I've ever heard. I almost find myself hoping they'll break up now lest they follow the footsteps of some of their predecessors (NAPALM DEATH, ENT) and tarnish my feelings towards this awesome record. (NN)
(Devour, PO Box 108, Boston, MA 02117)

THE DISTURBED/36 CRAZY FIST - split EP

This EP features two superfast UK hardcore bands. THE DISTURBED sound like a sloppy DISCHARGE, while 36 CRAZY FIST sound more grindy and screamy with some slow chunky parts. Both bands have vocalists with really low growly voices. Interesting but not my cup of tea. (JH)
(Anonymous Records, 21 Greenholm Ave. Clarkston, Glasgow, G76 7AJ, SCOTLAND)

DRAIN BRAMAGED - "I Won't Be" CD

Full-on shifty fast swanky beercore. Good melodies, at a super speed. Twisted youth at the bottom of their mugs. Only if more punks had this sense of humor. $E=FU^2$ add that up buddy. At last a band that is worth its weight in beer. (SM)
(Lethal Records, PO Box 14868, Long Beach, CA 90803-1414)

DRIPPY DRAWERS - "Jump Through It" EP

Pretty silly guitar rock stuff. Somewhat of an indie rock DICKIES. Although the DICKIES would have found something more interesting to cover than THE CURE. Aside from that the record is pretty cool. Great lyrics like "I would build a hoop so I could play basketball with the biggest raccoon I could find" and an ode to chili. (CK)
(Bullet! Records, Kernerstr. 12, 71686, Remmseck, GERMANY)

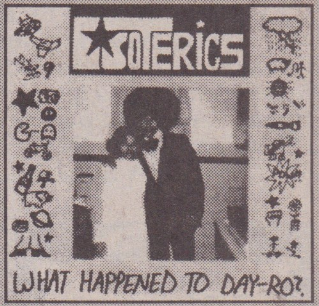
EARSHOT - "4 Psychic Gun" EP

Hailing from Elka Park, NY this trio plays midpaced songs which barely skate the "artsy fartsy" label with their ganked out vocals and occasional omnipresent guitar wanking—particularly on the five minute B-side track "Brother Freak". It's adequate, it's just one of those things that I'd probably appreciate way more if I still smoked dope. (LD)
(Plastic Dog Dick, RR Dale Lane, Elka Park, NY 12427)

ESKORBUTO - "Aki No Kedani Dios" CD EP

Very European sounding sing-along pogo punk. Reminiscent of early U.K. SUBS or mid-period CHELSEA. All in Spanish, so the lyrics are a mystery, but they do extend their middle fingers appropriately on the disc artwork. (SB)
(Basati Diskak, Apdo 1686, 20080 Donostia, Gipuzkoa, SPAIN)

ESOTERICS - "Anthem" EP



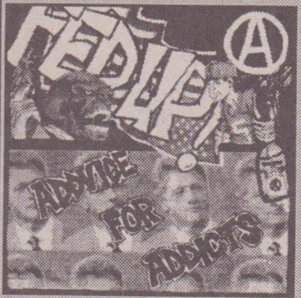
Goddamn it all. This record is a pain in the ass. Noise is cool if it has a groove, soul, or personality to it. But this doesn't!! The only thing that rocks is the Sesame jingle, a glass of milk, and some cookies. (SM)
(2122 Burnside Dr, Dayton, OH 45439)

F.O.D. - "Hate Rock" CD

Talk about old has-been punkers. Shit, these guys take the cake. Old folks of punk dumb. I saw these goons in a Michigan basement in 1985. They sucked then and they're even worse now. F.O.D. have no class, no cash, and no new moves. I coulda swore one of these guys recently OD'd! The forefront of fast, shitty pop songs that will leave you crying in your beer. Bob, Jim, and Dave, you will truly pay for what you did to the scene. (SM)
(Bitzcore, Postfach 30 41 07, D-20342 Hamburg, GERMANY)

RECORD REVIEWS

THE FAKES - "Feal Fiction" LP
Okay, this is put together by some people I really dig... When it's great, it's heavy guitars, driving rhythms and screaming vocals. When it's okay, it's a decent HUGGY BEAR kinda art thing. When it's bad... let's just say "some spoken words are better left unsaid..." No offense. Nothing personal. Not my thing. (LH)
(Chainsaw, PO Box 42600, Portland, OR 97242)



FED UP/ADDVICE FOR ADDICTS - split EP
FED UP plays a solid punk/ hard core riff-riddled guitar fest. Not breaking new ground, but carrying on a good tradition carved out way back then by MINOR THREAT and SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. This is a good record with strong singing and superior musicianship all around. ADDVICE FOR ADDICTS take the punk rout blazed for us by Mr. Rotten and Mr. Matlock. This Michigan punk band has got the snotty English style singing down cold. It has good shouted choruses. The guitar playing could have been influenced by the UK SUBS' Nicky Garratt. Quite good. This split EP is entirely successful. Go out and look for this punk slab. (BR)
(Fearless Records, 20710 Manhattan Pl #132, Torrance, CA 90501)

FITZ OF DEPRESSION - "See Me Hear Me/Miracle Man"
On snazzy royal blue vinyl with minimal graphics screened on a clear plastic bag, this 45 features one song of absolute drek (the cover of Elvis Costello's "Miracle Man") and "See Me Hear Me" (no, not the whiny WHO song), which is pretty decent in a straight forward rockin' punk sorta way. (LD)
(K Records)

FIZZOGS - "Slumbercrete" EP
This is a strange blend of really nice pop vocals set to the most distorted guitar playing, kind of like a really unproduced VOLCANO SUNS. Something is not quite right here, like they want to do two different styles of music, but can't figure out how to blend them. I must commend them on their initiative in putting this out themselves however! (MH)
(Smudge Records, 82 Ashton Rd., Golborne Nr Warrington, WA3 3UR, ENGLAND)

THE FLASHBACK FIVE - "Forever Young/I Have Seen A Woman"
Yawn-inducing "neo-garage folk-rock" or whatever it's called these days. A lot of bands with good intentions wind up wrecked on these same reefs of lameness for lack of Cap'nly inspiration. They're obviously not trying to be a wild garage band in the vein of THE SWAMP RATS, but they don't have the catchiness of THE REMAINS or the spookiness of THE RISING STORM. So the question remains just what are they trying to do, and why? (DD)
(Mojave c/o Flash Fan Club, C/ Mallorca, 305, 1o 1a, 08307 Barcelona, SPAIN)

FLATUS - "Have It Your Way" CD
Catchy hook-laden pop-punk with equal parts J CHURCH and SLOPPY SECONDS straight up, no ice.(MH)
(Local Color Records, PO Box 292, Hamburg, NJ 074196)

FUCKSHOVEL - "Cum Drainer" EP
Sprocket groove! Music to run through the sprinkler with. Imagine a 31 year old man necked with Budweiser in his veins prancing through his front lawn sprinkler. Noise with a groove. The shit PUSSY GALORE was famous for. (SM)
(Lowell Records, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852)

FOUR ONE & ONLYS - "Fresco" EP
What is this shit? Super-bizarro weirdness. It goes from vaguely '70s punk tunes being the soundtrack for some wavery-voiced freak to a slow, spooky Monster-Mash style surf song. I think this was made exclusively for some mass-murdering cult. (SB)
(Slavetraders, Builsloterweg 22, 1031 CK, Amsterdam, HOLLAND)

FRAGRANT CLOUD - "A Cup Of Tea With Colin" EP
The press kit says "Emo core meets old school punk." The singer screams for 3 minutes about how "I won't hide his feelings any more. Oh yeah, Nice hardcore cover of "Lean On Me." (MM)
Crisis Discs, PO Box 6336, Raleigh, NC 27628-6336)

THE GAIA - "No. 1" EP
I think I'm going to call this band "The Thrashwomen". Super ballistic thrash-core from Japan. All power, all hardcore - it's very, very awesome. If you don't like this, then I'm sorry, you just have no punk-soul. (AI)
(Six Weeks, c/o Athena & Jeff, 2262 Knolls Hill Cr., Santa Rosa, CA 95405)

RECORD REVIEWS

GONE DADDY FINCH/ GRAVELBED - split 45

These 2 bands share a single, but are musically dissimilar. GONE DADDY FINCH are an exceptional sounding band playing rootsy punk in the vein of BEST KISSERS or JUNK MONKEYS, but more punk. Hope to hear more from them. The GRAVELBED song is good trendy alternative stuff. Not original or anything but they can sing and play, and the song's a good one. (MC)
(Off White, 1573 N. Milwaukee #514, Chicago, IL 60622)

GOOD RIDDANCE - "For God and Country" CD

Obviously a band that is heavily influenced by the popular sounds of the day! They start out with a D.I. impression and then move on to BAD RELIGION, NOFX, and finally to OPERATION IVY. Not too original and their influences are plainly worn on their sleeves! (MH)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

GOOPS - "On The Road With The" EP

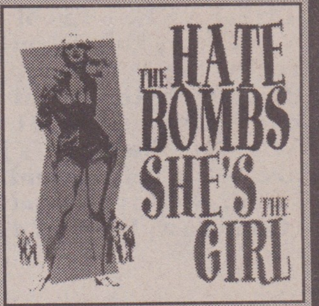
A cool pop punk single in the GITS/AVENGERS vein. Basic, powerful music behind tuneful, raspy, female vocals. A punk-a-fied cover of some oldie, "Buttercup", works great. I'll have to check out their LP now. (RL)
(Blackout Records, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)

GREEN DAY - "Radio Daze" CD

A GREEN DAY review in MRR? This certainly leaves one salivating to voice his opinion on the "mainstreaming of punk" issue. For example, isn't it funny how the whole world thinks GREEN DAY is so wild, rad, and cutting edge, but on punk front they've always been scoffed at for their sheer wimpiness. But I like GREEN DAY. Billie Joe has always had a certain charisma which is rare in this age of posing. This boot disc has 19 WFMU tracks done live in the studio a la John Peel. Good sound quality, energetic performance. One of the few boots that doesn't disgust me. (RL)
(no address)

H.F.L. - "Fix" CD

I'm not sure if this band goes by it's three initial moniker or the full HARD FAST & LOUD, none the less... Full throttle hardcore from Huntington Beach, with pissed off at the world, angst ridden lyrics. (LD)
(Lethal Records, PO Box 14868, Long Beach, CA 90803-1414)

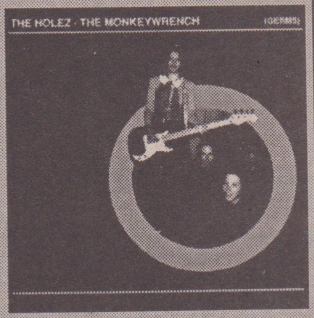


THE HATE BOMBS - "She's The Girl/Know About You"

Cool 2-song single, fuzzed out guitars, very true to the 60's garage, more pop than punk, and that's ok sometimes. It reminded me of the early CHESTERFIELD KINGS. (EC)
(Speed-O-Meter Records, 1430 Lake Highland Dr, Orlando, FL 32803)

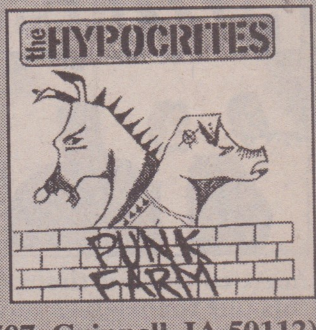
HEADCOATS/HEADCOATEES - "Full-Blown Square /Now Your Hunger's Gonna Be A' Coming" split 45

This latest installment in the ever-expanding Billy Childish back catalog is a giveaway for readers of *Hate'* zine out of Italy. The HEADCOATEES are the clear winners here, turning in a punchy, upbeat number that rules over the forgettable HEADCOATS offering on the A-Side. Not the greatest by either band, but then it's quantity with these people, not always quality. (JR)
(Hate, Via Degli, Avsoni 8g, 00185, Rome, ITALY)



HOLEZ/MONKEYWRENCH - "Germs" EP

This is apparently two tracks from an upcoming GERMS tribute album to be released who knows when. Recorded in 1992 THE HOLEZ (really HOLE) turn in a mediocre version of "Circle 1" (very little of the angst that's found in the original) while MONKEYWRENCH give "Shutdown" a mania and boogie woogie bent that enhances the original into an insane trip of tuneage. (MH)
(Dutch East, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)



THE HYPOCRITES - "Punk Farm" EP

As Timojhen Mark said, "DIY is the death of quality control," and this release is testimony in favor of that statement. Mid tempo punk played by a band who sounds bored, much like I felt whilst listening to this. The value of a demo can not be denied! (MA)
(Hyppo Records, PO Box 507, Grinnell, IA 50112)

RECORD REVIEWS

IFARM - "Kill The Hippies" EP

I find IFARM resembles a more hardcore and deadpan QUINCY PUNX but with much less image-promotion. You'll find this EP very simply presented with no lyrics and one picture. But what this record lacks in production, their music makes up for in punkness- fast drumming, silly but great vocals, and a cool Bryan Adams cover. (JH)
(ifarm Fan Club, 612 E. State St. #1, Ithaca, NY 14850)

I FICHISSIMI - "Un Mondo Fichissimo" EP

This rules! Six raging hardcore tunes with total melody and great breaks. Like a looser NOFX meets BUZZCOCKS meets ASTA KASK. Kicks ass totally. I have no idea what they're singing about, so I'll just hope they are lyrics about politics, semiotics and conspiracy theory. Cool... (LH)
(Andrea Ponini, Via Goito 29, 10064 Pinerolo (TO) ITALY)

IGGY AND THE STOOGES - "Rough Power" 10"

Colorful 10" packaging and "Guaranteed Bowie-free" logos don't make this a worthwhile investment. The supposed "original versions as the band meant them to sound" are either almost identical, or muddy, poorly mixed renditions of these astounding benchmark punk anthems. This record is a thinly veiled attempt to extract every last dollar out of Stooges fans. James Williamson says stick with the tried and true 12" LP "Raw Power." Bollocks to you Bomp! (BR)
(Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

INFEST - "Machismo" EP

The almost inevitable bootleg of the first INFEST EP. The sound quality is good, the lyrics are included, and as the sheet that accompanied this explains - it's released by two of the many people taken in by Draw Blank's (label the original of this was on) ripoff mailorder. While this will upset some people, it's almost justice served several years too late. (TM)
(no address)

JIMMY EAT WORLD - CD

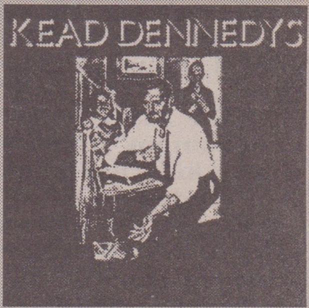
I was totally into this. Great emo pop punk. Mix J CHURCH and NOFX and the vocal stylings of DAG NASTY. A solid full length with great instrumental breaks and they always kick in at the end. An awesome debut disc. (RL)
(Wooden Blue Records, PO Box 1147, Tempe, AZ 85281)

JACK O' FIRE - "Container Drivers/A Year And A Day"

Okay, what does this remind me of? It reminds me of THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS in '83. Yes, that's right!!! Just as weird, just as... drug damaged... just as noisy... oh fuck, I dunno, It's loud... but ditch the fucking AM transistor radio vocal sound!!!!!! Fuck that shit!!!!! Leave that in the backyard of Billy Childish. Oh no!!!! The second side is dreadful. Nevermind all that I said!!!! I'm... not very interested... Mike Lucas sez to drink plenty before record reviews. I obey Mike Lucas!! (SW)
(In The Red Records, 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, Ca. 92806)

THE KAISERS - "Alligator Twist" EP

Two finger-snappin', Mersey-rockin' tunes (with a little early KINKS mixed in), one catchy instrumental, and an okay ballad fill out this bundle of entertaining retro trax — a convincing copy of the original style right down to the record sleeve. Quite good. (SS)
(1 Coates Place, Haymarket, Edinburgh, SCOTLAND)



KEAD DENNEDYS - "Too Drunk To Fuck/Police Truck"

I have now seen it all. A Japanese DEAD KENNEDYS cover band that sounds more like the DEAD KENNEDYS than the DEAD KENNEDYS ever did. Has anyone seen Jello around lately? (KK)
(K.O.G.A. Recs, Yoshda Halmu 105, 4-32-2 Elfuku, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

KLUSTER - "Clusterfucked" EP

The best thing about this record is the bass sound which is very compressed and sound a bit like a car engine. Now, let me tell you what I didn't like about it...everything else. The lyrics are fucking god awful. Jeezus, man are the lyrics awful, example, the chorus to one of the songs is "Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut the fuck up". Maybe they ought to take that advice. The music is very midtempo with boring fills and bad attempts at guitar solo thingys. Don't buy this. (FR)
(Outstanding Records, 8033 Sunset Bvld. #847, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

RECORD REVIEWS

DIE LOKALMATADORE - "Heute Ein König" LP
Here's some good natured pub-punk from Germany. It's sung entirely in the mother tongue with sing-along choruses. Bright tempos and uplifting guitars chirp along. These men punctuate every song with a beer induced belch. Very tasteful indeed. This is fun, and it gets funnier with every liter of Dopplespaten consumed. Be sure to also acquire their happy li'l single on Vulture Rock Records. (BR)
(Teenage Rebel Records, Gerresheimer Strasse 16, 40211 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

DIE LOKALMATADORE - "Punk Rock Band In Mulheim/Ruir"
I'm glad Germany is putting out some good bands of their own instead of just worshiping U.S. bands. These guys rule and are at the top of their field when it comes to playing great 77'/oi! style punk. Especially great is the B-side "Blau Und Weiss 77" which would sound at home being played in a pub to hundreds of drunk punx and skins that are singing along. Brilliant! (EY)
(Vulture Rock Records, PO Box 40687, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

THE LUST-O-RAMA - "Why" EP
The titular original which serves as the opening track is a pretty damn good bit of garage grease, and the more ballady "Hold" isn't too shabby. Flip the record, though, and (as J.S. Bach might say) "What the fugue?" Their "rendering" of LARRY AND THE BLUE NOTES' "Night of the Phantom" (buy those Back From the Grave comps, kids) has them showing off their "musicianship" and like THE DOORS at their loungy worst. Maybe you can find a copy with a fucked-up B side at half price. Or maybe just forget the whole fucking thing. (DD)
(Twist, c/o Frank Oz, Wiedhagen 56, 48163 Munster, GERMANY)

MALICIOUS HATE - "Consumed By Hate" EP
Wow! I have this record but I didn't remember it being so good. This is what all the big time death metal bands lack - total intensity, super speed, and a lot of noisiness. There's definitely a grind influence and the need to play over the top - like BRUTAL TRUTH meets AUTOPSY. Lyrics focus on hate, hate, the environment, and hate. Hey, it's gotta be good to get by the review section's metal detectors! (NN)
(Grinding Peace, PO Box 1343, Muskegon, MI 49443)

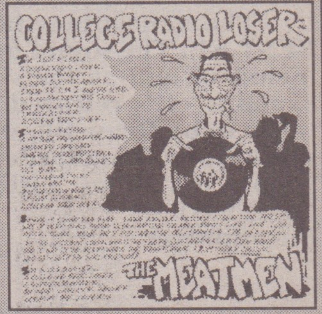
MAN OR ASTRO MAN? - "Inside The Head Of Mr. Atom" EP
More boring instrumentals from the "We're not surf, we're not like LINK WRAY, we're our own style!" geeks. Your "own style" sucks shit, boys. (CH)
(Estrus Records)

MAN OR ASTROMAN? - "Inside The Head Of Mr. Atom" EP
Steering further into deep space, continuing the experimentation that has always been a part of these Auburn, Alabama geeks style, this breeches the barrier of surf, garage, or preconceived notions or sets of defined rules for rock instrumentals. Four moody and driving tracks, with possibly the strongest (and most tweaked) guitar sound yet. These songs also hint at how hard most MAN OR ASTRO MAN? material is doled out live, without the visuals of them lighting things on fire, smashing TVs, destroying equipment or videos of "Godzilla Vs. Megalon". (KS)
(Estrus Records, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

MARICHUANA - "M. P. V. A. A." EP

MARICHUANA is a HC punk rock band from Lithuania. One of the songs sounded like a cover of "Lets Lynch The Landlord" sung in Lithuanian, but it was longer. Some of the lead guitar bits brought to mind the BUZZCOCKS. This French label put out their record because they would never had been able to do in Lithuania themselves. The label is looking for other bands in a similar position. (MM)
(Darbouka Records, c/o Brahimm Frederic, 17 Rue De La Foret, 67340 Menchhoffen, FRANCE)

MEATMEN - "Some Like It Cold" EP



Well, most people probably think the Meatmen are hit or miss at this point. While the title track is a miss, there's a hit to balance it out. "College Radio Loser" is a accurate and necessary potshot on the ridiculous politics/pretensions found at most college radio stations. Tesco's still not totally out of touch with things that deserve ridicule, although listening to the latest CD was too much for me to take in a sitting. (TM)
(Meat King Records, PO Box 5542, McLean, VA 22103)

RECORD REVIEWS

MEATMEN - "Pope On A Rope" CD

15 more well-produced metal pumpin' tracks from Tesco Vee with growl in high form, and the revolving door of "meatcrew" a la JUDAS PRIEST or late stage POISON IDEA. Musically their strongest since "War of the Superbikes" and leaps and bounds over the "Hate Police". In the day of hair farmers POISON and MOTLEY CRUE, it was easy to pass off the 'meat' metal schtick as parody, now realizing they're serious, it kind of makes you wonder about the lyrics—genitals nailed to the floor, necrophilia, gratuitous substance abuse, etc, etc. Jeez!!!???!!! (KS)
(Meat King Records, PO Box 5542, Mclean, VA 22103)

MISS MAY 66 - "Ornament" EP

The title side is strong and loud and BIKINI KILL-ish, but not a copycat by any means, about a certain relationship thing. Good yelling punk rock girls! (Some guys, too.) I sang it all the way home. Comes on pink vinyl, that is roughly extruded and looks homemade. B-side is a little psychedelic, but kind of like L-7, doing some sinister nursery jingle. Get it for the A-side. (GS)
(Dragon Lady Records, 162 W. Hubbard Ave., Columbus, OH 43215)

MONSTER SOUP - "Trans Am Superman" EP

Nicely colored silk-screened cover, unfortunately the title cut is a too obvious RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS/BEASTIE BOYS rip complete with wah-wah guitar and white boy 'hood posturing. The two flips are more melodic, slightly wankish pop/rock things which still reek of generic fence-sitting and pandering to the hip parade. (HD)
(Fuzzgun Records, 4400 Memorial Dr. #1158, Houston TX 77007)

MUSHFACE - "Buxom and De Soto" CD

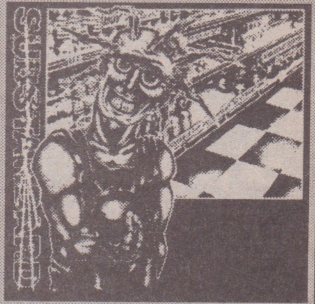
Garage rock that teeters on the edge of punk and has a vocalist that sounds a lot like Guy from FUGAZI. Short songs with fun titles. Cool stuff. (CK)
(POV Recordings, PO Box 6504, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360)

THE MUSHUGANAS - "I Eat Geeks Like You For Breakfast" EP

Straighforward '80s style mid-west punk rock. Mid-paced and catchy. The recording on some of the songs seems to favor the drums for some reason. Try it. (KK)
($3 ppd: Go Deaf Records, PO Box 31264, Chicago, IL, 60631)

MY MINDS EYE - "The Margaret" EP

This North Carolina trio play fast punk tunes with rebellious lyrics. Records like this seemed more common in the past. It's nice to hear it done this well again. One song is pro-smoking with a verse that goes "I pay your fucking taxes on my cancer sticks, you godamn non-smokers can suck our smoking dicks." Cool. (MC)
(Green Egg Records, 121 South Ave., Swannanoa, NC 28778)



NERVES/SUBSTANDARD - split EP

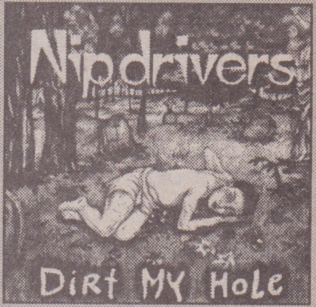
This is a pretty swell 7": two bands from England, both playing breakneck hardcore without a hint of "DIS", if you know what I mean. SUBSTANDARD have a bit more of a metallic tinge to them than NERVES, but generally speaking, this is one of the better 7"s of this genre I've heard in a while. (LD)
(Inflammable Material, PO Box 2544, London NW6 3DF, UK)

NEW BOMB TURKS - "Live '93" 12"

Hey, I really like this band, they're really good, but by no means are they god's gift to the punk scene. This is a live recording (from Holland) with really good sound quality and all the rager tunes are on side two with the slower numbers on the first side. Nothing new or ground breaking for these guys, but what the hell, it's still good shit anyways. How many records can one band put out? Can you keep up? (EY)
(Anyway Records, 118 E. Patterson, Columbus, OH 43202)

NIP DRIVERS - "Dirt My Hole" EP

The NIP DRIVERS become the latest reunion casualty. Oh well. OC HC with a touch of artsy/fartsy. (KK)
(Fearless Records, 20710 Manhattan Pl #132, Torrance, CA 90501)

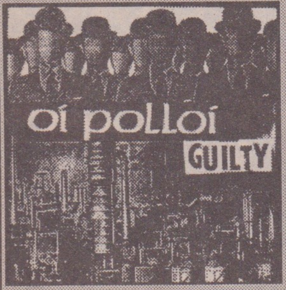


NO WONDER - "Never Fails" CD

Mid-tempo, melodic, pop punk from this Spanish band. The lyrics are mostly love songs sung in English. Very East Bay style. A very quiet recording for this kind of music. (MM)
(Mojave Records, PO Box 50308, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

RECORD REVIEWS

NOSTRILSAURUS - "Everything" EP
These guys play a little bit of "everything", ska, punk, hardcore,sing a long stuff, even sappy guitar bits. Mostly though it's pretty decent punk stuff that has some weird type of teenage charm that makes it sorta likable, but not enough to make it totally likable (EY)
(Dental Records, PO Box 621, Grayslake, IL 60030)



OI POLLOI - "Guilty" EP
For old wankers, this is a pretty decent record—better than a large percentage of the young anarcho-punks. The music is classic hard punk with heartfelt lyrics about resisting the marketing ploys of the consumer society and bashing the nazi fascists. Included is a pertinent booklet of political ideals embraced by OI POLLOI and their ilk. (BR)
(Ruptured Ambitions, Old Forge Cottage, Rushford, Lamerton, Tavistock, Devon PL19 8RY, UK)

OPERATION IVY - "Unreleased Energy" CD
Comprised of the leftovers from the "Hectic" session (the same tracks as the "Plea For Peace" EP), an '88 Gilman demo and the initial, more ska flavored Radley-produced "Energy" LP recording, all mulling in repeated boom-box dubbing trebly sound quality. While containing two dub mixes, five wisely unreleased songs, some cool alternative takes and 30 tracks total, you make the call to whether it's worth the $20-$30 you're gonna get jacked for it! (KS)
(bootleg, no address)

PINK KROSS - "Big Beat Jesus Cheat" EP
Not as REDD KROSS as I thought, they might as well change their name into PINK 7 or something. This 3-piece all girl band from UK sounds very L7 to me, don't get me wrong, I dug "Chopper Chix". Not bad for a first release. (EC)
(Gasatanka)

PANSY DIVISION - "Pile Up" CD
Big, bulky package of odds and sods PANSY DIVISION stuff, B-sides, covers, comp tracks and various PD classics like "Denny", "Homo Christmas", "Bill & Ted's Homo Adventure". Includes covers of JOE JACKSON, BOB MOULD, ROXY, PRINCE, LIZ PHAIR, VELVETS and their reinterpretation of NIRVANA and SPINAL TAP tunes. Best cover, though, is the NANCY & LEE song "Jackson" with guest Calvin Johnson doing a dead perfect Lee Hazelwood impersonation. (HD)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

PANSY DIVISION - "James Bondage" EP
This 7" has 2 cuts from the LP - the title song and "Denny" (different version). "Flower" and "Real Men" are new with more boy-sex fun, catchy pop-core. The lyrics have gotten way more raunchy, but the music's still got that silly dance edge. (AI)
(Lookout)

PEACE OF MIND - "Competition" EP
Great music, fantastic packaging. The songs have a posi-hardcore approach with positive lyrics that challenge the state of our social conditioning. Good production and melodic overlay give this release somewhat of a SoCal HC feel. Comes in a silkscreened sewn cloth 7" cover and includes a cool lyric/art booklet. (KG)
(Melmac Records, PO Box 101328, 78413 Konstanz, GERMANY)

PLINKO - "Please Quit It!" CD
When I first put this on, I could have sworn these guys were a Dutch pop punk band. Don't ask me why. A few songs later, five to be exact, I thought "No, these guys aren't Dutch, they're just fucking morons." "Lick The Peni" yes, yet another song about the dreaded "Bitch Girlfriend" who steals their buddy away from all their brotherly beer bonding, and now the poor l'il feller's "pussy whipped". Oh yeah, the music: mediocre pop, lacking in any real zip or excitement. (LD)
(85390 W. Cavalier Dr., Glendale, AZ 85305)

PLOW/WESTON - split EP
PLOW digs in with raw, trebly guitars and a couple of tunes with almost-catchy vocal choruses —okay, but unremarkable. WESTON writes more engaging tuneage in a haunting punk style reminiscent of the early HUSKERS, especially with their blaring guitars and howling vocals. Both bands perform familiar styles fairly decently. (SS)
(Coolidge Records, 157 Coolidge Terr, Wykoff, NJ 07481)

PRIMAL THERAPY - "Owners Choice" EP
No fun. College radio rock at best, minus any hint of talent. A Brazilian band with lyrics in English that sound like they mean them, but I am less than touched by their pain. Two last words - singing lessons. (RY)
(Low Life Records, Caixa Postal 6700, São Paulo, SP 01064-970, BRAZIL)

RECORD REVIEWS

PUNCHCUTTER - "Rain" EP
I can't tell specifically what about this record gives it a Midwest slant. Something about the guitar. These tunes are melodic and driven, but with a moody edge. Vocals are in the Calvin of BEAT HAPPENING realm, but not quite so deep and thunderous. Like if you crossed Calvin with that crazy singer from KILLDOZER. (KG)
(Reproductive Records, PO Box 211, Allston, MA 02134)

PURPLE MERKINS - "Ain't It Hard" EP
Rickenbacker? Silvertone? Danelectro? This must be the '90's! I know my record reviews aren't very good, but I must admit, I am a young male homosexual adult! It's too bad that I have such a hard time reviewing this kinda crap. Doesn't Lee Joseph do this label? Lee, be more like a Nazi in the future. Be strict. Be gay. Be happy. Are these friends of yers? The whole concept is terrible. Is this the 60's of the 90's? Record reviewing is quite a task. You can't seem to please anybody. I'm sorry I'm honest, but this shit sucks!!!! (SW)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

QUEERS - "Surf Goddess" EP
New 7" complete with full color cartoon graphics and pristine production. "Surf Goddess" is the QUEERS doing their equivalent of the RAMONES "Leave Home" LP, ie: more pop, more production and tributes to pre-punk and punk pop icons (here it's the covers of TOMMY JAMES' "Mirage" and the UNDERTONES' "Get Over You" respectively). Nevertheless, "Surf Goddess" is a song that would've done Joey & Co. proud with its neo-Phil Spector-ish pop vibes a la "Here Today, Gone Tomorrow". (HD)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley CA 94712)

QUIET EARTH - "Stalk Vs. Bung Hao" EP
Quirky punk with snotty vocals. There is nothing more to say. (MM)
(Quiet Earth, 8080 Madison Ave. #200, Fair Oaks, CA 95628)

RADIO WENDY - "Kids In America" EP
Heavy, catchy, powerful stuff with a unique sound. Sorta melodic, yet melancholy. The 2nd song is a KIM WILDE song "Kids in America" cover that is totally great. Get this 7" 'cause it's worth it and I *rarely* say that. Really. (AI)
(Goldenrod, 3770 Tansy St, San Diego, CA 92121)

RADIOPUHELIMET - "Hygiene" EP
One of the coolest things to come out of Alternative Tentacles in a while, this Finnish band starts out full blast and doesn't let up at all. Thundering bass, vocals that sound like the guy is running for his life and a STOOGES meets MINOR THREAT bent on the guitar work. You even get political lyrics! (MH)
(A.T., PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

RANDY - "There's No Way We're Gonna Fit In" CD
Sweden's answer to NOFX. Uncanny replication from tight tempo changes to vocal harmonies. Given that I'm a fan of such melodic hardcore, this is actually enjoyable. Vocals in English with lyrics covering (NOFX-style) serious and not so serious concerns. Fat Wreck-Chords should snap them up. (SB)
(Dolores Records, PO Box 129, S-40122 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

RAZOR 18 - "P Street Beach/Queen Bee"
How did this pass Tim's "punk" test? Pretty girly vocals, fuzzy noisy guitars, thumpy crashy drums. Nothing catchy but good mood music. One totally mellow loungy tune, and a more chaotic CHARLOTTES-like number. (PC)
($3.50 ppd: Popfactory DC, 1010 25th St. NW #706, Washington, DC 20037)

RESIST - "Ignorance Is Bliss" LP
Seventeen songs that demonstrate an impressive progression - there's no shortage of anger and politics in their music but their songwriting has improved in leaps and bounds. The stylistic changes (fast to slow, instrumental breaks, etc.) add tons of personality - it's certainly more than just another thrashfest. I'm totally impressed - it's unfortunate more bands can't maintain their political edge yet still improve their musical scope. The lyrics even show a progression to more personal and real topics - only the graphics are consistent with their previous releases. (TM)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DIE RUHRPOTT KANAKEN - "Morgens Um Halb Sieben" EP
German garage-ee punk (sung in German). Anthem-ee and fun, although I don't know German and I'm sure I'm losing something in the non-translation. (RL)
(no address, GERMANY)

RECORD REVIEWS

SFA - "Thanks A Lot" EP
I'm a little confused. SFA is a NY hardcore band whose heyday was in the late 80's. This lo-fi EP is from an '87 demotape. They seem to have a bit of NY pride yet their singer sounds like he has a British accent. He even says "wanker". At times I'm reminded of heavier SEX PISTOLS but with staying power. In other words, they fucking rule. Their studio LPs sound like speed metal though - yuk. I'd stay away from their records but I'd buy this EP. (JH)
(no address)

SAMUEL - "Lives Of Insects/Sideways Looker"
Two good, melodic, rocking songs in the SUPERCHUNK vein. The strong tuneful vocals were the highlight of this record and recalled the vocalist in HAMMERBOX. (MM)
($3 ppd: Art Monk Construction, PO Box 1105, State College, PA 16804)

SAWED OFF - "Butcher Town/You'll be Taken Care Of"
WHITE FLAG guitarist Pat Fear/Bill Bartel and two collaborators foist their musical vision on the world once more. And what a vision it is. What you're in for is sludgy, bottom-heavy metal without much in the way of hooks or catchiness. Okay, but not mandatory. (JR)
(Gasatanka)

SEAMEN- "Liquor Face" CD
Eight songs of mid-tempo melodic punk from Vancouver a la early OFFSPRING material or a slowed MORAL CRUX. The hooks and song structure are there, but suffer from the lack of energy and restraint in delivery. Sung vocals blanket the sound, remaining monotone and not conveying emotion that would compliment the positive story-telling lyrics about ways to live life, not falling into the "generation X" catch phrase, drunks and more. (KS)
(Bad Robots, 3319 Shelbourne St, Victoria, BC, V8P 5H2, CANADA)

THE SERVICE - "American Graffiti" EP
Oh yeah! This is the mother fuckin' guns! Full bore oi punk music from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Fast, loud guitar and bass assault the senses. Excellent gruff shouted vocals in yer face. Good lyrics about working class drinking pride. These guys celebrate the strength and conviction of the youth. Damn good shit! (BR)
(The Service, PO Box 340764, Milwaukee, WI 53234-0764)

76% UNCERTAIN - "Are You Uncertain"? CD
76% UNCERTAIN were a band out of Connecticut that formed in 1983, consisting of members from C.I.A., and REFLEX FROM PAIN, these guys played some catchy hardcore with addictive buzzsaw guitar and a steady drum beat with raw and snotty vocals. This CD is a reissue of the first two LP's; "Estimated Monkey Time", "Nothing But Love Songs" and live outtakes from the TPOS tape "Where's The Lid"? (featuring covers of DEEP PURPLE, DEVO, and MOODY BLUES, among others). The entire first LP is great, and the cover of C.I.A.'s. "I Hate The Radio" on the second LP should have you shopping for this immediately. (MA)
(Reflex Records, Burkhard Jarisch, Reinsburgstr. 101, 70197 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

SINKHOLE - "Space Freak" LP
Bespectacled pop-punk that packs a pretty good punch and still delivers in the hooks department. Nerd-core with that ever-present DESCENDENTS influence. Generally, the band sounds tight and powerful and has a great song in "Tumble Mat". Also includes a pretty good version of "Jealous Again". (HD)
(Dr. Strange Records)

SLAPHAPPY - "Zone" EP
Yipes! Highly compressed punk. Guitar so distorted it can't stop for a second without feeding back. This is a big plus. The sound is incredibly muddy overall, the songs are long and the action is heavy. Well put together though and a really good listen, recommended. I keep trying to draw comparisons in my head because there are similar sounding bands but, I keep thinking that this band is the bastard child of FANG and MOSS ICON with MOSS ICON's genes being very recessive. (FR)
(Homicide Records, 4202 Greenbriar Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37412)

SLEDGE HAMMER - "Anthum" EP
Thick neck, although the band themselves are skinny little punks. The title says it all. Straight forward oi rock @ roll. Decent guitar playing, nothing flashy. Just hard hitting drinking music. Pearl Harbor the oi scene. (SM)
(Vulture Rock Records)

SMOOTHIES - "Overdose Me" EP
SMOOTHIES could be the female equivalent to GAUNT. They've got the catchy guitar progressions, lots of distortion on bass and guitars, even the vocal style is similar. Amazing. They just seem a little too self-conscious to actually let the guitars go and do what is needed. Speed it up and they'll give GAUNT a good run for their money or more likely leave them in the dust. (CK)
(Johann's Face Records, PO Box 479-164, Chicago, IL 60647)

RECORD REVIEWS

SNORT - "Hey Creep" EP
Woman-core like I've always wanted to hear, very-kool style. Low, throaty, screechy vocals & heavy, catchy, gitters. Like L7 on PCP. Another 7" not to miss. (AI)
(Spinnin' Clock Records, PO Box 22-058, Christ-church, NEW ZEALAND)

SPITBOY - "Rasana" EP
This new SPITBOY release is really interesting in that it showcases their growth as a band musically and lyrically. Of the two heavier songs I liked "Blue" which had interesting arrangements and a catchy guitar riff. The final song on the record is an acoustic number. While it's a nice change of pace I'm not sure the world is ready for SPITBOY "Unplugged". (MM)
(Ebullition, PO Box 40185, Goleta, CA 93116)

THE SQUARES - "Bewitched/You Come Home"
I *have* become a fan of this band more and more with each new record of theirs. Side A is a soothing half-fuzz, half-beat stomper with great harmonies. Side B has the same solid beat sound and harmonies with an organ fill and a catchy bass line. These guys have the consistently best recording and sound and should continue their relationship with Toe-Rag studios. Try your hardest to find this one, it's highly recommended. (CH)
(Royal Records, 25 Rue De L'Acqueduc, Paris F-75010, FRANCE)

STEEL WOOL - "Mechanical Servants/Drummer In Jail
Well, as with their latest LP on Empty - I think half of this rules and half sucks. It's almost schizophrenic how they can pair a totally rocking tune like "Mechanical Servants" with such a slow, boring flip. If you're patient, it's worth it to sort through the bad stuff - you'll find some gripping garage punk amongst the filler. Got to mention the cover as well - beautiful screened cardstock - certainly a first class job there. (TM)
(Reservation, PO Box 7374, Athens, GA 30604-7374)

STIFFS - "Blown Away Baby/Work Work Work..."
This is one to watch for. Not necessarily in my usual vein, being on the poppy side. Weeding through so many stiff, skinny tied, hyper-intellectual new wave bands back in those hideous days when people tried to tell me XTC was cool just burned me out. I am refreshed to find again a band that pulls off dry-witted, sensible punk, a la UNDERTONES. The STIFFS are upbeat and cool as a cucumber, and they rock me amply hard, ta boot. What a bonus! (RY)
(Holy Plastic, PO Box 46, Huntington, NY 11743-0046)

SWINGIN' UTTERS - "The Streets Of San Francisco" LP
Hey you! Get off yer apathetic ass and go get this great record by the amazing SWINGIN' UTTERS! Many bar room brawler types think this is the best fuckin' band around right now. This fine chunk of vinyl supports that opinion. The high-powered singing compliments the ringing punk guitar riffs. This music conveys an enthusiasm rarely witnessed in punk rock these days. This shit will have you thrashin' around the house as soon as the needle touches the record. Go see for yourself! (BR)
(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

TANKCSAPDA - "A Legjobb Mereg" CD
Reissue CD of the 1990 and 1992 LP's from this Hungarian garage punk band. Both LP's show a decent amount of energy and songwriting talent - it's simply too much to listen to 33 songs and have it not get on your nerves. The backfiring of the digital age.... (TM)
(Tankcsapda, 4003 Debrecen, Pf. 13, HUNGARY)

TILTWHEEL - "Know?" EP
A strong debut single here. Tight, powerful, emo-ish pop punk. Uptempo and energetic, this reminds me of early HUSKER DU and punky J CHURCH combined. Need I say more? High five. (RL)
(Liquid Meat/Slurr, PO Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046)

TIRED FROM NOW ON - "B-Side" EP
In a word, emo. Lots of chop guitar and screaming. Though hook riffs are truly catchy although, they probably didn't want it that way. I don't understand most of what he's trying to say with the lyrics. I've never been good at interpreting poetry, especially such personal stuff. Nice muddy production gives it a smooth nice feel overall though. (FR)
(Pellgrant Records, 845 S.W. 5th Ave., Gainesville, FL 32601)

RECORD REVIEWS

TOY DOLLZ - "Orcastrated" LP

Haven't changed, 'cept they spell it with a "zed" now. If you don't already know what to expect: Bouncy, wacky, catchy oi-pop with helium vocals, chanted sing-along choruses, and silly lyrics. I can't say much bad about about it except that the guitar bits have gotten more wanky over the years. They'll still get stuck in your head and make you wanna boogie. (PC)
(Receiver Records)

TRASHWOMEN - "DEEP SPACE" LP

THEIR 2nd real full length brings as much baying, farting, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!" AND SCREAMING AS A GOOD LIVE SHOW. HOT GUITAR WORK FROM THE LOVELY Elka, who has improved markedly since *Spend the Night With...* LP. At one point the ladies had called it quits but luckily they've turned up the heat again over the last year. The music is always brilliant and fun, with the vocal tracks being standouts. One listen to "I'm Dangerous" is all the proof you need. Overall, this release delivers more backbone than previously with my one complaint being that the BRENTWOODS-style recording (read: nonexistent) really takes away from the tunes. (SB)
(Repent Records, 535 Stevenson St., San Francisco, CA 94103)

THE TRASHWOMEN - "Invade Chinatown" 45

What can I say about this new TRASHWOMEN record? It sounds a lot like THE TRASHWOMEN? It's really great? I liked it a lot? It's really great? Russell gave me a free copy and I play it all the time? Everybody likes THE TRASHWOMEN. Everybody likes TEENGENERATE. Everybody likes SUPERCHARGER. Everybody likes THE MUMMIES. That's just the way it is some times. (CH)
(Pin-up Records)

TRIBE 8 - "Fist City" LP

Sounds like early 80's hardcore wavering between emo type songs and screeching, angst-ridden songs. When I asked my friends what they like about TRIBE 8, the replies were pretty unanimous: their live show and their politics. I've never seen them live and need more to go on than politics alone. So after a good many listens to this, I can say they are obviously very talented, the singer's got a great voice and they've got lots to say, it's just that the 80's hardcore thing doesn't do it for me anymore. (CK)
(Alternative Tentacles)

ULTIMATE WARNING - "Primitive Rise" 10"

There's a hell of a lot of metal going on here. It gets out-of-control noodle-y much too frequently for my tastes. If FINAL CONFLICT was less peace-crust and went full-throttle metal, these two bands could be soul mates in purgatory. (KG)
(Reach Out Records c/o Marcus Hoffmann, Lodaweg 23, 95928 Hof, GERMANY)

UPHILL DOWN - "Timebomb" EP

A great 5 song EP by a band I haven't heard of before. These guys pull off the pop-punk thing with energy and style. You can't miss the fact that they're having fun. Fans of NOFX and MORAL CRUX should check this band out. (MC)
(Uphill Down, PO Box 35344, Richmond, VA 23235)

VALSE TRISTE - "Mielipuolen Onnenpyora" EP

Crazed and savage over the top wacky aggression from Finland. Dual harsh vocals, severe heaviness and power mixed with a fun sense of unpredictability. Defying classification, these eight songs swing close to hardcore and then back into singalongs, remaining artful but retaining the straight-forward ability to "rock". Similar to RADIOPUHELIMET, this experimentation seems natural and very "punk" in a way that few bands outside of Finland have seemed to capture. On white vinyl. (KS) (Trash Can Records, Makasiinikuja 5, 61800 Kauhajoki, FINLAND)

VAMBO MARBLE EYE/NEW ROB ROBBIES - split EP

A speedy HUMPERS vocal style delivery meets JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION post-punk hysteria on "Jack Fallen" by the VAMBO MARBLE EYE while NEW ROB ROBBIES lean more toward an early BLACK FLAG sound on "Pig Day". Noticeable bouncy bass and fast vocals with melody keeps this track interesting. (MH)
(DFF Records, 1573 N. Milwaukee #514, Chicago, IL 60622)

VARUKERS/KRUNCH - split EP

Bootleg reproduction, including covers and information, of England's VARUKERS "Protest And Survive" 4-song 7" EP on the A-side and oddly pairing Sweden's KRUNCH's 1983 debut 4-song 7" (which is not included on the recent KRUNCH CD-retrospective) on the B-side. Classic material of straight forward and quick guitar driven hardcore form both bands, the VARUKERS EP a cornerstone of the 80's style political hardcore and the KRUNCH material only hinting at their later, stranger, tangents. (KS)
(bootleg, no address)

RECORD REVIEWS

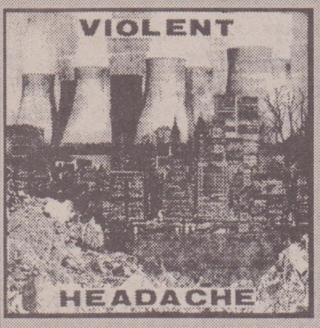
VEXATION - "Die Art Zu Leben" EP

The German RANCID? Nah, no mohawks. But definitely derivative, unoriginal, and "punk" looking enough to fit the bill. (PC)
(Moloko Records, Lindenallee 76, D-45127 Essen, GERMANY)

THE VIKINGS - "Rock All/ Surrender"

This fucking rocks!!!!! I heard these cuts while I was in Japan from this homosexual buddy of mine named Fifi. During intercourse he threw on a demo tape by THE VIKINGS. He said it was Steve Baise's new band (That's Steve of THE DEVIL DOGS, you motherfuckers!!!!). Well anyways, this shit was all actually recorded in Norway with what I guess real Norweigan fellows! This is good being that I'm half Norweigan, I'm also gay, and I also dig young Japanese rock'n'rollers!!! Frankly, I'm pleased with this single, even the CHEAP TRICK cover on the flipside, very true to the original. Recent gossip sez that THE DEVIL DOGS are no more. It's a pity, but life goes on, regardless to what my cool friends in Frisco say. Fuck those stargazers!!! Great 45, even though Long Gone John put it out. John, continue to put out good shit like this and I'll love you, hell, I'll even fuck yer ugly ass!!! (SW)
(Sympathy)

VIOLENT HEADACHE/POSITI CAUSTICO - split EP



This actually came out about the same time as the VH/CRIPPLE BASTARDS split but I guess there are still some copies floating around. Anyway, both bands play noisy, underproduced grindcore snarled in Spanish. VIOLENT HEADACHE's tracks are longer and less noisecore than their other release and actually kinda drag a little. POSITI CAUSTICO win the award for best foreign-object-in-the-garbage-disposal-vocals, making them the better of the two bands and the reason to pick this puppy up. (NN)
(Manuel Becerra, Kolectivo TDT, PO Box 21039, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

VITAMADE - "Untimely Erections" EP

Punk rock-n-roll that left me kinda cold. This sounds like recent URGE OVERKILL, which isn't the worst thing in the world, but I wish this was either more pop or more rockin'. (RL)
(Bong Load Records, PO Box 931538, Hollywood, CA 90093)

THE VINDICTIVES - "Alarm Clock/Left For Dead"

The A-side covers familiar, albeit power-poppy territory in three chords, no less; the flip is more of the same mid-tempo stuff, but not quite as catchy. Like an amalgam of SLF vocals with SoCal hard pop; above average, very listenable. (SS)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

WAX - "13 Unlucky Numbers" CD

A fine full length punk pop release here. A blend of punk stuff along the ways of the DEAD BOYS and the more pop sounds of SUPERCHUNK and the PIXIES. A solid tuneful release that follows two great singles. Could be another punk band for the masses. (RL)
(Side One, 6201 Sunset Blvd. #211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

THE WEIRD LOVEMAKERS/A BAND CALLED MOSS - split EP

I almost like WEIRD LOVEMAKERS... Kinda catchy four track recordings. Sorta inane lyrics about Kate Moss and religion. Okay, though forgettable. A BAND CALLED MOSS is emo emo emo... Sensitive words spoken. "In touch with my feelings" breakdowns. Groups hugs? Sure. (LH)
(Ghosttown Records, PO Box 36622, Tucson, AZ)

WHITE FROGS - "Trying To Find A Way" EP

Competent Brazilian HC that has sort of an East Coast feel to it (the East Coast of Brazil, maybe). They play it by the book for the most part, though the guitarist throws in some metal touches occasionally. Good stuff, though this band should develop more personality as time passes. (JR)
(Low Life, Caixa Postal 6700, São Paulo, SP 01064-970, BRAZIL)

RECORD REVIEWS

WIG HAT - "Mr. Nobody/Loser, Nerd, Freak, Geek"
I guess this is supposed to be nerd rock, but it is somehow too poppy to actually pull it off. Sure there are lyrics about macaroni and cheese and being a geek, but I guess things aren't always the way they seem. Everything's in tune and it's really catchy. Maybe I'm expecting too much. (CK)
(Vital Music Records, PO Box 20247, New York, NY 10021-0064)

THE WORST - "The Worst" LP
I've got a confession to make, friends. I actually have been known to get enjoyment from some specimens of "psychedelic" music, when they're either garagey/poppy or strange/stupid enough. This probably makes me Numero Uno in qualifications around here to tackle this platter, which veers into garage psych territory fairly often. I had a hard time squeezing any enjoyment from it; nothing particularly wrong., mind you, but nothing particularly right either. By the numbers songs that aren't quite all there, snotty vocals that aren't too convincing, etc. Strictly for those who like any band with a fuzz guitar and organ. Back to the garage for more carbon monoxide and Funny Face, boys. (DD)
(Dig! Records, 3 Rue de l'Horloge, 35000 Rennes, FRANCE)

V/A - "Arschlecken Rasur Vol. 3" EP
When I listened to this 7" it was probably the only time in my life that I wished that I understood German. All four bands (POBEL UND GESOCKS, KLAMYDIA, DIE KASSIERER, and VOICE OF HATE) all great but what the hell are they singing about? Using my intuitive logic I'd say these bands seem to lean toward the GG school of punk. I'd think you'd agree if you see the sleeve graphics. The music ranges from straight ahead punk to great Oi! tunes. SPITBOY and BIKINI KILL fans should stear clear. (EY)
(Scumfuck, no address)

V/A - "Crisis" CD
After ages of making compilation tapes, JP LeMarchand puts out a CD compilation. Twenty two bands in all make up this collection of melodic punk. From pop punk to '77 style punk, it's all pretty catchy. Highlights would include WAT TYLER, RHYTHM COLLISION, LES PICHOU and MORAL CRUX covering "Teenage Kicks". It's interesting that he would keep the comp tape format for this CD comp. (LH)
(Route De Cleres, Limesy 76570, FRANCE)

V/A - "Bum Vs. Teengenerate" 2xEP

Seems like an odd pairing: in one corner there's BUM who are almost catchy with a good clear recording, and in the other there's TEENGENERATE who might be catchy if only they hadn't recorded it from outside the studio (across the street). Yeah, I know that's the sound they go for and I'm finished cutting up on it (for now). This basically fuckin' rocks and if there's no way to keep up with everything TEENGENERATE puts out, at least be sure to pick this one up. (SB)
(Distributed by Get Hip)

V/A - "Education Compilation" LP
This compilation is completely heartfelt and genuine in its presentation, of words, of music, of art. It's one of those records that makes you go, "Yeah, I remember what it's all about." (Or even better, you haven't forgotten.) The bands: DEVOID OF FAITH, BLEED, KISSES AND HUGS, HORACE PINKER, BENCHMARK, ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR, COLEMAN, OX, FLOODGATE, SILENCE EQUALS, THREE STUDIES FOR A CRUCIFIXION, RAZE, DEAD INSIDE and POLICY OF 3. (Side 2 rages!) The common thread here is education–what it is, what it can be, what it means... Fantastic. (KG)
(Mountain, 56 Grandview St, Huntington, NY 11743-3537)

V/A - "Elastic Jet Mission" LP
It says on the pasted-on label, "In a sky full of stars, there's room for you too...". This compilation proves it, with room for BRATMOBILE styled songs from the excellent SKINNED TEEN and GOLDEN STARLET, a PANSY DIVISION sounding ode to Spiderman by WIMPY MILKSHAKE, and CRAMPS meets MILKSHAKES "zombie" song by MAD KENNY'S ALLNIGHT DRINKER. Add some instrumental "alien party theme" (just like it sounds) and PUSSYCAT TRASH's old-school punk, and there you have it. Another standout is AVOCADO BABY's "Cinema Date," a GANG OF FOUR concept song about romance. Happily, the occasional YOKO ONO art school yodeling songs are short. Good, witty mix of punk fun. (GS)
(Slampt, 10 Meldon Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, ME6 5XP, UK)

RECORD REVIEWS

V/A - "Epitone" CD
A collection of six Swedish skate and surf bands. Yep Swedish surf bands, altho' where one surfs in Sweden is completely beyond me. VENEREA, MILLECOLIN, ASTREAM, WONDERS, SATANIC SURFERS, and ONE CHORD who certainly take the prize for dopiest lyrics with the song "Summer Is The Time To Be". Musically this runs from SoCal melody core to straight pop, and all things considered it's generally quite decent music throughout. How the hell do you surf a fjord? (LD)
(Brööl Records, Skogvaktaregatan1, 5-602 12 Norrköping, SWEDEN)

V/A - "Fuck Loud Music- Ox-Compilation #18" CD
Comp that comes with the German-based Ox zine #18. A bunch of international bands mostly punkish (as in pop-, metalish-, ska-, post emo-, etc.) in nature. Faves include the girlpop of Australia's B.N.I, the sung-in-Japanese pop punk of Japan's THE STAR CLUB and the snot punk of the TVTV's. Also good tunes from FLUF, SCRAWL, NINE POUND HAMMER. Other contributors include the FREEZE, SLAPSHOT, BIG'N, and so on. Be forewarned, most tracks are previously released LP tracks with the exception being the VOODOO GLOW SKULLS, the KILLRAYS and Scotland's YELLOW CAR. (HD)
(Jochim Heller, PO Box 143445, 45264 Essen GERMANY)

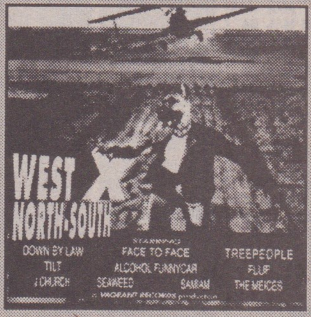
V/A - "Gay Pride (You Don't Know What Your Missing)" EP
This must-have EP features great (cover?) songs by CHUMBAWUMBA and WAT TYLER. The PANSY DIVISION song is predictable, but I love the 20-second ditty from SPDFGH (Australia) and the quirky "Brett from Suede (It's about time you got laid) by a man" by MAMBO TAXI. DOOM sing about homophobia but their growl-core doesn't really fit in. (JH)
(Rugger Bugger Discs, PO Box 357, London SE19 1AD, ENGLAND)

V/A - "No Desire To Continue Living" 10"
Lots of really, really fast craziness! Pretty much what you would expect from the likes of MAN IS THE BASTARD, PINK FLAMINGOS, STACK, CORROSIVE, HIATUS, HELLNATION, INTESTINAL DISEASE, AGATHOCLES, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, M.V.D., ACME, RORSCHACH, SYSTRAL, DEVOID OF FAITH, and BOHREN u.d.C.o.G.. The MAN IS THE BASTARD song is the most hilarious—an anti draft song that sounds like it was performed by some angry demons in a cave. The standout tracks include HELLNATION and a not so bad live RORSCHACH song. (MK)
(Farewell, Micha Meyer, Uhlandplatz 9, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

V/A - "Polish Bastards" EP
As I'm sure you can imagine, this split EP of sheer crust has absolutely nothing to do with Poles of "irregular" birth, this is in fact a record based upon anti-fascist action. Holland's FLEAS AND LICE, recorded live, play decent altho' not mindblowing politico stuff. HIATUS, also live, on the other hand never cease to amaze with more of their usual powerhouse of speed and fury. Quite good sound for a live record over all. (LD)
(Pawel Rzoska, PO Box 118, 80-470 Gdansk 45, POLAND)

V/A - "The Making Of Allied One Two Three" CD
Finally, a collection of a lot of John's earlier singles that never made it to CD. First off, this means you no longer have to pay collector prices for the fucking Neurosis songs (which are great). Secondly, it collects together a lot of great PHLEG CAMP stuff. Somehow it's also given me a chance to rediscover STRAWMAN and SLEEPER. Cool. (LH)
(Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146)

V/A- "Surf And Skate Riot" LP
This is a compilation of American and Spanish bands put out by Spanish label in 1990 that Tim found in a record store and wants reviewed. If you can find this, it's worth buying for the song each from THE RAUNCH HANDS, THE UNTAMED YOUTH, and THE A-BONES. The rest of the record is forgettable at times and downright fucking lame at others. Unfortunately, none of the Spanish bands represented has a particularly good song. Actually, your best bet would be to borrow this one from one of your friends and tape those three songs and save your dough for some beers. (CH)
(Munster Records, Apdo 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)



V/A - "West By North-South 5x7" box set
The letter that came with this release said we should consider ourselves lucky to be getting a promo copy. We did until we listened to it. It's a collection of major label bands and major label wannabees, with tracks too lame to appear elsewhere. After you throw out the records maybe you can find some use for the box. (MC)
($14 ppd: Vagrant Records, 2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

WARPED RECORDS

ARTIST TITLE	LP	CS	CD
ALL DAY- WAR ON THE BOULEVARD (7")	$3	N/A	N/A
BAD RELIGION- STRANGER THAN FICTION (7")	$3.5	N/A	N/A
BIKINI KILL- BIKINI KILL (CS & CD W/THEIR HALF OF SPLIT W/HUGGY BEAR)	$6	$7	$10
BIKINI KILL- PUSSY WHIPPED	$7	$7	$10
BOLLWEEVILS- STICK YOUR NECK OUT	$8	$8	$10
BOLLWEEVILS- HISTORY OF THE BOLLWEEVILS	N/A	$8	$10
CHAOS UK- 100% TWO FINGERS IN THE AIR PUNK	N/A	$8	$13
CITIZEN FISH- FLINCH	$8	$8	$13
COCKPIT- SICK AND TIRED (7")	$3	N/A	N/A
COCKPIT- HAIR OF THE DOG (7")	$3.5	N/A	N/A
COWS- ORPHAN'S TRAGEDY	$8	$8	$11
CRUCIFIX- DEHUMANIZATION	N/A	N/A	$13
DAS KLOWN- BLOW YER SELF (7")	$3	N/A	N/A
DEVIL DOGS- SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	N/A	N/A	$10
DEVIL DOGS- STEREO DRIVE	N/A	N/A	$14
DICKIES- IDJIT SAVANT	N/A	$9	$14
DOG FACED HERMANS--THOSE DEEP BUDS	$8	$8	$10
FACE TO FACE- DON'T TURN AWAY	$8	$8	$13
FIFTEEN- THE CHOICE OF A NEW GENERATION	$7	$7	$10
FIFTEEN- BUZZ	$9	$9	$14
FIXTURES- SCREW THE WORLD (7")	$3	N/A	N/A
FREE KITTEN- NICE ASS	$8	$8	$10
GAUNT- I CAN SEE YOU FROM HERE	$8	N/A	$13
GOD BULLIES- KILL THE KING	$8	$8	$10
GODHEADSILO- SCIENTIFIC SUPERCAKE LP	$8	N/A	$10
GUZZARD- QUICK, FAST, IN A HURRY	$8	$8	$11
HUGGY BEAR- TAKING THE ROUGH WITH THE SMOOCH (10")	$6	$6	$10
HUGGY BEAR- WEAPONARY LISTENS TO LOVE	$8	$8	$10
HUMPERS- POSITIVELY SICK ON 4th STREET	N/A	N/A	$10
HUMPERS- FAST, FUCKED & FURIOUS (7")	$3.5	N/A	N/A
JANITOR JOE- LUCKY	$8	$8	$13
JAWBREAKER- BIVOUAC	$8	$8	$13
JAWBREAKER- UNFUN	N/A	N/A	$11
JAWBREAKER- 24 HOUR REVENGE THERAPY	$8	$8	$13
J CHURCH- PROPHYLAXIS	$8	N/A	$10
J CHURCH- MILLION BROKEN STEREOS (10")	$9	N/A	N/A
JUNKYARD DOGS- GOOD LIVIN' PATTER (10")	$7	N/A	N/A
KILLDOZER- GOD HEARS PLEAS OF THE INNOCENT	$8	$8	$13
LAUGHING HYENAS- HARD TIMES	$8	$8	$13
LUBRICATED GOAT- FORCES DON'T UNDERSTAND	N/A	N/A	$13
MONO MEN- SIN & TONIC	$8	N/A	$11
NAKED AGGRESSION- BITTER YOUTH	$7	$7	$10
NAKED AGGRESSION- MARCH MARCH ALONG	$8	$8	$11
NEW BOMB TURKS- SINKING FEELING (7" PIC DISC)	$4.5	N/A	N/A
NEW BOMB TURKS- INFORMATION HWY. REVISITED	$8	$8	$13
NINE POUND HAMMER- HAYSEED TIMEBOMB	N/A	N/A	$13
NO EMPATHY- YOU-RE SO SMART (3X7" BOX SET)	$9	N/A	N/A
NOFX- PUNK IN DRUBLIC	$8	$8	$13
OILER- MISSING PART ONE	N/A	N/A	$10
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PANSY DIVISION- PILE UP	N/A	$8	$10
PARASITES- PAIR	N/A	N/A	$10
PET UFO- MY NAME IS ESTHER COHEN	N/A	N/A	$13
PICASSO TRIGGER- TAIN'T (DOUBLE 7")	$6.5	N/A	$7
PINK LINCOLNS- SUCK AND BLOAT	N/A	N/A	$13
PLEASURE FUCKERS- RIPPED TO THE TITS	N/A	N/A	$10
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STEEL WOOL- LUCKY BOY	$8	N/A	$10
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STRUNG OUT- ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE	$8	$8	$13
TEEN GENERATE- SAVAGE (10")	$7	N/A	N/A
TOTAL CHAOS- PLEDGE OF DEFIANCE	$8	$8	$13
TOURETTES- KEYS TO A LOVING RELATIONSHIP (7")	$3	N/A	N/A
TRASHWOMEN- SPEND THE NIGHT WITH THE	$8	N/A	N/A
TRASHWOMEN- CHOP CHOP BABY (IMPORT 7")	$4.5	N/A	N/A
TRIBE 8- ALAN'S MOM	N/A	N/A	$7
TRIBE 8- FIST CITY	$8	$8	$10
V/A- RAOOUL/SKINNED TEEN (SPLIT LP)	$7	$7	$10
V/A- BIKINI KILL/HUGGY BEAR (SPLIT LP)	$7	N/A	N/A
V/A- BORN AGAINST/SCREECHING WEASEL(7")	$3.5	N/A	$6
V/A- GAS HUFFER/RED AUNTS (SPLIT 7" PIC. DISC)	$4	N/A	N/A
V/A- PROPAGANDHI/I SPY (SPLIT 10")	$8	N/A	N/A
V/A- HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY JESUS #2 (W/MUFFS, SUPERSUCKERS, MONO MEN, MAN-OR-ASTRO MAN?, 8 MORE 10")	$7	N/A	N/A
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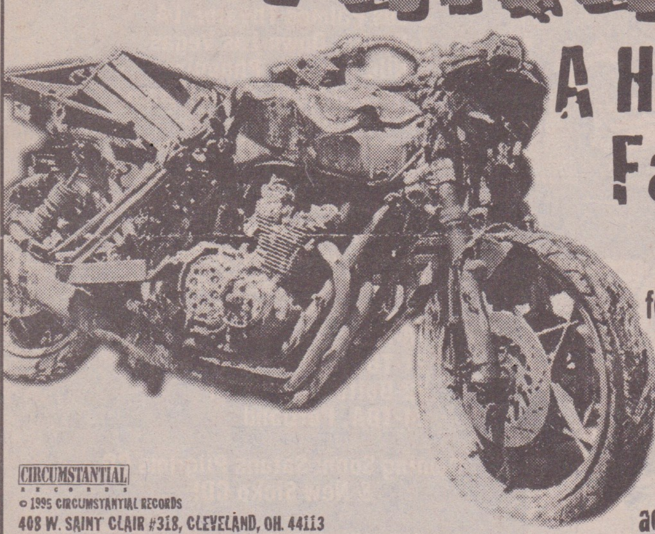

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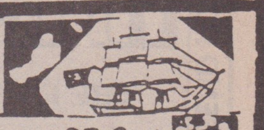

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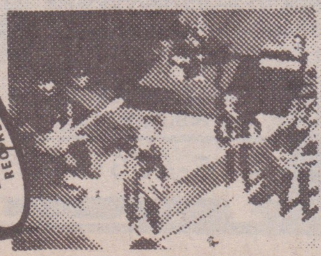

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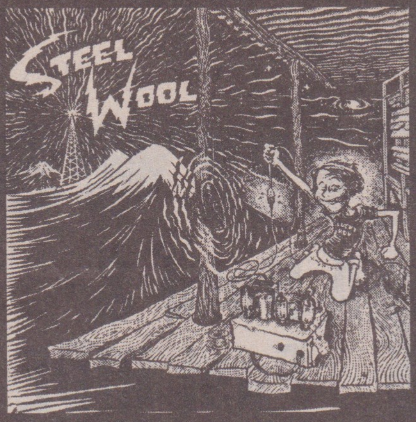

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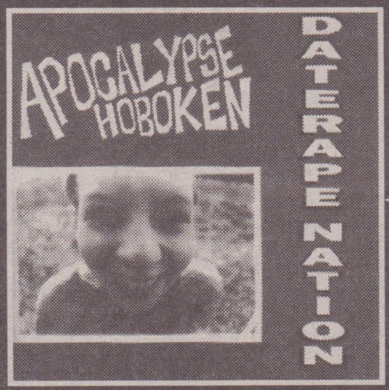

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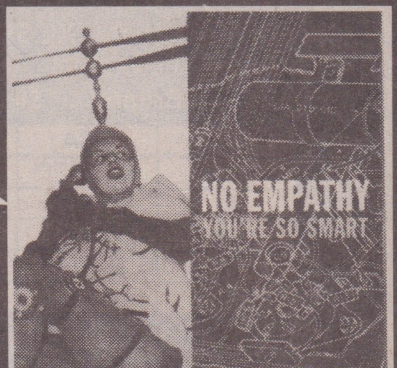

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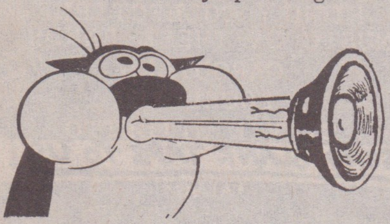

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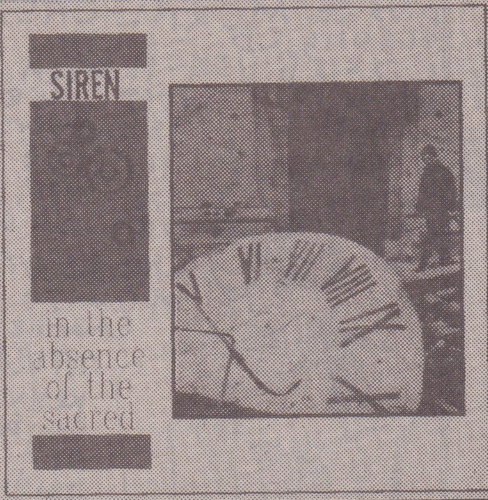

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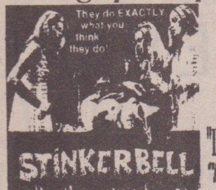

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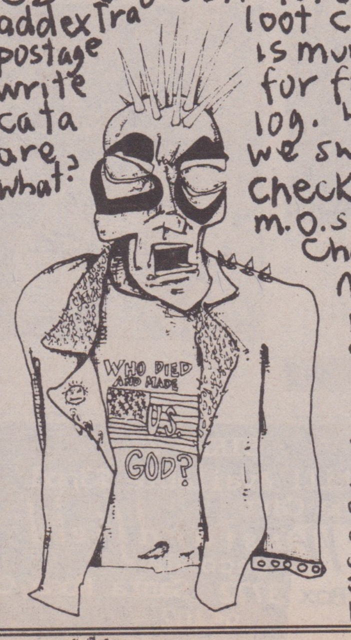

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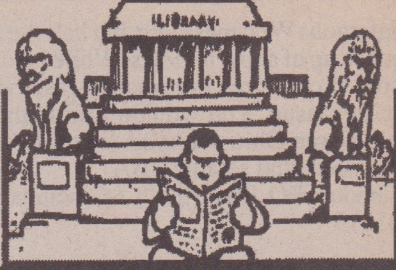
Reviews by: (BA) Bill Arsenault, (MA) Matt Average, (SB) Suzanne Bartchy, (SC) Slaugh C, (CC) Carrie Crawford, (JB) Jodi B Feldman, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (LH) Lance Hahn, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JX) Jux, (PK) Pete Ketchpel, (ML) Missy LaVallee, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (JP) Josh Petrin, (MP) Mally Propism, (KQ) Kim Quality, (JR) Jeff Random, (JW) Joe Whiting



Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it.

When sending in your zine for review, please be sure to include the price, number of pages, size, and how it was printed (offset, newsprint, copied).

AARDVARK #8 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 40 pgs
This falls somewhere between a slicker almost 'alternative' magazine and a photocopied fanzine. While the content is decent, I wondered why I read it when I was done. Interviews with the Diesel Queens, Obsessed and Apocalypse Hoboken, attempts at humor that range from filler to funny.... the kind of zine that's cool if it's free.....public transportation reading. (TM)
PO Box 2381 / Northbrook, IL 60065-2381

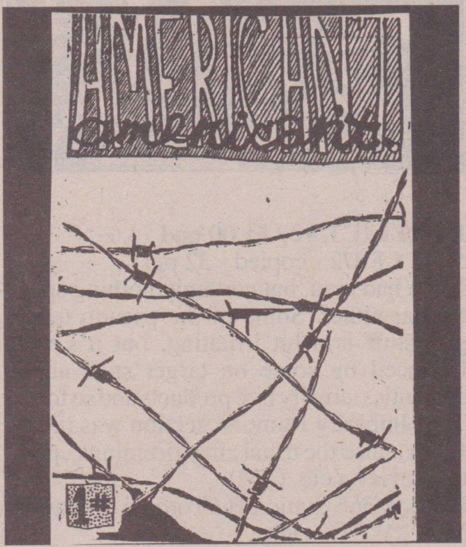
AARDVARK #9 / $1.00 +2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 40 pgs
A pretty okay zine that's got plenty of reading: an article *and* an interview with D.O.A., some filler that's both stupid and funny, interviews with Carmine and House of Large Sizes, record and zine reviews, a Yugoslavian "scene report," and article on the evilness of MTV and more! (KQ)
PO Box 2381 / Northbrook, IL 60065-2381

AMERICAN'T #1 / $1.00 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs.
This looks a lot like Cometbus, with content, lettering, and some parts of the layout too, but there is enough personality for this zine to stand on it's own. This first outing has a bizarre tuxedo story, dreams about cops, a 24 look into a day in the life of the editor, a guide to Richmond, VA, comics, movies, and more. The winner of the issue goes to the story of the writers' first time masturbating, appropriately titled "Whack!!". The random thoughts and whatever at the bottom of each page separates this even more from the glut of personal zines. (MA)
Seth Emily / 1030 W. Franklin #83 / Richmond, VA 23220

ANEURYSM #7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Interviews with Farside, State of the Nation, and HIV+ gay skin Pedro Serrano (good interview). Reviews of all the latest Epitaph releases and some so-so writing. Painfully average. (PK)
3 Kendal Ct. / Marlton, NJ 08053

AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE EARTHQUAKES #2 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Interviews : Blueprint,Zoinks. Reviews. I would have liked it better if it had more Star Wars Stuff. (JP)
5719 Viking / Houston, TX 77092

BEANS AND RICE #2 / $1
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This has interviews with Voodoo Glow Skulls, The Wrong Crowd, the Rudiments and Right Turn Clyde. Whether or not you will be interested in this zine depends a lot on if you like these bands, because that is all there is in here aside from some reviews. (ML)
205 Norton St. / Corpus Christi, TX 78415-4341



BLACK FIST #9 / $1.00
11 1/2 x 13 - offset - 12 pgs
Newsprint anit-authoritarian mag with lots of news and information on struggles around the globe. Great interview with Lorenzo Komboa Ervin. Read. (CC)
15110 Bellaire #317 / Houston, TX 77083

BRAINCLEANER #6 / $2.50 ppd
8 1/4 x 6 - printed - 36 pgs - French
There are some band interviews with Alice Donut, Gag, Alboth!, and God Is My Co-Pilot. There is also an article on punk noise in Japan, plus information on Transgression Cinema. There are some reviews of zines and records, plus lots of interesting drawn graphics.(HH)
Rodier Fabrice / Croix de la Mission / 34160 Beaulieu / France

BREAKING FREE #3 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 80 pgs
This looks a lot like Indecision and Tidbit fanzine, with the rip and tear cut and paste layout, with a ton of photos scattered throughout the pages. Conversations take place with 2 Line Filler, 4 Walls Falling, Sensefield, Quicksand and Dayspring, also tucked away in these pages is a photo diary of the Undertow summer tour, opinions and reviews. (MA)
Chad Stroup / 366 2nd Ave / Chula Vista, CA 91910

BUG #2 / $2.00
5 1/2 x 8 1/2-copied - 60 pgs
A good zine and tape combo. This has good photos and unflattering pictures of Rancid. A nice effort with a bend towards personal issues. (MP)
J. Bug / 907 Westwood / Nampa, ID 83651

CHAOS COMIX #27 / $.50
5 1/2x 81/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This mini comic has been a favorite of mine since I found previous copies in the free pile at Epicenter. The crazy adventures of a guy with some weird neck brace with gumdrops on it and his trip to jurassic punk. Try this out, it's not too offensive and it makes you feel all weird inside. (MP)
Rando / Unit 10, 1 / Impasse Des Lilas / Hull, PQ / J9A2T9 / Canada

CHILD'S LOVE #2 / $1 or 3 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 46 pgs
I liked this zine. A lot of it is kind of immature, but I thought it was still good. Various thoughts on school, nationalism, war etc. Pretty much standard fare, but I enjoyed it, maybe because the authors enthusiasm carried me along. (GF)
115 Walker St. / Manchester, CT 06040

CHODE #3/ $2.00 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Katy Action and Dammit are your co-hosts for this tour of Les Nessman's stomping grounds. You wouldn't think there was so much music around them parts since the

infamous Who massacre, but half the zine is made up of show reviews. While in town be sure to check out the Anchor - as reviewed in this issue. You wouldn't think that two girls from Ohio could be as utterly sarcastic, nasty and satanic. (BA)
Chode / PO Box 19323 / Cincinnati, OH 45219

CHRISTIAN ANGST #1 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 23 pgs
Christian Angst is comparable to the "Tom Tomorrow" strip that you might see in the paper - simple clip-art cartoons that go after easy targets (Right-Wing Christians, advertising, etc.) without really stating anything that hasn't been said many times before. Lacking in originality, even more so considering there isn't any original artwork in this at all. (JR)
9975 Wadsworth Pkwy. Unit K2-199 / Westminster, CO 80020

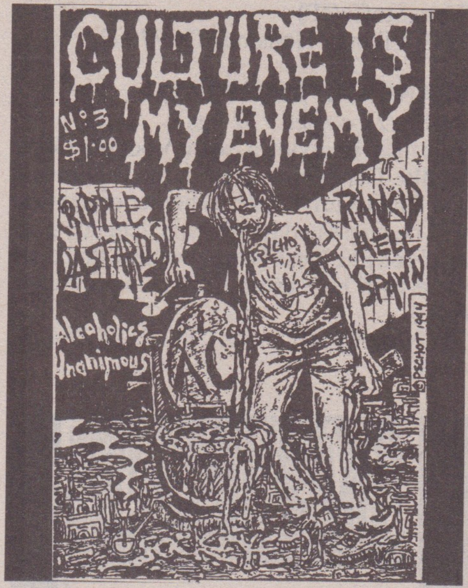
COKE AND SYMPATHY #1 / $1.00 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs.
A fascination with the Rolling Stones, and a somewhat burned out tone makes for great reading. If that doesn't make sense, get this and see for yourself. This issue has words on the Rolling Stones, opinions, more Stones, a Rye tour diary, a list of 10 things punk really needs (which is right on target), interview with Angel Hair, reviews, and more. (MA)
7 Glen Clair / Trenton, NJ 08618-1943

COW / BOY LOVE #8 / $1.00 ppd
4 x 5 - copied - 52 pgs
First impression - it's pretty small! It's misleading though - there's a ton of stuff here. Mostly of the more 'personal' genre - travelogues, editorials and whatnot. Nothing that is ground breaking, but it certainly kept my attention for a bit. Very much pro-Tucson, if that makes any difference to you. (TM)
1026 N. 5th Ave / Tucson, AZ 85705

CRUENTUS ODIUM #4 / $1+stamps / trade / cigs
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
One of the best 'personal' zines that I've read (and having done this review thing for a bit - I've seen a few!). Used to be called "WAVEMOTION GUN" from what the note says. Laid out like any other handwritten 'journal' style zine, but this actually has quality writing! Almost missed my BART stop.... certainly a compliment there. Also reviews, great drunks etc. (TM)
Randy / PO Box 5074 / Richmond, VA 23220

CULTURE IS MY ENEMY #3 / $1.32 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A long and surreal story of a boy and his probation officer; why alcohol is your friend and you should use it well; lots o' comix about death and booze; and, interview shenanigans with Cripple Bastards, Rancid Hell Spawn and Anal Cunt (Those are bands) (BA)
Marino Enemy / PO Box 32511 / Cleveland, OH 44132

DEAD TREES #3/ $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A zine filled with desire and hope that someday the community will stand up and do something. He's starting a distro so send him your wares. (SC)
Brandon / 113 E. Johnson / Whitehall, MI 45461



DERELICT #2 / $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Not a bad read, but certainly nothing spectacular either. Some of the pseudo tough guy stuff is a bit irritating, but it's well balanced by some on target stuff about semantics, cruelty free products and so forth. The 'Integrity Rumors' section was pretty funny...also the usual zine trimmings.. photos, reviews etc. (TM)
PO Box 366 Station B / Toronto, Ontario / M5T 2W2 Canada

DIGESTOR #3 / $1 and 2 stamps
4 1/4 x 11 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Bo-ring. A Buzzkill interview, lots of "indie rock" reviews, and a UFO conspiracy article. That is really all. (ML)
PO Box 154 / New Brunswick, NJ 08903

DO SOMETHING! #2 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
It's kinda punk. It's kinda Oi! Actually, nowadays you would think these guys on the cover were Blur or something. Loads of interviews with bands like Vanilla Muffins and Erase Today. For folks into this scene, this is pretty good and nice looking. For those not into this scene, it's pretty interesting to actually check out what other folks are doing. (LH)
18 Markstown Close / Cullybackey, Ballymena / N. Ireland / BT43 5PX / UK

DON'T ASK ME #9 / $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 28 pgs
Here's a really good and interesting personal style skate zine, and this installment is the best one yet. Inside you'll find a little bit of local news, a write up on the editors' summer vacation, an interview with a person who claims to have been abducted by aliens, a copy story with a twist, reviews, tons of photos and more. (MA)
PO Box 3205 / Bloomington, IN 47402

DRAINPIPE 79 #1 / $1.00
5 1/2x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A lively assortment of reviews and thoughts, from souls cooped up in a college town. Interviews with the Lunachicks and Girlfiend, all in all thought provoking at the very least. (CC)
304 Dey St / Ithaca, NY 14850

DYNAMO! #2 / $4.00 ppd
10 1/2 x 8 - printed - 76 pgs - Italian
First reaction, the paper is slick with a make money feel. But the contents is all punk. It has articles on the Exploited, Winston Smith plus an in-depth one with Husker Du. There is also an article on virtual reality and stuff on rap. Oh yeah, there's plenty of record reviews plus a great photo of De De Troit of UXA. (HH)
Emilio Celoro / Via Aslago, 307 / 21050 Mamate (VA) / Italy

E-MOTION #12 / $.50 & stamp or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Teen sex - the results of the poll are in!! Musings, rants and general thoughts on gender and sex. Plus an interview with Squatweiler of North Carolina. (CC)
PO Box 75 / Shirland, IL 61079

EIGHTFOLD PATH #2 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
A brother and sister team put this out. Overall, it's pretty good, some interesting and thought-provoking writing. The best parts are the interviews with Matt Outpunk and Ron Campbell (a prisoner), a story about date rape, and a piece about outing. There's also info on animal rights, veganism, cow paddy bingo, and (unfortunately) some poetry. (ML)
Laura Vocat / 23 Arlington St. / Regina, SK / S4S 3H7 / Canada

ELYSIAN FIELDS #2 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs.
Well this is interesting, since I'm off to the land of Elysian Fields in 2 hours...But to the subject in my hand, this zine covers a lot of bands including interviews with: Into An-

other, Richie Birkenhead, Ashes, Endpoint, and Rob-r-Rock. There's also a piece about Hustler magazine's dumbness. Lots of band photos too. Definitely for the music set. (JX)
300-35 Stone Mill Run / Athens, GA 30605

EMBER DAYS #3/ $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
The cover is cloth, the inside is good honest shit from Ypsilanti. There is a guide to the fair town, how to pronounce it and a lot of rambling about the world. Check it out. (SC)
Jeff / PO Box 100 / Ypsilanti, MI 45461

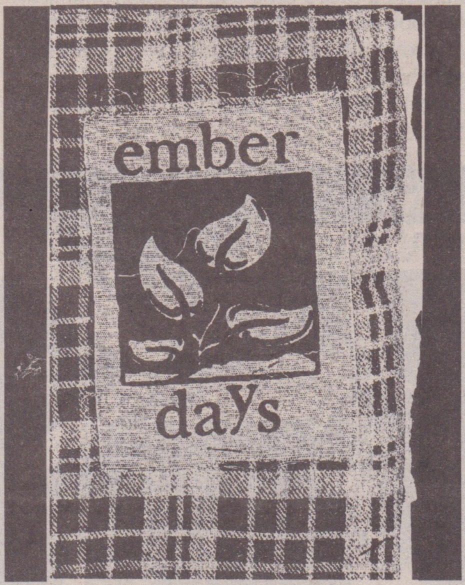
END ON END #2/ $2.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
After flipping through End on End you may be asking yourself what the sexist, TV-zombie, skater, straight-edge boy who did this thing is doing in Alaska or anywhere else. Confirms all the worst things I'd thought about Syracuse. Guaranteed to satisfy the frat boy who refuses to grow up that may live deep in your heart. TV TV TV (BA)
xRyanx / Flint Hall Box 477 / Mt. Olympus D. / Syracuse, NY 13210

END ON END #2/ $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
No relation to the other zine of the same name. Interviews: Earth Crisis, Frail, Jara, Dayspring. Thoughts on SXe, & veganism. I would have liked it more if it had more Star Wars stuff. (JP)
Billy Cole / 2067 Fairwood Ln. / Atlanta, GA 30345

FACTSHEET 5 #54 / $6.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 130 pgs
I guess you could say this is kind of like the yellow pages of the zine community, because they review and list zines that pertain to interests from all walks of life; sports, sex, science fiction, alternative health, personal, fringe, political, music, humor, and a there's even a section devoted to punk, along with more genres. Also in this issue is a tally of the number of zines done in each state (and in some cities), and articles on how how to submit material to other publications, getting free stuff, and how to sell ads. Informative and a necessity for zinesters everywhere. (MA)
PO Box 170099 / San Francisco, CA 94117-0099

FLIPSIDE #94 / $2.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 164 pgs
Most of you are probably already familiar with this one. This zine has its moments, both good (Garden Variety, Cub, They Might Be Giants) and bad (Schleprock, poetry). Lots of ads, reviews, scene reports, interviews and classifieds make it worthwhile entertainment, or at least good bathroom reading. (ML)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

FOR THE PEOPLE #6 / send stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 17 pgs.
Food Not Bombs, M.D.C., Foreskin 500, some animal right stuff, and assorted commentary. There are also quite a few "punk rocker" jokes ("Why did the punk rocker cross the road", etc.) for your trouble, as well as another entry in the rising tide of anti-Rancid diatribes that are appearing all over the place. (JR)
1370 Bob Adams Dr. #78 / Steamboat Springs, CO 80487



FUDDY DUDDY #5 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Actually, this puppy is free and pretty nice looking. It's sorta chaos as some of the pages seem to have been layed out in the wrong order. Lots of reviews with everyone from Rest In Pieces to Raooul. Also quick interviews with Fat Mike and locals, Tweaked. Good job. (LH)
PO Box 11241 / Honolulu, HI 96828

FUKT #4 / $1.00 ppd.
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs.
Ah yeeaahhhh... Another good issue from this mini comic from up North (Canada), consisting of short strips; "A Sassy Day At The Races", one with a drunk cat, the return of Barmy Billy, a weird story about thing Vinegar Halfway, and my favorite strip this issue goes to "Shakey's Shave", totally hilarious. (MA)
I. Jeans / PO Box 4257 / Station E / Ottawa, ON / K1S 5B3 / Canada

GIRL TALK #1-**REAL GIRL** #7 / $3.50 ppd
7 x 11 - newsprint - 44 pgs
Overall, a great comic book, mostly stuff done by women. It's a collection with a nice variety of styles and stories - mostly about sex and love. Recommended. (ML)
Fantagraphics / 7563 Lake City Way NE / Seattle, WA 98115

GREAT DAY FOR UP #6 / IRC or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine is filled with personality and is a lot of fun to read. It has comics, book reviews, band reviews and a couple of editorial things. Get it, read it, love it. I did. (JW)
4392 Hiller St. Basement / Vancouver, BC / V5N 4A2 / Canada

H.A.G.L. #25 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 29 pgs
A cut and paste density of little boxes over other texts from England. Hurrah for the little talk with Atilla The Stockbroker. Lots of reviews (zines, records, TV shows) A guide to Parliamentary democracy and a whole lot to look at. Kind of pricey for those not in the UK, but this zine is exciting because, it's good to know that Americans aren't the only ones feeling alienated by the mainstream appropriation of punk rock. (JB)
H.A.G.L./57 Briardene/ Burnopfield/ Newcastle Upon Tyne / NE166LJ / England

HABIT #2 / $1.00 (?) ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - printed - 14 pgs
Straight-edge, veganism, anti-homophobia commentary, hardcore, you name it. Although *Habit* has only three X's on the cover (see *Tinderbox* review), it does have the sentences "veganism is respect for life (all forms)... love and learn" and "sometimes I'd like to reach out and choke you" both on the same page. (JR)
Donny / 35 Lyman Barnes Rd. / Brimfield, MA 01010

HATE #1-**URLO** #11 / $4.00 ppd.
10 1/2 x 8 - printed - 64 pgs - Italian
Yep, it's one of those double turn me over zines. Although I ain't a fan of this style these two are exceptionally good. Hate reflects the resurgent garage sound that is currently sweeping punk. It has articles on sixties girl groups, Gaunt, Chrome Cranks, Billy Childish, and Honeymoon Killers. It also has a discography of seventies California punk. Lots of cool photos. Urlo delves more into Italian punk with stuff on the bands Meathead, Sciacalli, Carrions N.N. and a review of the Festival Angelica. The zine also has some record reviews and plenty of cool photos. Learn Italian, punk! (HH)
Via Degli Ausoni, 84 / 00185 Roma / Italy

HEAVY ROTATION #5 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 22 pgs
I just don't get it. This is fine and everything, but aside from an interview with All You Can Eat, this is just ads and reviews. With great layout and offset printing I don't see why you wouldn't want more content, but for what it is, it's fine. (GF)
3421 SE Micanopy Ter. / Stuart, FL 34997

HING FAT #1/ $1.55 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
Here is an open, heartfelt attempt to show

people the joys of youth and masturbation and music and doing shit with yourself having people you like and not caring what other people think. Go, man, go. (SC)
Andrew Hingfat / 3623 So. 89th St. / Omaha, NE 68124-3931

IN EFFECT #5 / $2.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 28 pgs
Pretty clean - almost sterile. Interviews with Sick of It All, Yuppicide and Sheer Terror - they're well done - interviewer obviously knows their shit. Record and Show reviews wrap it up - if you're in to the bands you're set, it's well done. If you're not down with the NYHC thing, well..... (TM)
119-16 8th Ave, College Point, NY 11356

I STILL BELIEVE #1 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Another personal journal kinda zine... umm... it was okay. Stories, book reviews, stuff. (JP)
Greye Pineda / Cooper Stn / PO Box 1595 / New York, NY 10276

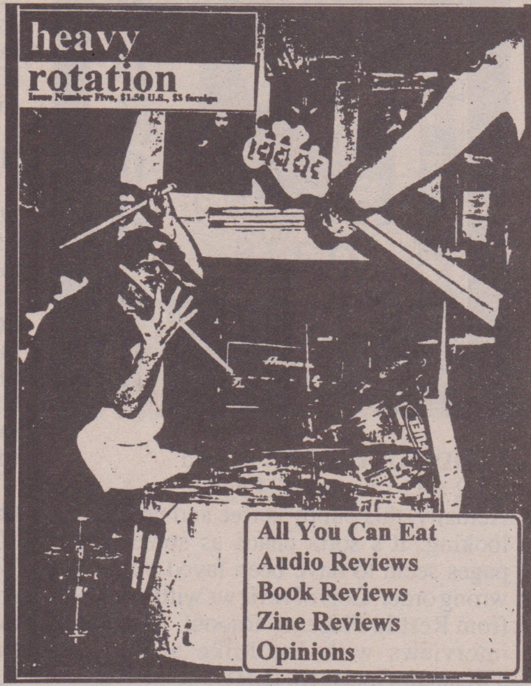
INCUBATOR #1/ $1.55 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 38 pgs
Bound up in manila for easy filing, this zine chronicles the plot of Richard Allen to enslave the nation! Reviews, graffiti, skating and the mighty Avail are given as examples of this obscure power-broker's fiendish scheme! Sinister. Frightening. Punk. (BA)
Josh / 1544 Deer Point Way / Reston, VA 22094

INNER MUSCLE #2 / 2 stamps?
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 24 pgs
Interviews w/ Gas Huffer & UOA, plus decent record and zine reviews. The highlights are the reviews of the new ICE beers. Kinda skimpy, but the cover price is "free," so you can't complain. (PK)
675 E. Central / Missoula, MT 59801

KNOTWORK #2 / $1 and 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
Straight edge. Interview with Four Walls Falling, some guy from 108 writes about how he got into Krishna, and various thoughts on society and of course, the Edge scene. Some of the articles are pretty good, one on capitol punishment, and one asserting that sex is good (yeah, I feel kind of silly patting people on the back for saying sex is a good thing, but that's where we're at these days). Unfortunately, this fails to overcome the fact that a scene based on one little thing that you don't do is doomed to be silly and inane. (GF)
216 S. Cedar La. / Upper Darby, PA 19082

LIE FOR A LIE #1/2 / $.75
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 72 pgs
Neat little zine, neat size, nice graphics, lots of silly stream of consciousness type writing. Some of it is silly, some of it is sad, this just looks so cool you gotta love it. (GF)
374 Shotwell St. / San Francisco, CA 94110

LIVING IN OBLIVION #1 / $1 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs.
Ah yes, the relationship issue, or more specifically, why relationships suck issue! There, that's more punk. Different peoples' views and comments on bad relationships. Also there's an interview with the Dynamoz, a piece on a trip to Australia, stuff on food and the philosophy of non-sobriety and love. So for you losing lovers out there, get this! (JX)
Janelle CCW / PO Box 212 / Warren, PA 16365



LOVE AND RAGE Jan./Feb. 95 / $2 ppd
11 x 17 - newsprint - 20 pgs
Another issue... I like this publication but I don't really know how to review it. Lots of fairly well written news from an anarchist perspective. What more can I say? "Good job"? (LH)
PO Box 853 / Stuyvesant Stn / New York, NY 10009

MEAN PEOPLE SUCK #1 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
The very clean and readable layout is certainly enticing - there's also a decent amount of humor, which I think more people need. Good interviews with NRA (Aziz know's everything?!!) and the New Bomb Turks (MPS - you dissing us here?), reviews and so forth. There's almost too much unused space, but should develop into a pretty hefty read. (TM)
de Wieken 25 / 7891 KJ Klazienaveen / Holland

MIDDLEGROUND #3 / 75¢ ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A romp with a high school boy who is not afraid to admit his age. Hell, he even begins one section with a Jawbreaker quote. A long interview with his friends' band and some funny stuff about his band that never happened. Nothing offensive in these pages. So squeaky and uncynical it pains me. He is a good kid, he admits his own lack of musical knowledge. Refreshing. (JB)
Tyson McCreary / 13393 LaBarr Meadowsm / Grass Valley, CA 95949

MONKEY WRENCH #3 / $2.00 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs.
Here's a really interesting and informative zine packed with strong opinions. This issues main feature is on drug legalization from the viewpoint of 3 individuals who are straight-edge, their stance is pro, among other things there's also news on Western Massachusetts punk happenings, an interview with Half Man, reviews, and clippings. (MA)
Joe O'Brien / 17 Princeton St / Holyoke, MA 01040

NEWBRAND #8 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 32 pgs
Skate zine here, which I haven't seen to much lately. And inside you'll find interviews with Swank, Gas Huffer and the ever popular Dr. Strange! There's also a pro-skateboard contest and lots and lots of skater pictures. For LA skate-like punkers I assume..(JX)
PO Box 184 / Vinton, VA 24179

NO LABELS #1 / $2.00 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Straight forward hardcore zine with lots of photos and some in depth interviews with Ray Cappo, Mouthpiece, Into Another and Die 116, Etc!!! Plus record and show reviews. Nothing too political, nor too opinionated, just hardcore. (CC)
1148 5th Ave #7D / New York, NY 10128

NO ROOM FOR SQUARES #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
Wow, this is pretty fucking cool for the first issue. Pretty lucid writings for the most part from scene politics to local incidents (including why Denny's sucks) to an exposé on the "mullet" hair style (including great graphics). Well worth the two duckets. (LH)
Max Ginnis / 5537 Old Ranch Rd. / Sarasota, FL 34241

NOT SO HECTIC #2 / $1.00 ppd
5/12 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A punky, punky zine with interviews with punky bands Naked Aggression, RKL (eep!) & Violent Society. Lots of record reviews & some strange newspaper clippings fill in the empty spaces. (KQ)
Bob / 9 Sayers Pl #B / W Orange, NJ 07052

OH YAY! #1 / 2 - 32 ¢ stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
This has writing on how Green Day can help the revolution, Kurt Cobain's suicide, how boys can suck, goofy poetry, personal letters, some photos. (ML)
Jennifer / 3 Elder Ave. / Millbrae, CA 94030

OLOGY #2 / free (send stamps?)
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 15 pgs
A solid collection of single drawings gathered together from sixteen different artists, mostly simple pen-and-ink work - the level of quality is pretty consistently great, showing a lot of creativity from a group of people who might not have exposure elsewhere. You probably can find this throughout the Bay Area for free. (JR)
2824 Cherry St. / Berkeley, CA 94705

100% PAPEL DEL WC #5/ $? (175 ptas. cover)
A4 - printed - 40 pgs
Well put together punk music zine all in Español. More than a dozen band interviews covering a wide range of Spanish bands from straight-up punk to ska. Lots of reviews of an international selection of music and zines with unusually well assembled contact info. Bad ass punk layout that makes you rock out. (BA)
Juan Ignacio Herrero / Apds. 41019 / 28080 Madrid / Spain

1060 #2/ $?.
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 30 pgs
A mag composed of comics in French by M. Eric Braun. They are filled with scary monsters, Hitler the Exterminator (of bugs, that is) and post-nuclear war excitement. Here lies a cool-ass collection that I can only partially translate but thought were groovy. (SC)
Eric Braun / 5330 Casgrain / Montreal, PQ / Canada

OUCH #1 / $2.00 ppd
7 x 8 1/2 - printed - 16 pgs
Another one of those self-published mini-comics that delves into the ugly side of life. Depression, self-loathing, and the other usual subjects close to your hearts get the royal treatment here. A good debut that will probably hold up under repeated readings. (JR)
Holly S. / 4221 St. Urbain / Montreal / PQ / H2W IV6 / Canada

OX #18 / $6 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 96 pgs./ German
Huge music zine from Germany, with lots! of interviews, including: Fluf, 11th Dream Day, Terrorgruppe, Else Admire, Apostates, Zeni Geva, Klamydia, Bored Rykers, Slapshot, Sebodoh, Bad Genes, Bitzcore and more! You also get the low down on shows and record reviews. It also comes with a CD, which I guess is reviewed in here. (JX)
PO Box 14 34 45 / D-45264 Essen / Germany

PAGAN GRIND #6 / $2.50 or trade
8 1/4 x 11 3/4 - copied - 14 pgs
Hand written zine from Australia that does a great job of combining humor, politics and music with personal feel. In this issue there's words on experiences with cops, which is quite funny in parts, a piece on one of the editors' cats dying, and the there's interviews with Nailed Down, Verbal Diarrhea, Dogmachine, and Inebriated, along with reviews, artwork, information on Pagan Waste Tapes, and a tape from Eunuch. (MA)
Don / 28/150 Healy Rd. / Hamilton Hill / W.A. 6163 / Australia

PERSIST #3 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
This issue, unlike previous installments, is devoid of band interviews and reviews. This time around the editor lets loose with his feelings on how he sees hardcore, straight-edge, the death of a friend, the reality of almost losing a relative (his brother), and just day to day living. A cathartic experience indeed. (MA)
PO Box 756 / Westmont, IL 60559

PHALANX #8 / $2.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Bulk of this is a travelogue - pretty well written - although there's got to be a point where people don't need to hear about things like moving. Beer reviews, fiction and some record/zine reviews - the copy we got wasn't copied so well, so some parts were impossible to read, but otherwise decent. (TM)
7100 E. Evans Ave. #329A / Denver, CO 80224

PHAT! #1 / $1.01 & 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Yahoo!! Junior High Punk Rock Zine!! I love this! Why poseurs suck, why 21+ shows suck, why Green Day sucks... well, you get the idea. plus scratchy, horrible comics, strange humor, and horrible (but very punk) layout. You *must* buy this zine. (JP)
Ryan Parker / 31 Deer Pond Rd / Sudbury, MA 01776

POINTMAN #1/ $1 plus stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Just rambling thoughts by the author, pretty good stuff though. Some pretty heavy trauma in this guy's life, which may not be good for him, but luckily it makes for more interesting reading. Highlights are the jail story and the accident story. (GF)
2090 Cowden / Memphis, TN 38104

POLYVINYL PRESS #1 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Rob, Mark, Matt, and Darcie's music zine. They want to talk about the music they like, not about the major label controversy, or their opinions on MRR. Sorta thin on content, but it is the first issue. Lotsa reviews. Seems like it will get better with time. (JP)
PO Box 1885 / Danville, IL 61834

POST FIEND #1 / ???
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Hmm... a stupid thing about John Wayne Bobbitt, and interview with Hagfish, some mean revenge tips, a Glenn Danzig story, relationship stuff, gun control, alcohol, a bit of intolerance, and more of the like! Wheeeeeee! (KQ)
Stickboy / PO Box 2031 / Wylie, TX 75098

POWER GROUND #1 / $1.50 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs.
There appears to be some connection between this 'zine and *MRR*'s own Rev. Norb. There's another lengthy column by the man in here, and his picture appears like five or six times. There's some stuff about the Cramps, an interview with Joey Vindictive, grainy pictures of various Wisconsin bands, and the usual punk rock slap-and-paste layout that is usually assorted with this kind of thing. It probably all resonates a little more if you actually live in the area, but you should look into it if you can't get enough of t the Reverend. (JR)
1309 S. 21st St. / Manitowoc, WI 54220

REACT #2 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
This is green and juicy , almost as thick as

they come . I have been reading this for weeks and still don't think I finished it. Paul has a multitude of serious topics here interspersed with art and poems. The interview with Watershed also stands out. (MP)
Paul Dixon / 107 E Broadway #402 / Vancouver, BC / V5T 1W1 / Canada

REAL WORLD #2 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Well - was certainly excited about this after seeing the cover - interviews with Cap. Casualties, Copout and Devoid of Faith. Can't be too bad, eh? And he's wearing a Hunger Artist T- shirt? Whoa. I screened all of those.... a while ago now...anyway - on to the zine. The interviews are pretty shallow - making for a pretty quick read overall. Seems like the whole zine could have been shrunken to about half this size - photocopied pictures are another bummer. (TM)
Mike Gifford / PO Box 1201 / Buffalo, NY 14213-7201

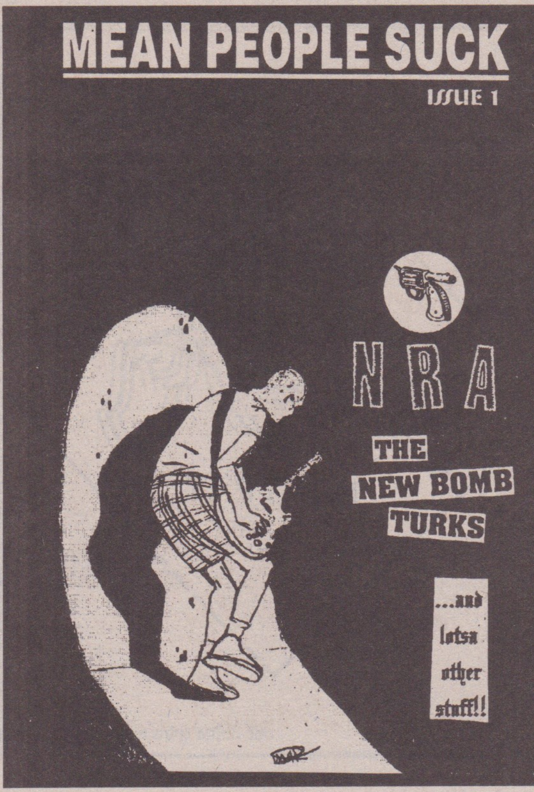
RENEGADOS #1 / $3.00 ppd
11 x 8 1/2 - newsprint - 32 pgs - Spanish
This zine is where punk meets anarchy. There is in-depth articles on the crisis of our consumer civilization, Palestine, animal liberation, the death of punk, and Esperanto; nationalism, or internationalism. There is also an article on the band Oxomaxoma. Viva las Zapatistas! (HH)
Mario Rangel / A.P. 96-071 / CP 07771 / Mexico, DF / Mexico

SANJAM #2 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 24 pgs
First noticed - cover is exceptionally printed - with a picture glued in the middle. Flip it open - you're immediately overwhelmed by the sheer quality of it. Nice paper, great layouts, cool ideas (asking people from different bands / zines to comment on several open questions - very thought provoking responses), band interviews with No Violence, Naked Aggression, Shortsight, d'Rotzbouwen, reviews and so forth. Nothing is less than top notch - excellent job! (TM)
Yann Dubois / 9 Rue Des Mesanges / 35650 Le Rheu / France

SAUCY #1/ $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 56 pgs
Hard to describe... I really enjoyed the story "Perfect World" and I liked the overall tone of the zine (sarcastic/irreverent) Interviews included with Down By Law, NoFX, and Ten Foot Pole. Just get the damn thing.. (SC)
Saucy / 320 Yule St. / Cornwall, ON / KGJ 323 / Canada

SCENERY #1 / $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
A lot of personal writing, more like a diary than a zine. Not as good as Cometbus, but then what is? For a first attempt this is not bad. Check out the book exchange in the back. (JW)
Mike / PO Box 14223 / Gainesville, FL 36203

SCREAM OF ANGER #4 / $6.00 ppd
10 x 7 - printed - 32 pgs - Italian
This zine comes with a 7" EP featuring the bands Growing Concern, Equality, Open Season, Crunch, and Comrades. There are interviews with the bands Mudhead, Nations On Fire, Timebomb, Gasmask, Dogmatized and Kina's Wife. No reviews or ads with only a few band photos. (HH)
Paolo Petralia / CP 15338 / 00143 Roma Laurentino / Italy



SCREAMS FROM INSIDE #4 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
This rules. It has interviews with Universal Order of Armageddon, Threadbare, and Falling Forward, but who cares. The cool part of this is the little bits of personal writing. Reads like journal entries. Very real and heart felt. The weirdest thing is that this woman seems to identify with the Straight Edge scene, although really the only times she talks about it is to complain about it. I hereby raise this person up from Straight Edger to real and complete regular ol' person. (I'm not sure we're allowed to do that, but oh well). Anyways, this is great. (GF)
PO Box 13044 / Minneapolis, MN 55414

7th STREET #10 / $1.00, 3 stamps, or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
An interesting little thing from Santa Rosa where numbered streets as zine titles may be a growing trend.... Lots of stuff on ska, personal writings, and a thing about the Specials (with an interview)...all with a typewriter that tends to leave out some words. Although it's more difficult to keep together, it's easier to read if you take out the staple. (KQ)
Penguin Girl Press / c/o Eden Stein / #114 1144 Sonoma Ave / Santa Rosa, CA 95405

SEX, MURDER, PIZZA #9 / ???
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
The 1st half of this is one very long, handwritten thing about Boca Raton and punk and work and skating and bands and frozen pizzas and records and grind-death-metal and more! The 2nd half has reviews of clothing stores and records, recipes, and more skating! (KQ)
325 Palmwood Pl P-212 / Boca Raton, FL 33431

SHRIMP UNIT / 50¢ ppd
An oddly shaped zine with a rant about people who don't support their scene by showing up for shows. Also some zine reviews and a touring with Santa, all set against a sea of black and white photos. (JW)
588 Madrone Ave. / Sunnyvale, CA 94086

SISTER STRIKE / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
For those of you who saw Team Dresch on their tour (and to those unfortunates who did not, read carefully!) - you may recall the great self-defense demos they did with Alice Stagg at the beginning of their set. This is in a way a zine counterpart to that, done by Alice. It's great to see a zine take on this important subject in such a unique and informative way. There's a diary of sorts of the various sexist and homophobic incidents T.D. had to deal with on tour (and how they dealt with them). Also, interviews with Fifth Column and Gretchen Phillips on self-defense, as well as guidelines for choosing a self-defense course. I really hope this zine continues and flourishes. Get this one!! (ML)
Alice Stagg / 2940 SE Woodward / Portland, OR 97202

SKATE MY MATTRESS #3 / $1 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs.
Well, this starts out saying "tuffgirl," which is way better then tuffgrrl... suffice it to say that zine tackles the gender thing without being dogmatic or repetitive. With rants from tomboys to skating to sex. The comments are well thought out and makes you

think and includes some comics and some info on cops and your rights.. good zine..just wish there were more to it. (JX)
PO Box 80183 / Seattle, WA 98108

SKEW #1 / $.75 ppd
4 1/4 x 11 - copied - 16pgs
Dispelling the myths, pushing comfortable stereotypes, plain and simple. She's telling it like she see's it, all about this condition we call woman-ness. Rad. (CC)
PO Box 17052 / San Diego, CA 92177

SOUND VIEWS #33 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 40 pgs
A well put-together little mag that focuses on the NY music scene... not just punk, either. There's ska, jazz, pop, and gothic as well. Interviews include Sick of it all, the Slackers, William Parker, Stigmata a Go Go and others. Lots of record reviews, too. (KQ)
96 Henry St. #5W / Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713

SOUTHBAY DISPOSAL #5/ $3.00
4 1/2 x 7 1/2 - copied - 34 pgs
Here is an intelligent political zine that rails on superficial fools. I like the damn thing. Get off your ass and dance fool. (SC)
John Gakin / PO Box 720716 / San Jose, CA 95172

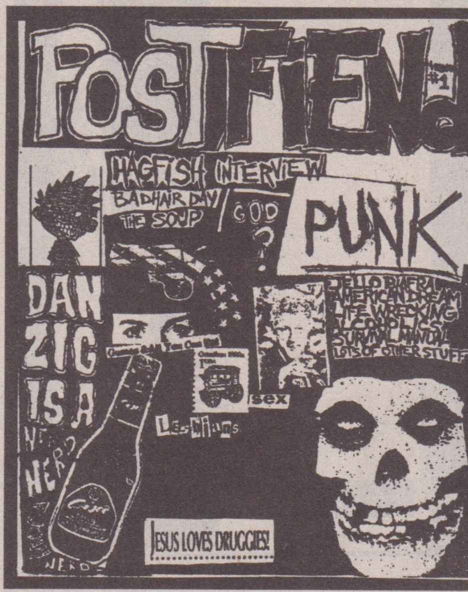
STALEMATE #2.5 / free with a letter
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 24 pgs
The Christmas issue. A spoof "It's A Wonderful Life", a scene report and some record reviews. Kind of punky, kind of funny. (JW)
20 Coburn Rd. / Manchester, CT 06040

STANDING STILL #2 / $2.00 ppd
10 1/2 x 8 - printed - 28 pgs
This is a straight-edge zine that has interviews with the bands Endeavor, and Canon. It also has some reviews and plenty of photos. Straight-edge doesn't personally excite me, but the zine does take progressive positions. (HH)
Mike D. / 318 W. Sylvania Ave. / Neptune City, NJ 07753

STARING OUT OF DISTRESSED EYES #3 / 3 stamps
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Swanky fonts and backgrounds that make for difficult reading...eep. Christianity w/o apology, X edge X, anti-health care, and contact addresses (including the Right to Life Society of Cleveland). Ooh. Aah. (KQ)
Matt / 9173 Peasley Road / Amhearst, OH 44001

STAY WILD #1 / $4.00 ppd
11 x 8 - copied - 56 pgs - German
This zine is good German punk. There are a couple of interviews with the bands Risiko Faktor, Teengenerate, and New Bomb Turks. There are also plenty of new record reviews and lots of ads to purchase records from. Finally there is a description of a punk rock weekend in Hamburg. (HH)
Sven Dannenberg / Thieshoper Grund 5 / 21438 Thieshope / Germany

STIFLED #5 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
OK, if you got rid of the 6 pages wasted on handwriting analysis, the 2 pages on acupuncture, the 5 pages on female genital mutilation, the misspelling of 'masturbation' and the dumb section on Geninis, this could be an enjoyable, trimmed down, 26 page version of Stifled fanzine. If this editor would just stick to her own thoughts, and lose the entirely lifted from other sources "essays", she could have a womanly girlish kind of shallow, not too smart, maybe just young, personal zine to be proud of. (JB)
Jocelyn Rousseau / 215 Elmore Ave / Woonsocket, RI 02895



SUBZINE #8 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 48 pgs
A slick looking zine with a lot of stuff on American "alternative" bands like Rancid and NoFX. This has a nice layout and I'd recommend it to those of you who are down with Billy Joe. (MP)
Marcel Haug / J. Gerritstraat 18 / 2611 ES Delft / Holland

TALES OF THE SUFFOCATING MAN #1 / $1.00
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
An asthma sufferer gives his views of the world. Interviews with The F-Kripz and The Pissdrunks. Record and zine reviews, a school paper-esque articles on zines and zine culture and the highlight...a piece on why heavy metal is dead. (CC)
Box 80235 SMC 1200 Textile Rd / Spartanburg, SC 29301-0009

TERRORIST #2 / $1.00 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is the only punk zine out of Macedonia at the moment, and it's a very interesting read with interviews from Macedonian bands; New Police State, and Brigade O.D., then there's Q&A with Flat Records, and the Turkish band Radical Noise, rounding things off there's also reviews and a comic strip at the end. It's always interesting to read about bands and people from scenes that do to get much coverage. Punk is everywhere! (MA)
Bartling / Ul. Volgogradska 2/4-7 / 91000 Skopje / Macedonia

THE BEAN #1 / $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
A pretty boring guy who is into his computer, e-mail, Hong Kong action films and how uncool cool things become when they become popular. Included in this zine is a two page rant about all the "hot chicks" on 90210. This is dull all in all and boring too! I was under the impression that New York was supposed to be exciting. Maybe if this guy left his computer once in a while he realize there are more things in life than bitching about other people. (JB)
Bryan Lim / 62a 47 Claremont / 545 W. 114th St / New York, NY 10027

THE BLAST! #4 / $1.50 ppd
11 x 17 - printed - 28 pgs
One of the better anarchist papers I've seen: a good balance of local (MN), national, and international coverage. Shit on the Crime Bill, the Contract On America, population control, Guy Harvey Baker, plus letters and reviews. A broad range of topics is covered in detail. (Still) highly recommended. (PK)
PO Box 7075 / Minneapolis, MN 55407

THE DANCE OF DAYS #2/ $2.00 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
You may have guessed by the title that this is some sort of emo music zine. Well you're right. It *is* a very well done one. Accessible and well done layout, good photos, and writing. Long interviews with Samiam and Lifetime; music, zine and show reviews. (BA)
36 South St.#42 / Danbury, CT 06810

THE OUTBREAK #3 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Short, simple anti-government writings. So short and simple you aren't likely to come away with anything more than "government is bad," but if you haven't been exposed to anarchist thought before, you might get off on this. (PK)
PO Box 45628 / Kansas City, MO 64171

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN RACE #1 / "Pay what you want to pay"
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 46 pgs
Interviews: Mob Action, Bollweevils, Da

Bad Kidz. Graffiti stuff, stories, purportedly anarchist politics. Anti-fascist. Yeah. Kill the pigs. Not so bad, but not very interesting either. (JP)
3643 N. Magnolia / Chicago, IL 60613

THE RAIN THAT FELL LAST NIGHT MADE ME FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU/ $1.55
4 1/4 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
Resist Hatred - Stay at home. Well written and illustrated philosophical zine. Avoids being preachy while working through the authors thoughts on life. Lots of good stuff: Coffee shops, libraries, Kid Dynamo, journals, and a call for the boycott of Barnes and Nobles and similar companies. Good stuff. (BA)
Robert Sutter III / PO Box 15306 / Santa Rosa, CA 95402

TINDERBOX #1 / stamps or IRCS
5 3/4 x 8 1/2 - offset - 14 pgs
The cover of this 'zine states "hardcore fanzine" in parenthesis, and also has the distinction of displaying more X's than I've ever seen on one surface. It's mostly devoted to the current crop of straight-edge bands in England and Europe, with some ramblings on record swaps and bitching about skate harassment on the streets of Bristol. Well-written, enthusiastic, and I found only one spelling error. (JR)
Robert / 31 Quakers Rd. / Downend, Bristol / B516 6JE / England

TOUGH GUY #1 / $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Brilliant parody of straight-edge zines that's so dead on in it's criticisms it's almost scary. Just like your typical edge zine, this comes complete with a reprint of an animal rights pamphlet, badly reproduced band photos, words on brotherhood, hardcore and politics, and a mock interview with Earth Piece. (MA)
PO Box 26014 / 116 Sherbrook St. / Winnipeg, MB / R3C 4K9 / Canada

TRAIN OF THOUGHT #2 / $2.00 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Well, it's about time that there was a European straight-edge fanzine that focused on what's happening in the sXe scene over there. This issue features conversations, mostly done through the mail, with Lash Out, Above All, Neckbrace, and Immoral Majority, along with some thoughts on the media's distortion of animal cruelty, and doing interviews. I also want to mention the quality copy job complete with clear reproduction of photos, top notch. (MA)
Alan Davis / 11 Hughenden Rd. / Clifton, Bristol / B58 2TT / England

TRUST #49 / 3 DM
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 66 pgs
Think Flipside in German. This issue has Agent Orange, Gum, Numb, Jawbreaker, Offspring, many more. Perfect unless you can't read German. (GF)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Salzmannstr 53 / 86163 Augsburg / Germany

UNDER PRESSURE #3 / $1 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs.
Well, what you got here is your basic music zine. Oh wow. Two interviews with Lifetime and Propagandhi, which are pretty good as well record reviews. And last but not least you get a defense of rich white suburban males... preaching all that matters is that everyone get along while at the same time bashing MRR/SF punks... Silly boys. Anyway, I suggest you wait for the next issue, when rich white suburban boy will tell you all the benefits of having 8 million people liking Green Day.... (JX)
939 So. Ave 4 / Springfield, MO 65806

UNDER THE INFLUENCE # 1 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 26 pgs
A very good first effort. Mostly personal opinions about abortion, tax protest, and the evils of Xmas. There is a long interview with Chris Eagen of Desperate Attempt Records. Mostly hand lettered, but easy to read, and the price is right. (JW)
Greg Wells / 4910 Margo Ave. / Louisville, KY 40258

VERA KRANT #1 (hey, that's what it says) / ???
5 3/4 x 8 1/2 - printed - 32 pgs
This thing again. I think it's cool. I have no idea, really. It's in Dutch, and I don't own my Dutch/English dictionary anymore. Battery, Unbroken, Bivouac, One Foot In The Grave, Apt. 3G, Snuff. (JP)
Vera Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV / Groningen / Holland

VERA KRANT #2 / f 35
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 32 pgs
If I could read Dutch I would probably like this a lot. It looks great and is full of fun looking lists and articles, with lots of different color paper and 4 color illustrations. If you read Dutch you should get this and send me a translation. (JW)
Vera / Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Holland

VERA KRANT #3 / ???
8 3/4 x 5 1/4 - offset - 32 pgs - Dutch
This is all part of some cruel joke. Lots of colors & lots of words I can't read. Features on the Makers, the Ex, Heather Nova, and more! There is a piece in English that may or may not be by a band called Swing. I think maybe they start numbering their issues in December, or maybe they're just going backwards. (KQ)
Vera / Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Holland

VY-ZINE #2 / $1 and a stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Wellllllllllllll....this zine is kind of typical and dull. It has a short interview with Propagandhi, a polemic on MTV's influence on punk rock, a few reviews, comics........hmmm. (ML)
510 Ridge St. (upper) / Boring Green, OH 43402

WEDGE #3 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 37 pgs
Interviews with the like of Man or Astroman, Monomen, Huevos Rancheros, more Big Daddy Roth graphics than you can shake a stick at, and quite a few pics of Tina Louise and the Trashwomen as well. Good selection of record reviews, most of them paying tribute to the above bands as well as others in the same vein. Very recommended. (JR)
Eric / 2994 Jacob / Hamtramck, MI 48212

WORDS THAT HURT #3 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
This is an extremely well written zine that combines short stories with articles on the real origins of Thanksgiving, an open letter to Burlington, a Champions photo memorial, an interview with Dave Smalley, news, opinions, and a few words on where the 'in crowd' can really go. Worth picking up for the short stories alone. (MA)
Simon / 15 Walbridge #3 / Allston, MA 02134

XTERMINUSX #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Straight edge. An emotion which hinders the mind and distorts the spirit. From its painful prodding and constant discomfort crawls forth an entity so powerful the very fabric of civilization corrodes and writhes in its clutch. Oh, sorry. I was just poking fun

at this zine's editorial. Well, it's yet another generic straight edge zine. Big print, lots of wasted space. A *very* misinformed piece on anarchy. Veganism through *education*, not militancy. (Uhhh, no thanks, I don't need educating from a suburban teen) Contradictions in the SXE scene. How AIDS is nature's way of cleansing the earth of the "human parasite." (what?!?) Lots of ads for SXE stuff and interviews (May Day, Life Sentence records). (ML)
Al Warden / PO Boxxx 19142 / Boulder, CO 80308-2142

YOU WHAT ARMY #5 / ???
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Wow. Lots of writing about punk and ska and the scene in L.R. A scary incident in Minneapolis, scooter stories, work stories, and a sort-of death of friend story - basically a lot of stuff. An interesting connection that is made between emo and the selling plasma and a tribute to a skinhead girl who ran off and got married both made me laugh out loud. Sorry. Zine & record reviews, too.... Cool. (KQ)
401 Johnson St / Little Rock, AR 72205

MORE LISTINGS

ANTHEM #1 / 1 stamp
Straight-edge zine with skating, opinions, reviews, etc.
David / 10025 Thomas Payne Cir. / Charlotte, NC 28277

CRUMB #3 / 2 stamps
Opinions, lists, poetry, how to construct a makeshift pot pipe, etc.
PO Box 42 / Sherwood, WI 54169

EAST COAST FANZINE #1 / 2 stamps or trade
New zine from the editor of the now defunct Gurlz With Gunz zine. This issue features opinions, legal ways to make money off of your body, reviews, and more.
Monika / Box 627 / 510 S. 42nd St / Philadelphia, PA 19104

ESTRUS QUARTERLY / 1 stamp
Here's the catalog for the label that brings you Man Or Astro-Man?, Jack O' Fire, The Makers, etc.
PO Box 2125 / Bellingham, WA 98227-2125

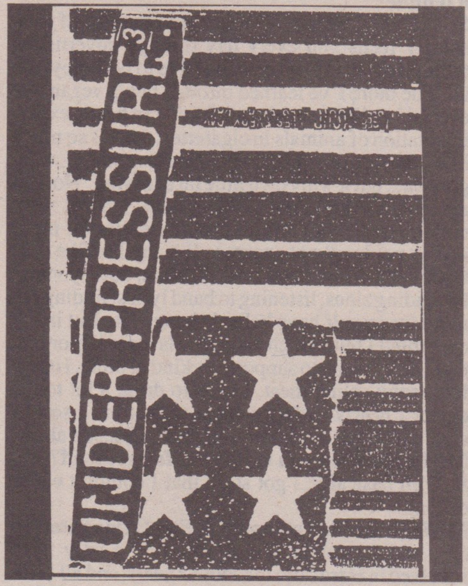
FILLER #1 / $3.00 ppd
Fugazi, Drive Like Jehu, Pavement, Gerard Cosloy, Barbara Manning, an article on 'alternative' radio, reviews and more.
588 Dogwood Ln / Waterloo, ON / N2L 4X9 / Canada

FILLER #2 / $3.00 ppd
The Fall, Charles Peterson, Silver Jews, Come, Sloan, and more.
588 Dogwood Ln / Waterloo, ON / N2L 4X9 / Canada

FOR THE WORLD IS HOLLOW AND I HAVE TOUCHED THE SKY #2 / $3.00 ppd
Reviews, opinions, clippings, Star Trek worship, articles, opinions, etc.
PO Box 3064 / Unley S.A. 5061 / Australia

FUKT CALENDAR 1995 / $2.00 ppd.
12 months of characters and art work from the mind behind Fukt mini comics. A good way to deal with the new year.
I. Jeans / PO Box 4257 / Stn E / Ottawa, ON / K1S 5B3 / Canada

GREGJAW #? / 2 stamps
I haven't seen this one in quite a while, but here's a new issue with four stories dealing with love, Buck Rogers, etc.
46 Harmon Rd / Edison, NJ 08837



HOLINWUN #3 / 1 stamp
Sinkhole, reviews, fiction, opinions, etc.
David Brown / Hood Hall Room 106 / Ithaca College / Ithaca, NY 14850-7213

KILL ROCCO #1 / 1 stamp
An unauthorized biography type zine about the evils of Steve Rocco and what he's done to the skateboarding industry. Truth be known, Big Brother is my all time favorite magazine.
John Freeborn / 2 College St / RISD Box 1560 / Providence, RI 02903

LAST GASP Winter 1995 / $3.00 ppd.
Distributor / mailorder of printed material carrying a variety of books, cards, t-shirts, comics, zines, multimedia, etc.
777 Florida / San Francisco, CA 94110

LEAD BALLOONS #27 / $1.00 ppd.
Consistent zine focused on reviewing zines and other independently produced printed matter. News, reviews, interview with Russian cartoonist Nikolia Mokijevski, comics, and more.
PO Box 1528 / Ypsilanti, MI 48197

MILKCRATE DIGEST #1 & #2 / $1.00 and 2 stamps each
A zine focused on some things you can do with milkcrates, like basketball, skating, etc.
John Freeborn / 2 College St / RISD Box 1560 / Providence, RI 02903

PROGRESSION #1 / 2 stamps or trade
This offers thoughts on discovering the punk scene and what relevance it has in this persons life, along with quotes, clippings, art, and more.
Jessica Schoenbaechler / 314 Moonlight Ln / Angleton, TX 77515

S.T.E. COLLECTIVE BULLETIN #33 / 1 I.R.C.
This is a bulletin to let you know what this collective from England is all about, and also to clue you in on the things they have planned. This issue has a list of contacts, opinions, and show dates.
S.T.E. Collective / 15 Sparrow Square / Eastleigh / Hants / SO50 9LB / UK

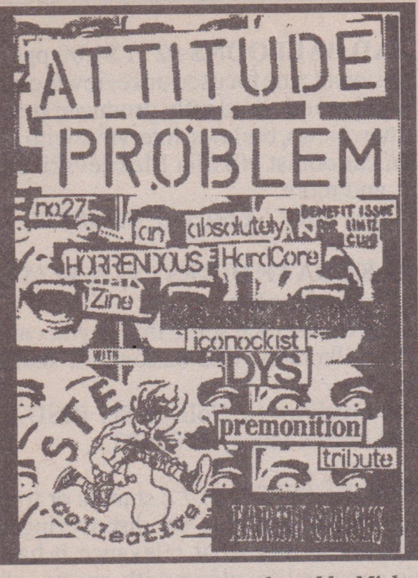
SALSA AMOEBA #1 & #2 / 2 stamps or trade each
Opinions, reviews, clippings, comics, etc.
Ben Harvick / 385 So. 10th St Rm 318 / San Jose, CA 95112

SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH #30 / 1 stamp
Words on E.C Comics, clippings from horror comics, reviews, and excerpts from the Police Beat from the Seattle police department.
1611 1st Ave. West #6 / Seattle, WA 98119

SKAM #3 / 2 stamps or trade
Interview with the Offspring, reviews, opinions, etc.
1212 E. Tower / Ithaca College / Ithaca, NY 14850 -7231

SPANK #8 / $1.00 ppd.
Write up on Pegboy, reviews, and opinions.
1004 Rose Ave / Des Moines, IA 50315-3000

WHAT IN TARD NATION #3 / 2 stamps
Goofy zine from Olympia with Skate Mongoloids interview, opinions, etc.
Aaron Rat / 1001 Cooper Pt. Rd. SW #140-273 / Olympia, WA 98502-5011



This interview was conducted by Michael Spearman, a good friend and cool jazz guitarist. His knowledge of hardcore is limited, hence some pretty basic questions asked. Steve

MRR: "Attitude Problem,"where does that come from?

S: Well, the name comes from basically how I see people in society, especially around where I live, I just see people who've got a big attitude problem, a lot of people walking around with big chips on their shoulders for no reason.

MRR: What's the reason?

S: Well, maybe there's a reason in their own lives as to why they have such an attitude problem, but I don't see any reason why people can't act decently towards one another or even just being polite; people seem so wrapped up in their own world and their own way of living. There's no time for anybody else and there's no room for anybody else and it's 'just me'

MRR: Are you wrapped up in the way you live your life?

S: I'm wrapped up to a certain extent because my life takes up a lot of time in terms of the zine, the distro, work, friends and there's not a lot of room in the rest of the day for much else but I try and be there, keep an open mind to other people's problems and views on life and I try to be there if they wanna talk and stuff like that. But I suppose in essence we are all wrapped up in our own lives because we've all got our own lives to lead.

MRR: It's a moral thing isn't it?

S: In what way?

MRR: Well you think you're perfectly entitled to choose the way to live your life, a better way than those people who have the attitude problem. I don't think there's a problem in saying yes or no to that, personally.

S: I'm quite happy the way I live my life, how I see other people, it's just what I see in society really, I see big problems.

MRR: Good. And you're onto issue 28 now?

S. I will be shortly, in February hopefully.

MRR: Has the zine changed over time to the way you would like? Remember, it's a long way from issue 1 to issue 208, there must be several differences.

S: *(howls of laughter)* Well, I haven't actually done 28 issues.

MRR: So it's just a crude marketing ploy?

S. Yeah, I've actually done 4 issues but this is because when I put out the first issue of *Attitude Problem* I was actually 24 years of age.

MRR: So it is a crude marketing ploy?

S. (more laughter) Yes, so it is a crude marketing ploy making out I've been around for centuries when I haven't. I just thought it'd be something different rather than doing 1,2,3,4 onwards and seeing as I was 24 when the first issue came out, I thought that'd be a good place to start.

MRR: So this *avalanche* of 20th Century thought began!? So what is HardCore, the philosophy of HardCore, what is it? Or does it have one?

S: The way I see HardCore in my own little world of life I guess is...

MRR: Is your HardCore a vegan HardCore, is that's what's called Straight-edge?

S: Straight-edge is not drinking, not smoking, not doing drugs basically and vegetarianism and veganism, that's all been latched on to it but wrongly in my opinion. Being vegan or vegetarian or even straight is a personal choice and one you shouldn't take lightly if you're serious about them. It's not something you're gonna do for 6 months and say "oh I'm sxe", you've gotta be committed and show...

MRR: That's within HardCore?

S: That's within HardCore itself, I mean...

MRR: Does that bug you then?

S. I mean there's thousands of people who don't drink or or smoke who've never even heard of Punk or HardCore and if you said the term Straight-edge it would mean absolutely nothing, but that's how I first heard about I suppose non-pollution of your body.

M: So what is it? Is it a Zen thing? Is your body a temple?

S: The way Isee it is, it's more of a rebellion of what society feeds you every day through advertising, telling you the way you should live to be happy, it's all. The more I've learned through being vegan and everything like animal exploitation in beers, experimentation of animals in cigarettes, there's so much involved, it's too much to handle sometimes... what goes on... but it's my own little bit of saying "No, I'm not gonna take part in this system, I don't want nothing to do with this and being straight for me is saying no, I will not accept to live my life like that. Once I did drink, once I did eat meat, but my views by reading zines, listening to band lyrics, finding out more for myself have helped change me. But in my own mind I felt, which I suppose is more important, that I didn't want to support this kind of thing, I never felt happy eating meat. I used to drink a lot to the extent I nearly had a problem with it but I sort of sorted that one out for myself and SxE came along.

MRR: How did you sort it out for yourself?

S. Well basically, I got so ill that I couldn't eat or drink...

MRR: It's called a hangover Steve. (laughter!!!)

S. ...and I thought this is stupid. I'd only been involved in HardCore for about 2 years, and all I was doing was buying records, buying zines, being a consumer of it all and I was never supporting the bands by going to gigs, I was never doing anything active and that was something I wanted to do more. The more I was getting into HardCore, the more active I wanted to be. I couldn't *be* active because I was spending all my money on alcohol and going out and I just thought this isn't what I want to be doing, so I said 'that's it'. I stopped drinking and when I stopped drinking I found my whole life changed for the better as I started doing more, felt more productive, put out the first zine, went to more gigs and found I was having a better time than through alcohol, and SxE for me, helped me in some aspects because a lot of the bands at the time were putting out very positive messages and I sort of grasped that and that helped me find some direction, find some positive path, at least that's what I think, what other people think I don't know.

MRR: So you kept out of pubs. Has that had any negative connotations.

S: In some respects it was because when I first gave up drinking I still used to go into pubs because I didn't want to lose contact with people who did drink just because I didn't, but in the end I just couldn't handle being in a smoke filled atmosphere and around drunken people at night, especially in Colchester because I'm the only SxE person there—in terms of Punk Rock community—and it gets to a point where you just don't feel comfortable in that situation anymore and I sort of drifted out of that network and began doing my own thing more. I still keep in contact but not necessarily going into pubs, more of going round their houses and keeping in contact that way.

MRR: Do you feel you miss the community thing or the gang thing?

S: In what way?

MRR: Just drinking buddies, you must have had laughs.

S: Yeah, I've had plenty of good laughs when I've been drinking and out of me head and you look upon those times with good memories, but on the other hand I also remember the bad times of being sick everywhere and massive hangovers and being ill for days on end, being negative, not doing anything and especially in the latter part of my drinking, self depression would creep in and I'd become mentally tortured to some extent. I was really doing myself in and I feel to be happier within myself is much more worth it than hanging around in a gang.

MRR: If I said that the difference in you over the last few years has been basically been down to the fact that you've educated yourself, you've raised your head above the parapet of Colchester, leaving school at 16, into a job and on the beer, you've raised your head and you've educated yourself out of it.

S: Well, I know a lot of friends who I left school with who are still doing the same rounds as they were like me when we left school, they're doing exactly what they were 10 years ago and I don't want to be doing what I was 10 years ago, I want to keep moving on, experiencing more things.

MRR: So what will be your next thing?

S: The next thing I'd like to do is maybe release a record of my own, not of my own but on a D.I.Y. label, that's what I'd like to do, travel some more, meet new people, it's a continuing process. I mean HardCore in itself has opened all that up for me. Just doing the zine, writing to new people, meeting people at gigs, striking up new friendships. I've traveled a lot because of that and it's given me opportunities which I'd probably never of had if I hadn't got into HardCore.

MRR: Like your trip to Canada and the States?

S: Yeah, just through ordering records through a label, getting a cool letter back, a couple of replies, phone calls, leads to friendship. HardCore seems to be in most circles, very open. There's a lot of friendship involved and that friendship stretches and knows no boundaries really.

MRR: Are there quite a few people in HardCore who've had similar experiences to you in terms that they've battered themselves, bruised themselves, do you see what I mean?

S: What, in terms of physical abuse?

MRR: Yeah, I'm not saying HardCore is the last refuge of the schmuck, but having said that, I don't think a lot of people actually realize they are bruising themselves like the attitude problem people we've talked about before, I certainly agree they are abusing themselves and hurting themselves, maybe they just don't realize it. I don't think you can avoid it in life though, you're going to get hurt and bruised.

S. I do know a few people who've had rough experiences and who've changed because of HardCore, because HardCore is more than music, it's an attitude in life. It is a way of life and it does change people's lives, I think. It changed mine.

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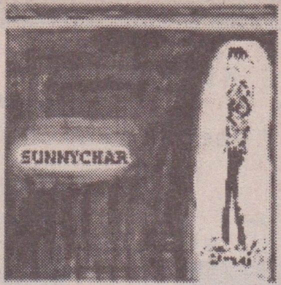

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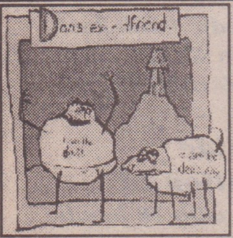

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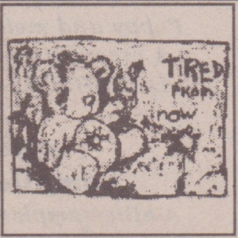

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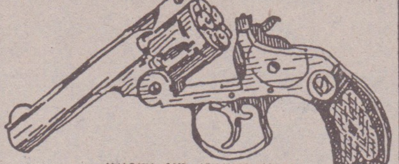

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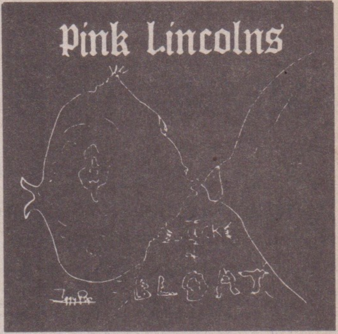

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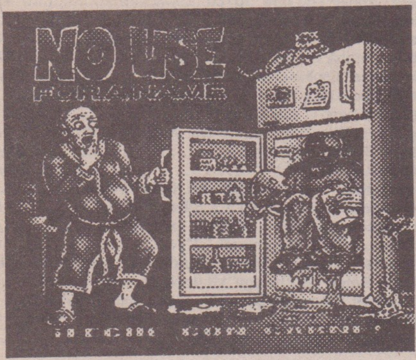

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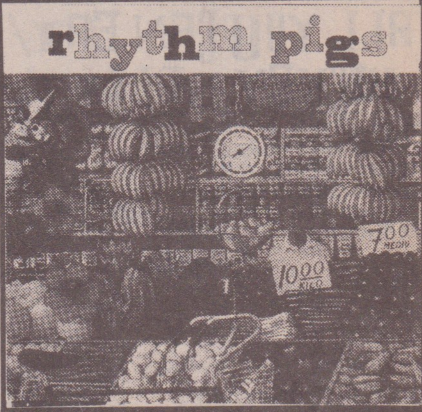

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EXTREME INDUSTRIAL noise wanted. Vinyl, cassettes, paper goods etc. Will buy or trade. Please send lists. Material wanted by: Whitehouse, NWW, MB, Merzbow, CCCC, Broken Flag, New Blockaders, Hanatarashi, Sodality. Michael C., 428 Broderick St., San Francisco, CA 94117-2266.

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RADIO PROGRAM seeks unsigned rock bands for radio airplay in L.A. and Vegas, on 870 AM & 1230 AM. Call 24 hrs/ 7 days for details. 1-900-786-1995. +18, $3.99/min. NARR, LV, NV. (213)882-1916.

OBNOXIOUS! PICTURE DISC "Puke Till Death" LP. 28 songs! Also available only 500 first are picture disc! (MRR #139) $12 ppaid CCE/ $13 ppaid Europe/ $14 ppaid USA/ $15 ppaid Japan. Fight 45 Records/ 21, Rue du Maroquin/ 6700 Strasbourg/ France.

RARE BRITISH PUNK / OI! / H.C. Set-sale 1800+ items. Abrasive Wheels - Zounds. Want-list service. Please send IRC for catalogue: Elista, 157 Common Rise, Hitchin, Herts., SG4 0HS, England. Tel / Fax: (0462) 433089.

RIMJOB Fanzine/Cassette Label is looking for bands (punk, Oi, hardcore, ska, big band, calypso, show tunes...anything!) interested in relasing songs on our comp or send writings, ramblings, etc. for print in 'zine. Bands, labels send vinyl, cassettes, CD's for review to: RimJob c/o Chris R.P.O. 3428 P.O. Box 5063, New Brunswick, NJ 08903, call Al (908)418-1736 for info. fucker.

FOREIGN LABELS or distributors: Looking for non-U.S. punk / hardcore releases for U.S. distribution. EP/LP/CD - flexible payment terms / trades possible. Send promo or just get in touch: Vacuum Records, POB 40959, San Francisco, CA 94140 or see ad this issue.

NIRVANA TAPE 4 sale $4 includes live, demos, b-sides and more. Full 90 minutes. Andy Luxxixg, 5429 13th Ave., South Minneapolis, MN 55417-2511. I want 1st Earth Crisis 7." Contact me if you have it for sale.

BABY IGOR 7", $3.00. Features Ed from Shades Apart on drums. Has a sound somewhere between Rollins and Helmet. Very nice handscreened sleeves and multiple folds. Overseas add $1.00. Write for other (not necessarily) related stuff: Squealer, P.O. Box 229, Blackburg, VA 24063-0229. e-mail: madnbut@vt.edu

AUCTIONING rare vinyl for cash to start label. Good deals on set sale too Long list includes N.O.T.A., Misfits/Samhain, Sub-PoP, early Revelation 7"s. lots of foreign hardcore. Crucufix 12". End the Warzone, pic discs from Blondie to Venom. Send $1 & your address to Joshua Brown, 11 Dresden St., Jamaica Plain. MA 02130 (617) 524-3765.

GUT/BOY WONDER split LP available from Dotzit Records. Full color matte sleeve is merely a wrapper for Guts' groovy avanta-garde attack and Boy Wonders' melodic anger, $7 ppd. 418 Tauber, College Station, TX 77840. Have a swell day!

DRUM VIDEO-excercises in drumming is a half hour, high quality, instructional/ performance video by Mike Culkin-drummer for Vein and The Bleeding Hemorrhoids. Topics covered are hand/foot exercises, double bass, hand accent development plus 3 blazing solos. $15. For solos only-drums alone-$10. To: Mike Culkin 87-78 115st, Richmond Hill, NY 11418

NOISE FOR SALE! Mike Nobody - "Birthday", cassette only release. Scare your neighbors! Depress your friends! $5.50 ppd. to: Don't Ignore Records, 7868 Elm, Taylor, MI 48180

NEW PHOENIX PUNK BAND: Snap Crackle Drop. Send $1 postage for free tape. Social Retardance, PO Box 258666, Tempe, AZ 85285-5666 USA

UNDER 18: That's my zine and I'm looking for contributers of all kinds! (no sexist, racists please) Also looking for people to carry my zine (distributors) Also if you want to buy my zine (interviews with: Final Conflict, Naked Aggression, Litmus Green, Discontent, and Dystopia!) It's $2.50 ppd, or 3 stamps. Pooh Bear, 1126-1/2 McDonald Ave., Wilm., CA 90744.

SWM SKATEBOARDER WANTED, 18-20, for party bud, friend plus sex! call (415)441-4619 Ricky.

HELLO OUT THERE! I'm bored and I want mail from anybody (female/ male/ straight/ gay) It doesn't matter! I also do a zine and would love contributions. I'm into NoFX, Avail, Tsunami, Born Against, God Head Silo, Universal Order...etc. Thank you - Ed, 481 Kenwood, Euclid, OH 44123.

NEW HAMPSHIRE COUPLE in 20's travelling to Europe July "95. Need info on places to stay, see shows. (As well as places not to!) We'll be around France, Germany, Poland. Into Descendents, Nomeansno, Queers, S. Weasel, etc. We're not racist or homophobic. We're polite and would be fine houseguests! Write: Carin Luhrs/Chris Reardon, 95 Main St. #3, Keene, NH 03431.

THINK NEGATIVE get comited! Issue No. 2 out! Send a stinking buck and get yours now. Submittals, trades and letters also accepted. Comited Magazine, PO Box 385238, Minneapolis, MN 55438-5238.

7 INCHES OF JIM is now available $5ppd from He's Dead Jim on vinyl or cassette. He's Dead Jim is caught between a rock and a punk place,"they sound a bit like 7 year bitch meets X and maybe Fire Party", "Mudhoney with a female singer". Hell, we'll even throw in a free issue of On The Rag 'zine. Planning a tour, any assistance is welcome and valued. Bands touring So. Cal. call and we'll return the favor. P.O. Box 251, Norco, CA 91760-0251 (909)275-9129 or (909)359-8879.

ON THE RAG #4 is now available. Free in the Inland Empire and surrounding So.Cal. area or $1ppd. through the mail. This issue contains: Voodooglowskulls signing, The Grabbers, Pansy Division, Red5, Snap-Her, The Marble Index, Sick Sense, Mulch, Riot Gun, Paranoid Pam, and He's Dead Jim, plus abunch of other cool shit to entertain you for days. P.O. Box 251, Norco, CA, 91760-0251.

VIOLENT SOCIETY live Jan 4th at the Chameleon Club in Lancaster with JFA. Did anyone boot it? Write 205 W. Patrica Rd., Churchville, PA 18966.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

GREAT BAND NAMES! In a band and can't find a good name? We can't possibly live long enough to be in all the bands we have names for. Send SASE for free list to: Alan and Lisa, 1011 Boren Ave., Ste. 114, Seattle, WA 98104.

WANTED: Info/pictures/memorabilia, etc. on Radio Birdman, Droogs, Viletones, Hates Lewd, Controllers, Simply Saucer, any good '70s punk, proto-punk, new wave bands for debut issue of cool new magazine. Write "Do The Pop," Alan and Lisa, 101 1 Boren Ave Ste. 1 14, Seattle, WA 98104.

GG ALLIN: Rock'n'Roll Terrorist video-a 2 hour compilation of GG's last tour. Comes with deluxe hardcase box with cover and booklet. $30 postage-paid in the USA. Watch Me Kill 6 song 7" ep from Japan rare-$10 postage-paid in the USA. Send SASE for complete GG Allin catalogue. Shrinkwrap Propaganda, P.O. Box 11831,Pittsburgh,PA 15228-0831.

MISFITS FANS/COLLECTORS! Looking for rare Misfits stuff for cheap, want to trade videos or audio recordings, or need any information regarding this classic horror-punk band, or any ated subjects? Send questions and $1 reply and an informative pamphlet explaining what we're about. -M.I.C., 7318-111 Street, Edmonton,Alberta, Canada, T6G-1H1.

DARK, ANGRY industrial band is being formed by male vocalist. Seeking 2 other vocalists, drummer, guitarist, bassist, and keyboardist. Influences: KMFDM, Bile, Skinny Puppy, Pigface, and Psychic TV. Am looking for people between the age of 17-20. Also seeking gothic girls for performances. Contact Nick (516)797-3757

GUN FURY 7" EP. Four punk rock n roll songs on one piece of vinyl. Only $4.00 ppd U.S., $5.00 ppd world. Send to: Gun Fury/Fairway Records, 736 Steeplechase Rd., Landisville, PA 17538.

WANTED: BLACK FLAG - Muskrat Love (live '86) LP or CD, CD preferred. Will pay up to $40.00. If your price is higher, write anyway. Francis Coccimiglio, PO Box 78, Force, PA 15841

RECORDS WANTED! Moss Icon/Silver Bearing LP, 1st Crain LP, Crimpshrine "lame gig" LP, Sewer Trout "...for president" 7" and cassette, "we've got your shorts" 7", "turn it around" 2x7", "they don't get paid..." LP, Cringer "take my desires..." & "tikitiki tembo" LPs. Please write if you can help! Michael Ottinger 501 BrettonWoods Dr. Apt. 203, Knoxville, TN 37919. Thanks

WILL BUY/TRADE for any Hard-ons or Heresy stuff, videos, tapes, shirts (XL + black preferred), or any crusty stuff. Cheers, Greg, PO Box 6183, Broadview, IL 60153, USA.

FOR TRADE V/A Strength Thru Oi lp, Last Resort-Skinhead lp (Red), Blitz-Attack 7", Red Alert-Power lp, Blitz-Generation lp, Crash/crux 12" (No Future), One Way System-Wall lp, Samples 7" (No Future), Vice Squad-Resurection 7", Varukers-Victim 7", Warzone-LESC 7" (Orange) Slipknot 7" (Red), Y.O.T.-Anarchy lp boot, Cro Mags-Age Of Quarrel 10" boot, Bad Religion Silencio lp boot. Rich, Flat 8, 16 Esplanade West, Sunderland, SR2 7BG, England.

I NEED THESE: Septic Death-Attention lp (colored wax-i'm willing to pay big bucks for this!!), Burial 7" & Kickigai 7" (numbered & signed), RFTC-Sub Pop 7", Gold 7", Pusmort 7" (/100), split 7" with Radio Wendy(/69) & split 7" with Deadbolt, anything by Pushead (Flyers, sleeve art, tees etc), fan club vinyls, Bacteria zine & update sheets before 5, 16-Doorprize dbl 7", early Dischord 7"s, Tad-Jack Pepsi cd with banned cover plus loads more! Rich, Flat 8, 16 Esplanade West, Sunderland, SR2 7BG, England.

FOR TRADE: Mob-Upset System 7" (Red), Wretched-Libero lp (Blue), Rollins-SubPop 7", Breakdown 87 Demo 7" (Yellow), Agnostic Front-Victim lp (gatefold), Skrewdriver-Dumb 7" & Antisocial 7", Rudimentary Peni-Timekiller 7" & Farce 7", CCM-Furios 7", Bristles-Boys 7", Headfirst Control 7" (Clear), Hard Stance-Reality 7" (Red), V/A Only The Strong 7" (Blue), VA X Marks The Spot 7", BGK/Mornington Crescent flexi, and many copies of the ultra rare Disorder-Reality Crisis 7" with cover!!!!! Rich, Flat 8, 16 Esplanade West, Sunderland, SR2 7BG, England.

MORE FOR TRADE: Amebix-Winter 7" & Arise lp, Chaos U.K.-Shock lp, Chaos UK lp & /ENT Lp, ENT-Holocaust lp, Antisect-In Darkness cd, Comes-Power lp, Gastunk-Mr, Gazime 7", FVK-Roots 8" Doomed-Peaceville club 7"(Red), Disorder-Scalple lp & Perdition 12", Morbid Angel-Altars lp (White) & Blessed 4x7" boxset, OpIv-Hectic 7", Leatherface-Minx lp with bonus 7" & test presses of most of their stuff, Active Minds-Slaughterhouse lp, United Mutations-Fugitive 7", plus loads of SxEx stuff. Rich, Flat 8, 16 Esplanade West, Sunderland, SR2 7BG, England.

VIDEOS: Business, Oi Polloi, New Bomb Turks, Spermbirds, Ryker's, Reagan Youth, Snapcase, 108, Refused, over 300 shows. List for 1 US Dollar or your list. Frank Geisler, Hermannstr. 26, 48431 Rheille, Germany.

GENEROUS SOUND DONORS: I'm interested in your sound experiments, unusual home recordings, 4-track musical explorations, will receive gifts, and if response is good, home-made compilation tapes of collected music. Please send contributions to Michael D., 95 Bethune Way, Winnipeg, MB, R2M 5J9, Canada. Also interested in anything you recorded as children.

GODS REFLEX! If you like pop-punk send $2 and we'll send you our tape. 7 studio songs, 5 basement, all originals. C'mon it s only 2 friggin dollars and you just might like it. Gods Reflex, 13703 Sundance Trail, Rockton, Illinois 61072

KONNICHI WA NIHON!!-i need Japanese traders! i need these records: Systema-Insider lp & Step 7", Execute-Hardcore 7" & A to Z flexi, Gastunk-Devil 7", G.I.S.M.-All!, Stalin-Trash lp & Stalinism 7", LipCream-Night Rider 7" & 9Shocks lp, Doom-Go Mad 7" & Killing lp, Zouo-Agony 7", Crime-Nuclear flexi, Outo-All, Antiseptic-First 7", LSD-Last 7" & Destroy flexi, Ground Zero 7", Bastard-Flame 7", Death Side-Possibility lp, Dream lp, Satisfy 7", Here Now 7" plus lots more!! Rich, Flat 8, 16 Esplanade West, Sunderland, SR2 7 BG, England.

BATTERY MAILORDER. Large assortment of punk/political music, t-shirts, stickers, books, patches, and more! For a free catalog write to: Battery Mailorder, 15317 N. Chronicle Ln., Mead, WA 99021.

FOR SALE MDC "Multi...,"and "Dead Children" 7". Both are 10 bucks each, also MDC/Stains 7" 20 bucks. For some inexpensive vinyl send stamp for list to: Andy Jackson, 13377 Jarman Pl., San Diego, CA 92130. Cash or MO for above records.

$2 CDs!: Yep. I got tons of promos I want to get rid of. Most unopened. You can get 5 for $10 (includes postage) mostly indie stuff, some punk, some who knows what. Send a $10 to The CD Offer, c/o Seidboard, PO Box 137, Prince St. Sta., NYC NY 10012.

FOR TRADE (ALL ORIGINALS, no bullshit!) The Gears: Let's Go to the Beach 7", Maggots; Tammmy Wynette 7", The Eat: God Punishes The Eat 7", Crime: Mmurder bt Guitar 7", DOA and Friends: Expo Hurts 7", Freeae: Tourists 7", Bad REligon: Unknown LP, SOA: No Policy 7", La Peste: Better Off Dead 7", Panics: Wanna Kill my Mom 7",Septic Death: Burial 7", Stalin: Romantist & Alllergy 7"s, Ambient Noise: ChainsawMassacre 7", Artificial Peace/ Exiled 7" x: aspirations LP, Eddie and THe Subtitles: Skeletons LP, Widows: all 7"s, Eppu Normmaali: Poliisi Pamputtaa 7" & Nipa7", Briard 7"s, Terveet Kadet all 7"s, SE all 7"s, Vox Pop: Just Like Yer Mom 7", Deep Wound 7", Really Red: Crowd Control 7" etc etc. Tons more all around the world!!! A.A.R. c/o Jukka, PO Box 174, SF-11101 Riihimmaki, Finland. tel/fax:358 14 721328

EXPERIMENTAL HARDCORE: If your band sounds a bit like Nomeansno, Victims Family, Minutemen or Primus, please send your demo. Also bands wanted for a Minutemen-tribute 7". Easy Mone~, Stephan Otten, Schnepfenweg 26, 48499 Salzbergen, Germany.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

WANTS (ORIGINAL 1ST pressings only!); Village Pistols: Big Money 7"(wp $100), Features 7"s, The Star Club: Go to Hell 7", Club Take One 7" &Frontline 7", Fear; 1st 7"(wp$150), Hollywood Squares: Hillside strangler 7", The Eat: Communist Radio 7"(wp 100), Freestone: Bummer Bitch 7"(wp$60) etc etc 70's & early 80's punkrock from around the world. We trade or buy, so call or write, or send fax to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka, PO BOx 174, SF-11101 Riihimaki, Finland. tel/ fax 358 14 721328

MORNING SHAKES!! Raw gar(b)age punk! "Wanna ~et EIigh~" -lehut 7". $3.25 pp~./U.S. & Canada, $5 ppd./elsewhere, $2 stores & dis~ribu tors. Checks payable to Christopher Lynn. T~eed Honkey Productions 147 Franklin St. #4, Brooklyn, NY 11222.

TRADE/SALE: 7"s, Double 0, Fuck-Ups, GI "Effort", Broken Talent, Effigies, Slugs "Problem", Sonic Youth/Mudhoney, Weirdos "Neutron", Vktm's "100%", Ism "I Think..", Stranglehold, Neos "Hassibah" etc... Please send stamp for reply. Christopher Renna 80 Birch Rd., Watertown, Conn. 06795 USA Ph#(203)274-4779 Wants: Vopos 7", 1st Electric Deads 7", Mary Monday 7", also: live audio/video by Hammerbox.

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Mule, Laughing Hyenas, Tar, Surgery, Railroad Jerk, Oxbow, Boss Hog, Blues Explosion, Distorted Pony, Melvins, Helmet, Neurosis, Cave, Birthday Party, Bastro, Cosmic Psychos, Lubricated Goat, Babyland, Ethyl Meatplow, Jesus Lizard, Didjits, Pain Teens, Helios Creed, Antiseen, Pussy Galore, Rapeman, Scratch Acid, 1000's more!!! $1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Slapshot, Underdog, Agnostic Front, Biohazard, Into Another, Killing Time, Judge, Murphys Law, Bad Trip, Rest In Pieces, S.O.I.A., Vision, Supertouch, Uppercut, Snapcase, Burn, Die 116, Orange 9mm, Insideout, Quicksand, Carry Nation, Sheer Terror, Wrecking Crew ,Crawlpappy, Cromags, Gorilla Bisquits, Endless, Kingpin, 1000's more!!!$ 1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

OUT NOW--Simple Records mail order catalogue/fanzine. Write to us and you will be immediately be put on our mailing list. Punk, hardcore, ska, and alternative. Compilation out soon. Simple Records, PO Box 157, West Sayville, NY 11796.

TAPE TRADERS: Looking for tape traders. I'm into SSD, Raw Power, Y.O.T., Ramones, Crossed Out, Infest and much more. Your list gets mine. Also, I'm ready to pay for Raw Power, "You Are The Victim" LP (1984 Meccano Records). Jean-Philippe, 17 St.-male, Ste-Julie, Quebec, Canada, JOL 2S0.

TAPE TRADERS: Your list for mine. Intersted in D.C. stuff, especially Void. Also looking for Void video. Write to: John Sybert, 7380 Broken Staff, Columbia , MD 21045.

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Operation Ivy, Rancid, Ramones, Down By Law, Green Day, Screeching Weasel, Bad Religion, Bad Brains, Misfits, Samhain, SNFU, Social Distortion, Alice Donut, Hanson Brothers, Nausea, GG, Murder Junkies, Antiseen, Accussed, Blast, Lunachicks, Dinasour Jr., Fugazi, Holy Rollers, Bungle, Seaweed, Sebadoh, Therapy?, 1000's more!!! $1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Swans, Unsane, Rollins, Supersuckers, Verbal Assault, Zorn, Boredomes, Lydia Lunch, Leeway, God Bullies, Beastie Boys, House Of Pain, Pavement, Hole, Jawbox, Jawbreaker, Fear, Gifthorse, Babes In Toyland, Bikini Kill, Bomb, Janes Addiction, Mudhoney, Nirvana, Desiderata, Born Against, Metallica, Entombed, Grotus, Buzzoven, 1000's more!!! $1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Hammerhead, Silverfish, Einsturzende Neubauten, Dwarves, Pigface, Poison Idea, Urge Overkill, Woodpussy, Unrest, Shudder To Think, Rorschach, Scream,7 Seconds, Tool, Wiseblood, White Zombie, Sepultura, Excel, Breeders, Codeine, Come, Cows, Foetus, Godflesh, Ice-T, Pantera, Big Black, Carcass, C.O.C., King Carcass, Chilli Peppers, 1000's more!!! $1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Front Line Assembley, Ministry, Butthole Surfers, Buzzoven, Oiler, Janitor Joe, Skinny Puppy, Slug, Slayer, Smashing Pumpkins, Shonen Knife, Soundgarden, Victims Family, Die Kreuzen, Hendrix, Chemical People, Flaming Lips, Pitchfork, Action Swingers, Chokebore, Black Flag, Killdozer, NIN, Napalm Death, Love Battery, L7, 1000's more!!! $1 or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

VIDEO RARITIES!!! Clawhammer, Karen Black, Morbid Angel, Chilli Peppers, Prong, Ludichrist, Cherubs, Samiam, 7 Year Bitch, Superchunk, Trenchmouth, Cop Shoot Cop, Danzig, Nymphs, Buzzcocks, Alice In Chains, God & Texas, Life Sentence, Steel Pole Bathtub, Voivod, Sandy Duncans Eye, Coffin Break, Pearl Jam, Blood Libel, 1000's more!!!$! or 3 stamps for big tastefull list to: Meathead, POB 562, Mundelein, IL 60060

LOOKING FOR absolutely anything (records, videos, appearances on compilations, flyers, etc...) by Filth, Wood Pussy, or Violent Anal Death (Prov., RI)! Sara, PO Box 3419, Austin, TX 75367.

MISFITS POSTERS and punk records for sale or trade. Please write for free huge list. Includes many rare 7" originals, including: Misfits, NOFX, GG Allin, Minor Threat, Meatmen, Fiction, and Reservoir Dogs posters, punk compact disks, rare zines, and much more. Paul Holstein, 6759 Transparent, Clarkston, MI 48346.

UNREST—I'm looking for "Malcolm X Park" and "Kustom Karnal Blaxploitation" LPs, out of print 7"s, shirts, etc. Also want Soulside "less deep..." LP and the first Lync 7". Galen, 660 Balboa Ave., Coronado, CA 92118.

WE HAVE RECORDS we need to unload. The prices are very reasonable. If you are a dealer don't bother. Send for list. If you can spare a stamp that would be cool. Some trades. Heckle & Jeckle, 27361 N. Sierra Hwy #185, Canyon Country, CA 91351.

WANTED REKERDS: Crimpshrine, "Lame Gig" LP, We've Got Your Shorts 7" comp., Dissent/Dead Silence split LP, first Screeching Weasel LP, A Priori "Absolutely Spurious" 7", Sweet Baby "It's A Girl" LP, Moral Crux 7"s, will pay reasonable price, must be in good condition! Write: Jamie Smith, 3100 Lakebrook Blvd. Apt. 45, Knoxville, TN 377909.

JANE'S ADDICTION: looking for audio or video. Especially want acoustic shows, shows with covers/unreleased tunes (i.e. Blood Rag, Ripple) and 8-7-91 in Toronto, ONT. Quality does not matter. Also looking for any shows by Ani DiFranco, NIN, and Primus. Send a list of what you have to ATP, 22 Ascot Circle, East Amherst, NY 14051.

"UNITED" TAPE COMPILATION featuring 14 bands/36 songs from Canada. All styles of music: crust/melodic HC/Oi/HC/HC grind etc.Benefit for L'Itineraire, newspaper made by homeless. This TDK 90 minutes tape come with a booklet of lyrics, $4 US ppd. world, (Cdn funds for Danada) at this adress: Jean-Philippe, 17 St.-malo, Ste-Julie, Quebec, Canada, JOL 2S0. Distributors write!

SET SALE: 7"s, 12"s, CD's - Unity, Youth Of Today, Verbal Assault, Unsted, Project X, Raid, Angelic Upstarts, Sham 69, Poison Idea, etc. SASE to Sean Raymond, PSC 3 Box 928, APO AE 09021. In Europe: c/o Wolfgang Diehl, Friedenstr. 12, 67354 Romerberg, Deutschland.

STRAIGHT JACKETS, yes I have the real thing. I also have human bones. And if that weren't enough, I custom make and sell leather restraints, harnesses, cuffs, paddles, whips, etc. Send $1 for a catalog to Skin Chamber Leather Company, POB 27598, Knoxville, TN 37927. I am also looking for stuff by/about Leather Nun form Sweden.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

FOR TRADE: (All originals, no bullshit!); Bad Religion: 1st 7", Maho Neitsyt: Mita On Punk? 7", Sillykillers 7", (Impatient) Youth 1st 7", Kraut: Kill For Cash 7", Black Market Baby: Potential Suicide 7", Controllers: Neutrol Bomb 7", DOA: Disco Sucks 7", GG Allin: Blood & Guts 7", G.I.: Make an Effort 7", Minor Threat: First three 7"s, Ideals: High Art 7", Anti-Cimex: Anarkist Attack 7", Rotters: Stevie Nix 7", Leftovers: Cigarettes & Alcohol 7", Wretched: Finira Mai 7", Star Club: Wakaki Ansatsusha 7" etc...tons more all around the world! We trade or sell. (Massive catalog for $1 or 2xIRC) write, call or send fax to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka, PO Box 174, SF-11101 Riihimaki, Finland. Tel/ fax + 358 14 721328.

POGO ATTACK PUNK the address for 86'd on the Pogo Attack comp. is no longer good. Send all yer mail to 86'd, Kendal Craig, 613 E. 6th St. #1A, New York, NY 10009. Patches & stickers a lousy quarter plus SASE. Cheers.

FREE CASSETTE SAMPLER #2. Get the latest 3 song cassette sampler from Skidd Freeman for free. "The product of a disturbed childhood"-Flipside 79. Send three stamps to Skidd Freeman, POB 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826.

TRADE. Poison Idea 'War All The Time'-'Darby Crash' (blue), Deprived 'Resistance', DRI 'Dirty Rotten LP', Unborn SF 'This is SF', Chaos UK '100%' 'test pressing', Poison Idea test pressings: We Must Burn, Pajama Party, Punish Me (UK pressing), Pick Your King (American Leather pressing), Live In Vienna, Tribute to Stiv, Official Bootleg (double 7"). Also have Poison Idea 'Live on KBOO' 7", Poison Idea/Ray and Clover split Christmas 7" and picture disc, Just to Get Away picture disc (various colors). Looking for Crass, Mortarhate, Riot City, No Future, Deviated Instinct, Sore Throat, Japanese and Swedish hardcore. Adam, 5420 SE 62nd, Portland, OR 97206. USA.

HERE IS THE DEAL. I have over 1200 punk/hardcore/grind/str8edge 7"s and LP's that I will trade for your old toys. Star Wars, Shogun monsters, 6 Million Dollar man, super heroes, etc. Old toys get rare records. So call or send a list of what you have. I have got tons of rare shit. I prefer to deal over the phone, but mail is alright too. Toys, 2009 Waikiki Way, Tampa, FL 33619. (813)-621-2681. Rob. Records for sale too. Send a want list and a stamp. Fletch lives.

TRADE: TOKEN ENTRY "Streets" LP, Battery 7" (blue); The Mad "Fried Egg" 7"; Sleep Chamber 1st 7"; Soulside 1st LP; Bloodline "Waiting Game" 7"; Side by Side 7"; BHC "Memory 7" test (3 made) & or red vinyl (#d 100); The Champions 7"test press (3 made); Shatter / Foreground7" test (3 made); Cable /Malcom's Lost 7"test (3 made). Moo Cow/ 38 Larch Circle/ Belmont, MA 02178

DIAMANDA GALAS. Active audience taper seeks shows from Galas/John Paul Jones tour. Especially NYC on 11/10/94. Also Looking for Grant Lee Buffalo in Irving Plaza 11/3/94. Old trading friends please get in touch as well, especially Dr. Bash. Send lists to Robert Anderson, 305 West 86th Street, Apt #16, New York, NY 10024-3110.

PUNK/METAL/POWERPOP. Major and indie cassette and CD deletions cheap. Out of print titles and factory overstocks. Tapes $2.99-3.99, CD's $4.99-10.99. Free flyer and catalog thing. Just write to Infernal Racket, Studio 145, POB 443, Owosso, MI 48867-0443.

OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN. The only power pop band in the state. And we have a cheap tape for only $2ppd. Plan-It-X Records, POB 3165, Bloomington, IN 47402. We will trade too.

B.D.G. MAILORDER. Live music tapes and videos, prank call tapes, novelty and rock t-shirts. Ethereal, gothic, industrial, hard core, rock, experimental, and more. Please send 4 IRC's or $1.50 to B.D.G., POB 16184, Newport Beach, CA 92659.

B.D.G. MAILORDER. Live music videos and cassettes, prank call tapes, rock and novelty t-shirts. Ethereal, gothic, rock, industrial, hardcore, experimental, and more. For more information call (714)-740-4096, 24 hours.

READ THIS, DAMN IT. Teamwork has a 7 song demo for $3, Reflections of The Forsaken 7" hardcore compilation with Default, Holeshot, and more at $3. We also have quite a few skateboards at fair DIY prices. Send a SASE for a catalog to: Teamwork Skateboards, POB 4473, Wayne, NJ 07474. USA.

SOUND IDEA DISTRIBUTION—Send 2 stamps or 4 IRCs for 12 page catalog, Send samples and working terms. Store opening in Tampa soon. Sound Idea /3421 SE Micanopy Ter /Stuart, FL 34997.

FOR SALE Adicts, ANWL, Chaos UK, Crass, Discharge, Exploited, GBH, Varukers, Clash, Cockney Rejects, Demob, The Mob. Send 2 IRCs or $1 for large punk list to Dave, 45 Somerset Road, Coventry, CV1 4EG, UK, phone/ fax +44 1203 225378.

BOOTLEGS, BOOTLEGS, BOOTLEGS! in the Sound Idea catalog. Send 2 stamps or 4 IRCs for 12 page catalog. Bootleggers get in touch. Sound Idea Distribution /3421 SE Micanopy Ter /Stuart, FL 34997.

YOU'VE SUFFERED THROUGH another issue of MRR...and your life still sucks. Try some Real Death Records and merchandise. Official home of Bloat, Blizzard and Sperm, and your I Hate MRR t-shirt. Send sase to: Real Death, 2261 Market #420, SF, CA 94114

MUSIC VIDEOS. Most of them never played on MTV. You pick up to 15 videos for $10. Also have live videos, Cobain/ Love compilations, and live audio. Send 2 stamps (foreign $1) for a list. Jamie, 360 Barton Dr, Fremont, CA 94536.

FOR SALE Varukers, "Nothing's Changed" 7" $6. "One Struggle One Fight" reissued CD $16. "Deadly Games" CD collection of early & deleted gems $16. "Live in Leeds 1984" CD $16. "Live New York 1994" VHS video (PAL) $25. All prices post paid, cash only please, registered post. Dave, 45 Somerset Road, Coventry, CV1 4EG, UK, phone/ fax +44 1203 225378.

T-SHIRTS, RECORDS, VIDEOS, CDs and more! Send 2 stamps or 4 IRCs for 12 page catalog. Send samples and working terms for consideration. Store opening soon. Sound Idea /3421 SE Micanopy Ter /Stuart, FL 34997.

FOR SALE--Fix Jans Room $40, Defnics 7 $40, Baloney Heads 7 $60, Avengers 12 $30, Black Randy-Past The Dust...LP $40, FU's-My America (Xclaim) $32, Monitors 7 $10, Lepers 7 $25 and tons more write: Joseph Filak, 2210 W 39th St. Lorain, OH 44053. Include SASE IRC.

SURE I'LL CARRY YOUR STUFF! Send samples and working terms to Sound Idea Distribution /3421 SE Micanopy Ter /Stuart, FL 34997.

RECORDS FOR SALE/ trade. Private collection, some rare some not. Punk/ hardcore, metal, and Oi! Also, back issues of MRR's for sale. Interested in talking with assassination theorists. Jim Valentino, 101 Brentmoor Rd., E. Hartford, CT 06118.

JAPANESE AND EUROPEAN labels: Trade with me! I run Burrito Records and Sound Idea Distribution. If you can't trade, send wholesale prices. Sound Idea /3421 SE Micanopy Ter / Stuart, FL 34997.

FUZZY DICE zine looking for psychobilly, garage, surf, and weird blues music to review. Send CDs or cassettes (no vinyl, please) with all pertinent band info/ price to Richard L. Levesque, 2227 Woodglen Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46260. Wil review zines of all types, too. Sending material doesn't guarantee a review. First issue available April '95 for $2.00.

LOOKING FOR Unity-You Are One 7" (original), Chain of Strength-What Holds Us Apart 7" (Foundation), CIA-God Guts & Guns 7", Deathwish-Tailgate 7", Token Entry-Jaybird LP, Jackshit-Hicktown 7", Nihilistics-1st LP, 7 Seconds-Walk Together...12" (w/poster), NYC Hardcore-The Way It Is (original), Inside Out-No Spiritual Surrender 7" (blue vinyl). Please send prices & responses to: Matt O'Brien, 1574 N. Valley Rd., Pottstown, PA 19464.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

"BROKEN" video by Nine Inch Nails wanted. Also want any other NIN stuff that I don't have. Videos, CD's, posters, concert stuff, anything. Send list with reasonable prices to: Bill Forwood/ 200 Country Club Lane/ Apartment 20-D/ Anderson, SC 29625.

DRUMMER NEEDED. Possible bassist. Likes of Nirvana, Babes in Toyland, Minor Threat. Cut/ shop tape near future. Cheap reherasals. Under 27 only. Any gender. Committed. Live w/us/ 206-325-7768 or 211 Summit Ave., East NE 104 Seattle WA 98102/ demo.

VIDEO: Meatmen, Melvins, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Minor Threat, Mudhoney, Mummies, Nation of Ulysses, Nirvana, NoFX, Nomeansno, Operation Ivy, Pixies, Poison Idea, Ramones, Rites of Spring, Rocket From the Crypt, Rollins Band, Scream, Screeching Weasel, Seven Year Bitch, Shudder to Think, Sonic Youth, Soulside, Soundgarden, Stone Roses, Superchunk, Supersuckers, Unrest, Velocity Girl, Victims Family, Ween, Wool, John Zorn, and more. Send your list or 3-32¢ stamps or one dollar to: Joe Hunter, PO Box 671273, Dallas, TX 75367.

MASSIVE LIST #2 '70s-'90s punk/hardcore, Canadian, American, some Int'l; Sturgeons, Malibu Kens, DOA, SNFU, Kaaos, Naked Raygun, and hundreds more. Send $1 US or 2 IRC to: Rich, 10764 101 St., Edmonton, AB, Canada, T5H 2S3.

ATTENTION FLORIDA PUNK, ska, oi, and Hardcore Bands! I'm putting together a compilation CD/tape of bands from our state. If you are interested, write for more info. I also want to get the Florida contact list going again. Strummer, 225 E. New Hampshire st. # 17 Orlando, FLA 32804

WANTED: VILE "SOLUTION"LP, Bloodline "Krshna Can Suck It"7"; rare X-Tian Death; Pompeii 99 Picture disc; Allegience 7" (1st); Boots N' Braces 7"; Little Armies 7"; Vanilla LP; Cymeon-X CD; Touchdown demo; Saigon 7"; SBLC 7" (blue); Blind Approach "N.A." 7" (gold). Buy or trade. Moo Cow/ 38 Larch Circle/ Belmont, MA 02178

AUDIO TERRORISTS WELCOME! PopBottle Press needs music/spoken/ noise/ etc. for upcoming compilation experimental encouraged. Also send 8.5 x 11 info for zine counterpart. Participants recieve final outtakes. PopBottle Press c/o David 3748 Promontory St., San Diego, CA 92109 Quality Control is your option!

ATTENTION DRUMMER KIDS. I've been looking into taking up the drums but I really know very little about them (average prices, what to look for etc.) Any advice is greatly needed and appreciated. Ann Morris/ PO Box 1. Fawn Grove, PA 17321

GERMAN 7" for sale or trade: Buzzcocks "I don't Mind" "What do I get", Damned "Love Song", Generation X "Ready Steady Go", Ramones "Don't Come Close", Rezillos "Top of The Pops" (all majors, so beware) plus other things Babes In Toyland, Helmet, Cows, B.G.K. "White Male Dumbinance" orig. and more, Free list from: Thomas Eicken, Middendorfstr.3, 44137 Dortmund, Germany

BANDS WANTED. I am looking for bands to put on future compilations and split 7"s. Focus is mainly on pop punk, power punk and old school punk rock. Send all demos to: Brian McGuiness c/o G.I. Productions, 1565 Park Ridge Dr, San Jose, CA 95118. Demo's will not be returned, I will eventually write back to everyone.

SPASTIC PISSBAG COMPILATION is looking for mother fucking punk rock bands to put in compilation. So if you are a drunk-crusty-fast as punk band, send in a tape and I'll send you a finished comp. Send tapes to: P.O. Box 8972, Denver, CO 80201. Thanx to all the bands who sent their shit in!

DUE TO A LACK OF RESPONSE and/ or interest in Bobwolf's "The Vinyl Gift" 4 song 7"ep, I am marking the price down to $! for it. That means everywhere! Make or money order payable to Andrew Jacobs. Black Coffee Records, PO Box 3291, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

THERE'S ONLY A FEW COPIES left of Ernie's Rubber Duckies (R.I.P.) 6-song 7" on green vinyl. This record will not be repressed. Send $3 postage paid to: Social Retardance, P.O. Box 25666, Tempe, AZ 85285-5666 USA

VIDEO: looking for television and live footage of: James Brown, Daisy Chainsaw, El Vez, Geto Boys, Hot Chocolate, Ernie Isley or Isley Brothers (t-neck era), Tom Jones, Masters of Reality, Oasis, Ohio Players, Spacemen 3, Stone Roses, Toadies, Village People, and Ween. Joe Hunter, PO Box 671273, Dallas, TX 75367.

VIDEO: GG Allin, Babes in Toyland, Bad Brains, Beastie Boys, Beefeater, Big Boys, Bikini Kill, Born Against, Boredoms, Brutal Truth, Buzzoven, Citizen Fish, Crimpshrine, Dag Nasty, Dead Kennedys, Drive Like Jehu, Dwarves, Embrace, Fear, Fugazi, Godflesh, Government Issue, Green Day, Gwar, Helmet, Ice Cube, Jawbox, Jesus Lizard, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, L7, Laughing Hyenas, and hundreds more. Send your list or three 32¢ stamps or a buck to: Joe Hunter, PO Box 671273, Dallas, TX 75367.

FUCK YOU!!! Putting together compilation of old punk in the vein of Misfits, Ramones, Black Flag. Lo-fi, No-fi, Hi-fi, I don't fucking care! Send a tape of 2 of yer best of worst songs to K.C., 2835 Thorndike Rd., Pasadena, CA 91107. Will send more information on compilation and a bunch of cool shit if you send tape. No racists!!!

COPPER 7", $3.50; Shift EP/CS/CD, $6/ $6/$8; Prema CS/CD, $6/$8; Scab 7", $3.50; AntiMatter 4, $2.50; AntiMatter 5 (w/Split Lip 7"), $3; War On Illusion, $2; 108 LP/CS/CD, $7/$7/$10; 108 zine, $2; Soul Reflection #1, $2; EVR zine, $2; Refuse To Fall 7", $3.50; Jagannatha shirt, $9; Revival #4, $1; True Equality (writings by Vraja Kishor), $1. Send a stamp for full list. Write to: John, PO Box 238, Ballwin, MO 63022-0283. Revival #6 out soon, maybe right now.

FOR SALE: CD's: Chaos UK live in Japan $14, Chaos UK/ Raw Noise split $16, J Church 'yellow, blue, and green' $5. Vinyl: Rudimentary Peni bootleg 7" $16, Society Dog 'working class people' 7" $15, Dickies 'Silent Night' 7" $16, lots more, send stamp for list. Write to reserve: Graham Trievel, PO Box 1625, West Chester, PA 19380-0051.

GREEN DAY, Rancid, Jawbreaker, Queers, Parasites, Screeching Weasel, Tilt, Fifteen, Op Ivy, Basic Radio, Downfall, New Bomb Turks, Face To Face, NoFX, Bad Religion, All, Descendents, Milestone, Sweet Baby Jesus, Avail, Cringer, J Church, Mr. T Experience, Samiam, Bikini Kill, Big Drill Car, Mudhoney, Nirvana, Fluid, Fugazi, Superchunk, Smiths, Misfits, Minor Threat, Seaweed, Snuff, Monsula, Dag Nastyu, Jawbox, Doughboys, and more. Live, demo, or video. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope (foreign $1) to: Jason Duncan, 507 Windridge Circle, Inman, SC 29349 for a complete list with over 500 titles.

TOURING BANDS IN THE FUTURE or anyone in general. I need a ride to Ontario! If you swing by Texas and are heading to Canada, I'll be your road slave... Looking for: Sammy Prieto (Slammer Videos), any Dead Boys, Motorcycle boy, tape traders, old flyers and someone in Austin to write me. Chuck: 508 12th Ballinger, Texas 76821 (915) 365-2809

QUICK EASY$$ MONEY$$—earn up to $500+ a week stuffing envelopes and processing mail! For info send self addressed stamped envelope to: Punk Parcail, PO Box 621, Troutville, VA 24175.

SERIAL KILLER STUFF. T-shirts, calendars, stickers, hats and more. Also cult movies, etc. $2 for catalog to: Killers Inc., PO Box 26817, San Francisco, CA 94126, USA.

AIRPLAY MATERIAL NEEDED for metro area (NY/NJ) punk, freeform, hc, FM radio show. Send to Diane's Kamikaze Fun Machine, WFMU-FM, POB 1568, Montclair, NJ 07042. E-mail to: diane@WFMU.ORG. Latest heavies are the Sanity Assassins, Guzzard, Zeke, Maxiwagon, Girly Machine, Sleeper, Wool, Texass, Kepone, and Helios Creed. Bands send tour info for gig announcements/assistance.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

ANARCHY FOR SALE. More backwoods chaos than you can shake a stick at. Neo anarchist jazzcore from the bible belt. Send $3.50 for the debut 7" of The Cooters, featuring former members of Pissed (MN), Nightmare On Sesame Street, and the Backwoods Mississippi Anarchy Orchestra. Write to Assault With Intent to Free, POB 443, Oxford, MS 38655.

WANTED: Swans cd's, Burning World, Can't Find My Way, Saved, Love Will Tear Us Apart, Real Love. I also need World of Skin vinyl (cd preferred), Blood Women Roses, One Thousand Years, Girl, Shame Humility Revenge, World of Skin. If I can't get the originals, I am looking for duplicates on tape. David p., 19 North Hancock, Apt. 2, Madison, WI 53703-2701.

LIVE VIDEOS. Trade and sell, Cheap prices. Inside Out, 108, Bad Religion, Black Flag, Bold, B Boys, Cream Abdul-Babar, Dwarves, Earth Crisis, Gorilla Biscuits, Helmet, Dead Kennedys, Jawbreaker, Man or Astroman, NOFX, Operation Ivy, Quicksand, RATM, Rancid, Screeching Weasel, Shelter, Snapcase, Strife, Sonic Youth, Downset, plus many more. Send SASE or stamp to Kevin, 1329 Nylic Street, Tallahassee, FL 32304.

VIDEOS AVAILABLE for trade or sale. I have 7 Seconds, GG, Addicts, Lunachicks, L7, Agnostic Front, Dayglow Abortions, MDC, Melvins, NoFX, Meatmen, Queers, SNFU, Social Distortion, Toy Dolls, Antiseen, Dag Nasty, Chaos UK, Screeching Weasel, Cramps, DOA, Fang, plus more. Your list gets mine or SASE. Traders please include time and dates. Joe Moran Goshen, Mobile Estates, #80, Torrinton, WY 82240.

FOR SALE: Screeching Weasel "Ramones" white vinyl LP ($50), "Happy Horny..." live 2x7" ($30), test press of live 7" (only 10 made)($25) Breeders interview CD ($25), Shudder To Think "medusa" 7" ($25) Nirvana "Down Under" 2xCD live ($40), Jawbox first 7" ($25) or best offer jerky. Chuck Pettry, PO Box 1336, Shepherdstown WV 24443.

WANTED: Flyers, audios, videos, etc. from ENT, A.C., Doom, Nausea, Misery, Wretched, Moderat Likvidation, Disrupt, Assuck, Antisect, Hellkrusher, Phobia, Brujeria, Amebix. Willing to trade. If you want to send me something on goodwill that would be great! Hopefully I can send you postage, tapes, etc. Shaun, W. 2116 Broadway #3, Spokane WA 99201. Also looking for Tank Girl series 1.

BEASTIE BOYS VIDEOS. Almost every television appearance ever made by the Beastie Boys can be found right here. These are extremely clear, hi-grade recorded VHS tapes. Send a SASE to Ben E., 1010 El Camino Avenue, Suite AD-Box #111, Sacramento, CA 95815-2542. USA.

HELP A FLEDLING record distributor and a mail order! Hardcry Records is starting out and now I have some inventory too, to sell! Still need video t-shirt and zine people to sell me wares cheap. So if you are interested please write or give me a call, indie labels and t-shirt vendors too. Hardcry Records/ POB 90581/ Henderson, NV 89009-0581. Phone # and Fax # 702-566-1297. Hope to start a store soon! Thanks.

I'M LOOKING FOR Ramones "I Remember You" UK 7" w/PS in M/M cond., as well as "Time Has Come Today" UK 7" w/ PS in M/M cond., and a mint sleeve for "She's a Sensation" UK 7". Also need Fastbacks "Lose" 7" (green sleeve) on S.P.F.C. and both Subway recs. singles in mint cond. Reasonable prices paid. Randy Moore, 8792 Navajo Road, San Diego, CA 92119.

AVAIL & QUIET RIOT—what do they have in common? Find out on the Food Not Bombs benefit comp. tape. Twelve punk bands covering '80s songs. All proceeds go to Richmond FNB. $3ppd. Whirled Records, PO Box 5431, Richmond, VA 23220.

WANTED: Photos of Falling Forward, Roosevelt's Inaugural Parade, Guilt, Enkindel, Metroschifter, and Ricochet for use in future initial records catalogs, ads, etc. Credit will be given for any photo used. Send all photos to: Initial Records, PO Box 251145, West Bloomfield, MI 48235.

FALLING FORWARD, Roosevelt's Inaugural Parade, Guilt, Enkindel, This World Rejected, Ricochet, and Metroschifter. As always send a stamp for a free updated catalog and stickers. Initial Records, PO Box 251145, West Bloomfield, MI 48325.

WANTED: Expelled "no life no future","govt. policy", "a touch of class", Liberty LP, Dirt "just an error" LP, Hagar the Womb "world of the womb", Icons of Filth "onward christian soldiers", "filth and the fury", Anthrax "they've got it all wrong", Zounds "curse the zounds", "demystification", anything by Lost Cherees. Graham Trievel, PO Box 1625, West Chester, PA 19380-0051.

A MUST FOR ALL TRUE Kurt Cobain fans! Nirvana on video VHS, Hi-Fi stereo, live in Montreal, Quebec November 2, 1993. Complete concert with interview: over 100 minutes. 1st generation—master tape! Rare and great! Send 30 US dollars by cash or money order to: M. C. Charland, 1005 Ste-famille Apt #8, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1E 1V2. (Same day service!)

WANTED: Anything related to Raool, Tourettes, Clams, Drag Alley, Miguel+Cara, and Tales of Blarg. Need patches, T-shirts, live tapes, photos, interviews, videos, anything. Will pay cash, or possible trade. Andy, 8 Beta Court, North Providence, RI 02911.

WANT: Amebix "Monolith" LP, "Winter"EP, "Who's the Enemy?"EP, Icons of Filth EPs, Neos "Martian Brainsqueeze" EP, S.O.B. "Leave Me Alone" EP, and "Don't Be Swindle"LP, Oi Polloi/A.O.A. split LP, Sairaat Mielet "Tippa Tappa" EP, Rudimentary Peni first EP, and lots more. Send sale/trade lists or whatever. Thanks. Jeff, 14325 Auburndale, Livonia, MI 48154.

BLACKEN SNAPPER the best band in th...i'm sorry, i mean we're crap. kinda like men without hats but only with hats, if that helps. tape $2 ppd or 7" $3 ppd. thanks to harvey dent in mrr for almost getting our name right. also interested in exchanging music with other intellectual giants (see harvey dent). po box 771434, lakewood, ohio 44107.

VIDEOS: Slayer, Danzig, Led Zepplin, Pink Floyd, Aerosmith, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Dio, Rush, Pantera, Nirvana, Gwar, Prong, Ramones, Metellica, Queensryche, Ozzy, Anthrax, S.O.D., Alice Cooper, Testament, W.A.S.P., Crue, Ministry, Nine Inch Nails, Who, King Diamond, Pearl Jam, Megadeth, from A to Z much more, complete list $2.00. S. Video Service, P.O. Box 71, Fogelsville, PA 18051.

FACTION ZERO—7 song demo—heavy hitting *hardcore* from New Jersey's industrial wastelands, send $4 (or fair trade) to:Faction Chris, 33 Lockwood Place, Clifton, NJ 07012.

LOOKING FOR KILLED BY DEATH. Want to buy or trade: Eat 1st & 2nd, Child Molesters 2nd, Injections, Ice9, Maids, Stiphnoyds, Arson, Fuz, Hitlerss, Sperma, Nasalboys, Dieter Meier 2nd. I collect (US, Canadian, Italian, Swiss). I have Japanese Punk: Stalin Trash, Friction Crazy Dream, and Japanese hardcore. Write to: Sinzi Yamaguti, 330 Makityou, Hisai City MIE 514, Japan.

BEST OFFER/TRADE: Cramps "Goo Goo Muck" 7" (IRS), Chron Gen "Outlaw", Discharge 7" "Decontrol, Never Again" & 1st 7", Killed by Death comps 1-4, Lurkers "Just 13" 7", Shelter "No Compromise" 7", The Offs "Everyones a Bigot" 7", V/A Dope Guns #4, Kraut 1st LP and Unemployed 7", Rudi Peni 1st & 2nd 7", Blitz "Warriors" & "All Out Attack", Alternative TV 1st LP, Chemical People "Black Throat" clear wax (2" Pecker), Skullflower "Rift" (Majore), No Core comp "Why Are We Here", Killdozer LP "Intellectuals (Bone-Air), Black Market Baby "Potential Suicide" 7" (Limp) Also send long SASE for large set sale list. Bids to: Glenn, 106 4th Ave., Apt. #3, Bradley Beach, NJ 07720.

LIVE TAPES & VIDEOS available for trade or sale. Send $6 for a live compilation (Nirvana, Bad Religion, RATM, NoFX, Fugazi, Helmet, etc.) and list or $1 for list to: Elvis McCheese, PO Box 1234, Coquitlam, B.C. V3J-6Z9 Canada.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL music classifieds

CONFEDERACY OF SCUM records by Cocknoose, Antiseen, Rancid Vat, Mad Brother Ward, Alcoholics Unanimous. Send SASE for list and sticker to Baloney Shrapnel, POB 6504, Phoenix, AZ 85005. Out March 1 - Antiseen Hell! CD with bonus tracks. Write now!

TRADE: Econochrist-'Another Victim', and Detonators split, 'Not So Quiet...' 2xLP (MRR), 'We Got Power-Party or Go Home' compLP (Mystic), 'There's a Dyke In The Pit'-pink vinyl, 'Peace' comp 2xLP, False Prophets LP. Wants: Grimple LP-red vinyl, Born Against, Naked Raygun, many possibilities, just send your list. Beua, 2917 Maloney Road, Knoxville, TN 37920.

VIDEOS, VIDEOS, VIDEOS. In all world systems. Over 3000 shows. To many to list here. Quality shows, rare old stuff, and hard to find new stuff. Send $1 or SASE for a big list. Or call to find out about what you want. Call 9am-9pm eastern time. Peter DeMattia, 8 Haddon Road, Hewitt, NJ 07421-2329. USA. (201)-853-4420.

RECORDS FOR SALE. Selling some records to help raise money for my new record label. Punk, hardcore, SxE, collectables 1977-current. Mostly set sale. Send SASE or IRC for a six page list. Mike, 804 Y Street, Lincoln, NE 68508. USA. Thanks.

BRISTLE '95 TOUR—Coming at you from Seattle once again. This time, armed with a 7" EP on Havoc Records. Any help with gigs in your area? Contact (206) 632-8145/ 726-6070/ 6201 15th Ave., NW #G230/ Seattle, WA 98107.

WANTS: Hypnotics-Indoor Friends LP, Eddie and The Subtitles-both LP's, Lost Cause-Forgotten Corners LP, Spores-Schizofungi LP, Demics-LP, No Crisis-Scene 12", Viletones-LP, Terminal Mind-7", Degenerates-Fallout 7", Private School-Action 7", and more. For free list write: Paul P, 66 Park Road, Shirebrook, Mansfield, Notts, NG20 8JR, England. Please no rip offs!!! Bye.

XXX FREE TAPES. Serious sXe/ NYHC tape traders get in touch. I'm looking for European sXe (FTF, Seein' Red...). Also some rare (Unit Pride, Awake, Pressure Release...) and not so rare stuff (1st Strife, 4WF, Vision CD...). Your list gets mine. Nick Racicot/ 2200 Cardin/ Tracy, Quebec, Canada/ J3R 2R8.

ANTISEEN-DESTRUCTO video-60 minutes electric barbed wire, exploding washboards, blood, brutal rock and roll. $20 plus $3 S&H. Vinyl Retentive Productions, PO Box 218174, Columbus OH 43221.

SLAVIC 747- Expectorant plus! 5 song tape. Shifting walls of noise bury scorched vocals and leave mastodon carcasses in the road to upset the tourists. $2 to Slavic 747, 212 E. Cottage Grove, Bloomington, IN 47408.

747 RADIOSHOW for hardcore, experimental music, 1 hour weekly on Radio Baltica, St. Petersburg, Russia. Need information, demos, your ideas and projects, Exchange with bands, promotion and organizing of concerts in St. Petersburg, info on clubs. 747 c/o Igor Mosin, 196233 POB 154, St. Petersburg, Russia.

NEW YORK DOLLS Looking For A kiss Rare 1973 documentary: Live in LA, interviews, backstage footage, B&W VG+ plus! Don Kirshner 1973 appearance. EX quality 60 minute TDK EHG $20 to Jim Russo, Box 2232 Wilkes Barre, PA 18703

70'S PUNK AND NEW WAVE. Sounds of the 70's multipart BBC documentary, Ramones, Clash, Undertones, Police, Madness, Specials, Jam, Magazine, Dolls, Patti, Buzzcocks, many others! 105 Min, TDK EHG $20 postpaid to Jim Russo, Box 2232, Wilkes Barre, PA 18703

JAPANESE HARDCORE on vinyl wanted. Comes, Confuse, G-zet, Lip Cream, Gauze, also any compilations. I will buy or trade. I have a 4 page list of HC stuff. Robert Cleveland, 1705 Gateway, Middleton, WI 53562.

DIY RECORDS WANTED FOR cooperative distribution, mail order catalog, compilations. Send CD's, cassettes or vinyl and a self addressed stamped envelope for more information to: Wabbit Wecords/ PO Box 3735/ Wallington, NJ 07057-3735

FOR SALE (TRADES CONSIDERED) Death Sentence- Death and Pure Destruction 7"ep original 1982 UK pressing. New condition. Classic Discharge/Varukers style punk- multi racial band. Postpaid World-US $^ (well concealed cash only) To: DS/ 26 Paddock Road/ Lewes, Sussex BN71UU, England

-OI! THE AUCTION BLITZ, Cocksparrer Combat 84 plus others, limited edition, colored vinyl, singles, LP's, for trade or sale. Send want and trade lists with SASE to: PO Box 1427, Glen Burnie, MD 21060

TNT, A NEW ZINE, is seeking material. Send demos for review, ideas, opinions, etc. Interview your favorite band and I will print it. Send anything and everything to: TNT/ 5433 Essen Lane #4/ Baton Rouge, LA 70809

NYS DIY VIA MID Hudson Artist Collective needs support for second year, shows, zines, comps...from far in between the Pittsfield Ma, Danbury Ct, Mahwah Nj, Binghamton Ny, Oneonta NY, Albany Ny areas. You can drive an hour or so, no? Send SASE to: Alvis, RR2 box 269, Accord, NY 12404

WORLD VIDEO TRADERS wanted. I can only record in NTSC but can watch in PAL, NTSC. Have 800+ videos for trade like SNFU, GG, DI, DOA, Melvins + more. Send lists to: Joe Morgan, Goshen Mobile Estates #80, Torrington, WY 82240 USA.

LIVE SHOWS FROM: Sex Pistols, Misfits, Dead Kennedy's, Op Ivy, NoFX, Bad Religion, Bikini Kill, Minor Threat, Fugazi, many more titles. Very inexpensive. For sale or trade. Send a stamp for a list. Cory/ PO Box 6692/ Concord, CA 94524

WABBIT SEASON'S DEBUT album, Wabbit Twax, featuring "Let's Do Beers!" is now available on CD-$12 or cassette-$7. Send check or money order to: T.R. Bailey, c/o Wabbit Wecords/ PO Box 3735/ Wallington, NJ 07057-3735. Please add $1 North America, $2 World.

GENITORTURERS!!! I need anything on them, esp. videos, demos, anything rare. Also want to chat about gothic punk, doom, S&M, and/or vampire scene, zines, etc. Also looking for videos of occult rituals, "unusual" sex, weird stage acts (Genitorturers style) anything strange. Brad Higgins/ 1209 Carmella Lane/ Sarasota, FL 34243

SALE/TRADE: Social Unrest-Youth 7", B.G.K.-White Male 7", Anti-System-Laughing Matter LP, Varukers-Bloodsuckers LP, Lost Cherrees-Growing Up LP, Potential Threat-both 7"s, English Dogs-Porky Men LP, Hagar The Womb-Word Of... 12", Omega Tribe-No Love Lost LP, and more. Write for free list, see my Wants ad for address. Paul P.

COLLECTORS! Hundreds of hardcore/ punk/ hip hop records from 80-92. Mostly NY, Boston, DC, CA and Japanese bands. Send a SASE or 2 IRC's to: Ryan Siko, 89 Grathan St. Apt. 26, Brooklyn, NY 11237. All hip hop records are current releases. Write!

RECORDS I WANT: Grimple "Up Your Ass" LP, Sweet Baby "It's A Girl" LP, Crimpshrine "Lame Gig Contest" LP, Blatz/Tribe 8 split 7", Soup "Cruel And Unusual" 7", The Vindictives "Basket Case", "Ugly American", "Invisible Man" and "This Is My Face" 7"s. Please write or call if you can help. Patrick Mull, 4516 Viking Rd., Louisville, TN 37777. (615)983-6457 or (615)595-8702.

BEAT YOURSELF SENSELESS with my rock CD compilation. 16 Erie, PA bands $8. "Food, Folks, And Guns" 7"$3/$4 world, "My 3 Scum/Jesus Save" split 7" $3/$4 world. Write me or bite me at: My 3 Scum, 701 W. 8th St. #1, Erie, PA 16502.

VIDEOS! TOP QUALITY! 7 Seconds, Agnostic Front, All, Bad Religion, Born Against,Breakdown, Life Of Agony, Coffin Break, Dag Nasty, Descendants, Down By Law,Gorilla Biscuits, Instead, Jawbreaker, Judge, Leeway, Madball, Minor Threat, Murphys Law, OpIvy, Indecision, Ratos, RIP, Slapshot, Superchunk, Uniform Choice, Warzone, Youth Brigade, YOT + more! list $1 DeMattia 8 Haddon Road Hewitt, NJ 07421, (201)8534420

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

GIRLS & GUYS send us a picture or pictures of yourself partial or completely naked and we will send you the new Beer City records and skateboard catalog. Or if you're shy just send $1 to Beer City, PO Box 494, Milwaukee, WI 53122-0494!

AIDS SUCKS SUCKS sucks fucken sucks! Stupid guy in Texas makes wacky tees. All proceeds go to local aids resource center. Write for the Boss Catalog: Bill, PO Box 53832, Lubbock, TX 79453. Send something worth 29¢.

THE POWER OF Negative Thinking, a book by Arthur Niss (100 pages). A Harrowing look inside the mind of a man locked in mortal combat...with himself. $5 ppd. Send cash, money order or check (U.S. $, payable to silly bugger books), to Silly Bugger Books, P.O. Box 691415, L.A., CA 90069 U.S.A.

PIERCING JEWELRY: hand crafted high quality medical grade stainless steel jewelry. Send an S.A.S.E. for a brochure or $1 for a filll catalog to: Lion's Mark Industries, P.O. Box 1753, Iowa City, IA. 52240 or call (319) 339-8839

GG ALLIN: headstone poster 20x24 b&w. $15.00 includes postage. Also 2 sided Gas Station t-shirt & 2 sided t-shirt of GG in casket & Live Fast Die tatoo on back. L & XL sizes. $17.00 each. Also rubbings of GG's stone. Very limited copies. Call for price. Merle Allin, 214 E. 24th St. #5B, N.Y., N.Y. 10010. Call (212) 889-8334.

ATTENTION: WOMEN! GRRRLS! Skunk, a non-profit zine, wants to hear from you! Send letters, poetry, artwork; tell us about yourself, your band, etc. No ads, no censorship. Send $1 for our current issue. Mail (we love mail) to: Skunk, P.O. Box 20524, Tompkins Sq. Sta. NYC 10009.

PROBLEM CHILD FANZINE in the UK. It has been 6 years but we are back again. Past contacts wanted and more needed. Get you band, labels, or whatever heard. Write: Paul, c/o Problem Child, 487 High Street, Harlington, Middx, UB3 5DL, England UK.

RECORDS I WANT: Grimple "Up Your Ass" LP, Sweet Baby LP, Crimpshrine "Lame Gig Contest" LP, Blatz/Tribe 8 split 7", Pink Lincolns "Back From The Pink Room" LP, Cringer LP's. Please write: Patrick, 4516 Viking Road, Louisville, TN 3777

MOO COW just released three new records: Cable/Malcolm's Lost 7"; Dive 7"; and Temperance's CD & cassette. We are interested in trading with labels worldwide, especially in Ireland, Spain, and others with poor distro in USA. Someone please send the address of who released the Cymeon-X CD (Poland) ABbestia Distro and B-Core get in touch! Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02178.

HARDCORE PUNK! From Boot To Head Records: Crux - 11 song tape $6, Empty Tomb - 10 song tape $6, Crux/Black Cherry Soda split 7" $4. All postage paid. All non-racist music! Write: Boot To Head, 3335 SE Harvey #F, Milwaukie, OR 97222.

HABIT zine #2 is out now with alot of personal commentary on many issues I feel are relevant. Send ¢50 & 2 stamps. All nice boys & girls write. I'm lonely. Danny G., 35 Lyman Barnes Rd., Brimfield MA 01010 XXX.

WHERE IS EJ? He's from NYC, last I heard he's in Hollywood: Helltown Inc., Institution of Death Studies, Hope Organ, Final Solution, Chapter 11: If you know where he is, please tell me! Heather Freeman, RR1 Box 432, Petersburt PA 16669.

GET YOUR OWN BAG! Join the fiesta-punk movement: read Hector's Bag of Fish #2. This fine 22 page zine can be yours for merely $1.00 to HBOF c/o Abe Goldman-Armstrong, 16783 NW Greenhoot Rd., Yamhill, OR 97148, USA.

LIKE TO TRAVEL WITH NO MONEY? The World For Free is a travel organization that helps people share houses and apartments with others— all over the world. Membership is $20 a year. Send a long self-addressed stamped envelope for information and an application. The World For Free, PO Box 137-M, Prince St. Sta, New York NY 10012.

FUCK DETROIT! Fuck Michigan. 19 year old punk looking for a roommate as fucked as he is. I want to move to the San Francisco Bay Area. If you are in the same boat, write me: Matt, 59310 Van Dyke, Washington, Michigan, 48094.

DC-BASED NETWORK directory zine seeking punk organizations, zines, labels, etc. from everywhere for listings. Send a description of your entity, plus a 32¢ stamp and $1.00 for your copy to Allison Chang, 7428 Oskaloosa Drive, Derwood, MD 20855.

HEATHER ROYCE-ROLLS of "court of the seven sisters" zine and "the subculture guide" and priscilla "skunk" grim of "eye of the kudzu" zine and the collection "definition of grrrl" are planning a joint spoken word tour this may/june. please contact priscilla at: pob 16101, ut station, knoxville, tn 37996-0002. we are planning to go to the midwest and west coast if possible.

CLASSIC STRAIGHT EDGE shirts for sale: Excellent, near new condition. PPP's "It's OK Not To Drink" (turquoise, XL) and Step Forward's "Drug Free Youth" (gray, XL.) Best offer gets the shirt(s). Write: Rob, 304-15 Ivy Ridge Road, Syracuse, NY 13210.

AMEBIX t-shirt for $10 or long sleeved $15. Design is the back of the Winter 7". Rejected. 9 Woodlands Ave., Dun-Laoghaire, Co-Dublin, Ireland.

NO GIRLS EVER TALK TO ME in school or at a punk rock show. 16 year old lonely boy looking to correspond with girls ages 14-17. I am into lots of things. Please write me a letter about what you like, the scene in your town, bands you like, etc. Joe, 4915 Steward Rd., Rockford, Illinois 61101.

PRO-LIFE=OVERPOPULATION/ Choose Death. Two Sided T-Shirt Black with White Print: L, XL. $14 post paid! Checks or MO, Satisfaction Guaranteed! Nicholas Syracuse, PO Box 25913, Alexandria, VA 22313.

IN THIS FASHION CYCLE of society it's considered square to be straight. I am alone. into: Mummies, Neurosis, Star Wars, video games, porn. Please write. Eric, 2640 nw 99 ave, coral springs, FL 33065. I miss you Max,Matt and Charlie.

TIRED OF POSER PUNKS I am a 14 year old girl who is sick and fucking tired of rich preps and jocks pretending they are punks. I am into Bikini Kill, Screeching Weazel, Sonic Youth, Mudhoney, Babes In Toyland, and L7. I'm really desperate for somebody to write or talk to. Send letters, photos etc. *Please! No Homophobes, Racists, Sexists.* Write to: Amy, 24 Wardman St., White Plains, NY 10603.

HELP US! Two very bored 15-year old girls who desperately need something to do. Pop-punk (Ramones, Op. Ivy) rules. So do literate and cute skater boys. Editors of Ivy Leaves zine. Will answer all letters. Write and keep us sane: Ivy and Leaf, 1600 Bern St., Reading , PA 19604.

HEY GIRLFRIENDS. The girls in Riot Grrrl Huntsville are trying to get a girl extravaganza together for early summr. We are looking for girl bands, spoken word, films, tapes, writings and zines. If you are in a band or want us to distro you tapes or records, please send a demo. Our tenative date is June 24th. If you have questions, ideas or feedback, please write: Riot Grrrl Huntsville, c/o Laura, 307 Church St., Madison, AL 35758.

TV SHOWS: I'm looking for Degrassi - School's Out, Degrassi Talks, X-rated (TV prog. w/Degrassi actors) feel free to send me mail, anyone. Ken, PO Box 611364, San Jose, CA 95161.

BLEED MY STATE OF MIND. A little zine for girls. Music (B.I.T, Hole), book and zine reviews, backlash (Freud, YM), coloring page, more. Send $1 and two stamps to Jamie, 360 Barton Drive, Fremont, CA 94536.

21 Y.O. GUY into Born Against, Artless, Citizen Fish, traveling midwest and Miss. Delta Valley in summer '95. Looking for people to hang out with and maybe places to crash. Write: Matt, 1111 E. Madison #185, Seattle, WA 98122.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

HEY PRINTERS. I am looking to have some stickers made up. Please send me your information. All non-printers welcome to write also. Punk, 20, female. I like the Queers, Blanks 77, The Casualties, NY/NJ Oi, Stiff Little Fingers, Iggy, and more. Jen 24 East 6th Street, Pathogue, NY 11772-2316.

PUNX IN MANITOBA!! If you're 14-16 (give or take) and you live in southern MB, you're exactly who I'm looking for. Likes: being silly, coffee, Banned From Atlantis, laughing. Hates: meanies, being sad. Help. I'm nice. Ellen Smirl, PO Box 163, Notre-Dame - MB, Rog 1MO, Canada. Want to meet you!! No racists please.

18 YEAR OLD FEMALE - going to University of IL in September, I need mail while still in high school! Into all music, from Pegboy to Cure. Loves art, Kundera books, volleyball, but I enjoy almost everything. Broaden my horizons! Send anything - poetry, music, zines...No racists or homophobes please. Angela Ou, 5609 S. El;m, Hinsdale, IL 60521. I'll respond!

GET SPIKES. Gutter has spiked, studded and bondage bracelets and collars in an array of fashion colors. Non leather too. Don't buy nasty corporate stuff, buy Gutter. Send an SASE to Gutter, PO Box 867901, Portland, OR 97286 for a catalog.

LEAVING FOR EUROPE: in mid-July Fra/Ger/Eng/Ire/Italy Nordic countries and anywhere in between. If you would be kind enough to let a pair of Americans sleep on your floor for a night. We'll bring bootlegs of your favorite bands in exchange. If you're interested or can offer any tips/advice please write: Dan Neely, 6002 W. Wood, Glendale, AZ 85304, USA.

INBRED PICNIC issue #1 out now for $1 ppd. or trade. We're working on #2, so send in your contributions, as in short stories, articles, photographs, drawings, comics, personal rants and music to be reviewed. Come on, do it! Inbred Picnic, 444 W. Poplar #4, Stockton, CA 95203.

DID YOU QUIT SKATING because you couldn't find old decks anymore? We have Alva, Dogtown, Powell, Santa Cruz, and more at punk rock prices. Send a SASE for a price list to: Teamwork Skateboards, POB 4473, Wayne, NJ 07474. USA.

HELLO, I JUST LIKE WRITING letters and am a faithful pen pal. I Love Velocity Girl, MBV, chocolate, art, sleeping, and lots of other stuff. Cindy, 8141 Park Villa Circle, Cupertino, CA 95014.

EEK, BUTT UGLY AND PROUD. It is Placebo #2. Comics, work, and relationships. Send $1 to: Ed Jackson, Apt. 1-C, 1400 West Madison Avenue, Maywood, IL 60153.

OLD GIRL, 23. Underground clothing constructor. Inspired and made happy by much stuff. Nausea, Choking Victim, SFA, Aus Rotten, Breakdown, Black Sabbath, 999, Sham 69, Damned, Screeching Weasel, Chaos UK, Conflict, Queers, Rancid, Subhumans, Ween, Dirt, Cramps, Bad Brains, Aliens, Outer Space, good smoke, coffee, B-movies, skateboard, photography, and traveling about. Radical straightedge need not apply. Heidi Idiech, 51 Coles Street, Glen Cove, NY 11542-2308.

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS and associates who lived in Marquette, Michigan between 1984-89. Mike Titter, Greg Nahawaguaw, Tanya Ilnicky, Jerome Myers, John Burke, Roman Gasowski or anyone who endured the surroundings. "Say nah to the UP, eh". Heidi Idieh, 51 Coles Street, Glen Cove, NY 11542-2308.

SKOINK IS ONE OF THE leading European street music fanzines, and issue #12 is on sale now. It features interviews with the Oppressed, Stage Bottles, The Bakesys, Diesel Queens, Capo Regime, plus worldwide news, an extensive review section, and more. All written in English. Send $2 Europe, $3 rest of the world. Johan Van Miegham, Postbus 41, 9550 Herzele, Belgium.

THE DAMNED, "promo poster" for 1st 7", New Rose/Help. (original line-up). $10 ppd. tubed. Skrewdriver, poster, promo for "All Screwed Up" LP $10 ppd. tubed. Unnnatural Axe 7", Tonight We Fight/ Three Cord Rock $10 ppd. Cash or Money Orders only to D.G., P.O. BOX 46881 Mt. Clemens, MI 48046. Inquiries SASE.

WYOMING GLORIFIES fake, conventional women, and I'm not! I like punk, Liz Phair, Tarantino films, black and white photos, Lili Taylor, the movie "21," playing guitar, and lots more. Please send letters, friendship books, etc. Response is guaranteed! I also need stuff for my zine, so send poetry, tapes, rants, raves, whatever to Queenie, 7006 Daredevil Ave., Gillette, WY 82718.

IN SEARCH OF: old sXe t's & longsleeves, especially Wishingwell, Revelation, Schism & etc. (XL's gotta be good shape) also want old Beastie Boys t-shirts before Check Your Head. Send prices and responses to: Matt O'Brien, 1574 N. Valley Rd., Pottstown, PA 19464.

LOOKING FOR: early issues of Slash, Search and Destroy, Labotomy and Flipside. Also video of The Decline and Fall of Western Civilization. Send list and prices to: Tyler, 1335 Little Lehigh Drive South, Emmaus PA 18049..

WE'RE A GROUP OF KIDS interested in promoting DIY culture in the Boston area. We have lotsa projects in the works. Bands, collective and individuals please contact Treehouse, PO Box 355, Allston, MA 02134 nerdcore@acs.bu.edu An equal opportunity collective.

I LOVE GETTING MAIL. Please write to me! I will always write back, I promise!! I'm 17, "normal" looking, into sXe, emo, HC, punk, ska, and I like bands ranging from Strife, Snapcase, Earth Crisis, Gorilla Biscuits, to MM Bosstones, Face to Face, Pennywise, Avail, Minor Threat, DK, etc. Thanks!!! Peter/ 5511 W. Sunnyside Dr./ Mequion, Wisconsin 53092.

HELP ME! I SEEK the following: Disco Godfather movie poster, Evel Knievel toys, Timothy Leary/G. Gordon Liddy Debate Posters or fliers, LL Cool J shoes size 10-11, Kingface T-Shirts (size XL) James Brown, Parliment/Funkadelic and MC5 show posters and the FrankKozik Schoolly-D poster. Joe Hunter P.O. Box 671273 Dallas, TX 75367

WANTED: HORROR VIDEOS, posters, stand ups, toys, T-shirts, Home pictures of Piercings will pay $$ or will trade old S.E. shirts, CDs, Tapes, Records, 7 Seconds, Judge, SSD, Bold, or a couple of old Star Wars T-Shirts. P.S. Also want anything Satanic, Nude Photos, or just trades some shit/ Mike 1313 W. 26th #4, Mpls, MN 55405-3345

THE NIGHTSTALKER Richard Ramirez T-Shirt 2 sided. Courtroom photo on front, Jesus Hates You on back. Black XL t-shirts. $6 ppd or trade for horror movie stuff. Cash or Blank M.O. to Mike 1313 W. 26th #4, Mpls, MN 55405-3345

CATCH-22 FANZINE #1 hopefully out soon. Looking for anyone who would like to contribute anything, anti-fascist jokes, music reviews (especially HC/psychobilly) photos, columns, home-brew recipes, you get the fucking Idea. Free adspace/classifieds/penpal submissions. Free Ish for contrib. Catch 22, P.O. Box 141744 Spokane, WA 99214 Also, Looking for anyting and everything to do with the Dayglo Abortions. Will Buy or Trade.

ATTENTION sXe KIDS: I'm extremely interested in sXe (lifestyle, music, etc.) Due to my geographic location it's difficult to obtain any info on this subject. Please, anyone with knowledge of things sXe write to me. Ann Morris/PO Box 1/ Fawn Grove, PA 17321

RARE VIDEOS! 100's of titles; punk, foreign, sleaze, gore, horror, exploitation, new wave, lots more. All are only $12 each (or $10 in quantities of 4 or more). Most are super high quality, hi-fi stero sound. Send $1 for list. Justin*101 Harrisburg Pike/ Dillsburg, PA 17019 Right now I need cash more than tapes No trades please

SEEKING MAIL ART... I want cool mail and interesting letters from thinking people. Bands include Spinanes, Babe The Blue Ox, Pixies, Tool, Doughboys, etc. I'm into reading movies and solitude. Russo Bloche, PO Box 771, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

HEY FUCKFACE!: I don't just want your mail. I want to make freinds with everybody. Boys and Girls, homos and heteros, crusties, skins, sickos and everyone else! Your zine gets mine. The govt. is wrong, I'm right. Into anything punk. Faves are Misfits, cigarettes, sex, pranks, blah, blah, blah. Send all kinds of junk. I'll do the same. Stickboy, P.O. box 2031, Wylie, TX 75098

KORN-FED COUNTRY BOY from Kentucky, toe-deep in the gutterslime of San Jose. No friends, no fun. Thinking of moving back. Stop me. Favorites: Disrupt, Propagandhi, Oblivion, and the Queers. Write, or I'll be forced to sellout, if I haven't already. Hillbilly Brian, 10540 Gascoigne Drive, Cupertino, CA 95014

FUCK THE BUSINESSMEN DISTRO. has $5.00 t shirts like Resist, Poison Idea, MaccLads, Hickoids, Crass, Misery, Doom, Filth, Alcoholocaust, Nausea and many more.. So when you're not on the toilet Pushing, send for a catalog to : PO Box 8972, Denver, CO 80201. Send a stamp and envelope you cheap bastards! With these shirts you'll be more punk than the Offspring...

VIDEOS (800+) For trade only: Beasties, Devil Dogs, Discharge, Descendents/All, Doughboys, early 80's hardcore, GG, Huggy Bear, J. Lizard, J. Spencer, Kiss, Luscious Jackson, Mummies, NB Turks, NoMeansNo/Hansons, Toy Dolls, Wayne County, Zorn, and tons more! Video Traders send list: Oogy, 1560 Bloor St. E. #71, ississauga, Ont., Canada L4X 1R8.

VIDEOS COMPILATIONS FOR SALE: Early 80's hardcore (B. Brains, Misfits, M. Threat, Husker, Necros, Descendents, 7 Seconds, Necros, N.A....) Nirvana, Melvins, Girrrl bands, Beastie Boys, Dinosaur Jr., Ice Cube/Cypress, NoMeans-No, Zorn, Rollins, Descendents/All, Janes Addiction. Send 50 cents/IRC for catalog: Oogy, 1560 Bloor St. E. #71, Mississauga, Ont., Canada L4X 1R8.

QUEER CAROLINA PUNK. Semi-reformed street trash stuck in a rural racist redneck hell. Halfway between Wilmington and Myrtle Beach. Looking for cool punx to hang out with and penpals here or anywhere. Ken POB 6917, South Brunswick, NC 28470.

WANTED: CRANK CALL tapes. Have many to trade. Also send your old love letters and chain letters. (Photocopies ok) Or send before and after pictures for mail art project/zine. Jeffrey Friend, PO B 1729, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

GURLS! Tilt-a-girl, pengurl network, needs your pengurl ad. Just send your 40 word pengurl ad with your address, and some stamps. When I get enough ads I will put them in a neat booklet, with a DC travel lounge, and listings of other cool stuff. Join a fun girl network, and share ideas. Tilt a Gurl, 2118 Cumberland Hall, College Park, MD 20742.

I JUST MOVED TO the Dallas/Fort Worth area and don't know anything about the scene. If someone from this area could tell me where the punk record stores are, or where punk bands play, I'd really be happy. Save me from boredom. I am into Doom, Antischism, Hiatus, Moral Suckling, Moss Icon, and the Templars. Help, Kate 321 Park Forest Court, Hurst, TX 76053.

NOW OUT: "Chapter of Terror" a vampire occult zine, "Beginning Chapter Poetry-Zine" a satanic zine. One dollar each postage paid. "What Reality Is This" an anti-government zine. 2 32¢ stamps. Ads for music are free if the tape is included. Add one dollar per zine if not from US. Depression Productions Limited, PO Box 173, Oregon, IL 61061 USA. Cash or US stamps only.

I WILL PAY YOU nothing. But you can send me junk mail! Whoever sends me the most junk will win an original Misfists - Bullet 7"!! Start sending now or I'll send my Grandmother after you. you can send porno movies - pictures, Common trash, RoadKill, Money, Rubber Stamps, MasterCard and Visa account numbers to: Shad the CB'er PO Box 825 Pecatonica, IL 61063

STRUNG OUT! I need your real life stories about the drug heroin! Give me journals, diary excerpts, pro/con opinions, photos of different places you've shot up on your body, someone you know die because of the drug? Preferences, worst experience, best experience. All contributors receive gifts. Send to Goat, POB 4282, La Mesa, CA 91944. ASAP, please!

16 YEAR OLD SXE GUY wants penpals from anywhere. Send me anything from literature, essays, poems, art, stickers, patches, zines, photos, exploitation magazines from the 60's, 50's or 70's. and stuff on anarchy. Into Mummies, DK's, Black Flag, Pagans, 4Skins, Oi, garage and ska. No racists, pedophiles or convicts. Ryan, 3418 East 49 Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V58-1M2 Canada.

GREASY HAIRED LATIN loser (wanna be lover) maintenance boy, voyeur, fetishist, digs films (genre, foreign), music (garage, mambo, sleaze), comix (8Ball, Rockin' Bones), books (Bukowski, Jap. folklore, trash/pulp) into role playing pinball, chess, sports, burlesque, etc. Seeks F loser or open minded one for social asistance. Antonio, 1713 Madison St. #2L, Ridgewood, Queens, NY 11385. Cheesecake photos, boa feathers and/or angora fuzz are much welcomed.

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE #12 A punk/hardcore/motorcycle zine. $4, 52 pages. Reviews, comics, motorcycle tour. Send $4 cash to: Rapid Fire Magazine, Rd #2, Box 3370, Bristol, VT 05443.

I WORK AT A GAS STATION. Please write to me. Viv, POB 771156, Cleveland, OH 44107.

GOAT DEATHZINE seeks contributors. Needs: sick B+W artwork, fringe inspired opinions, noise/doom music reviewer, intense violent fiction, disgusting photographs, vile comix, etc. There's no such thing as political corectness! Like minded bands/zines send in stuff for review. Cheap advertisement available. Contributors will receive something special. Prisoners sentenced for murder get in touch. Send all correspondences to Goat, POB 4284, La Mesa, CA 91944.

WE NEED YOUR HELP! We're putting together an interactive computer program with nothing but contacts all over the world (sort of like the popular Book Your Own Fucking Life guide). We've already got 12,000 contacts, and need more. Listing/promotion is free! Send us a stamp, we'll send you full details. Losers rule the world! 22 Dorchester Ave. Geneva, NY 14456-2315

DRILLPRESS is a not-for-profit mailorder distro looking for zines of all persuasion to add to our catalog. Send 5 or 10 copies on 50/50 consignment, or if you're a tightwad, send sample copy and wholesale price. To receive a catalog, send something worth 32 cents. Free ad space. PO Box 219, Midland, AR 72945.

STUPID LOSER ELECTRONIC magazine #5 is available now. Interviews with G-Men, Red #9, and Cathy (Fizz Magazine), also a bunch of cool articles, letters, ads, celebrity e-mail addresses, record/zine reviews, databases of over 2,000 zines, and labels, and more! For IBM DOS/Windows only. "SL#5.zip" on the Internet, or $3 cash to: Stupid Losers 22 Dorchester Ave. Geneva, NY 14456-2315

LOVE #4 includes: the adventures of bad ass, groupies, my history teacher the punk rock expert, first kisses, Sonic Youth, suburban hell part II, Melting Hopefuls interview lists, reviews, more. $2 to Love Zine, 14 Woodland Ave., Bloomfield, CT 06002.

ENGLAND: quiet apolitical vegan SWF 25 into punk, ska, rockabilly will be over summer '95. Write me so we can hook up and hang out. A place to crash for a day or two appreciated. Nicki, 2943A North Fratney St., Milwaukee, WI 53212-2625, USA. Looking forward to meeting you.

FORMER NEW ORLEANS resident stuck in the asshole of earth. Looking for a few pen pals. I am a homo, into punk, goth, & industrial. Seeking the same. Anti-racist skins a definite plus. Lurchie, 4216 23rd Ave, Meridian, MS 39305.

GABBA GABBA HEY! 22-year-old punkabilly guy seeks correspondence with others into: vintage thrift shop clothing, poppunk, blues, trading tapes, tattoo contemplation, old S.E.H.C., skin diving. Write me and send pictures. James, 3846 49th St., San Diego, CA 92105

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Car Bomb 7" EP (Buddy System/Carmelita) -> new 7" from this stylistic/emoish/chaotic band from TX! 2.50
Huggy Bear "Weaponry Listens to Love" LP/CD (KRS) - This ROCKS. Wish them well... 6.00/8.00
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Ottawa / Jihad split LP (Abiology/Council) -> this is ridiculous...B-R-u-T-A-L...great lyrics, smash yr head 5.50
Land of Greed...World of Need comp LP/CD (Watermark/Trustkill) -> covers Embrace album 6.50/8.50
-w/ Nations on Fire, Current, Undertow, Groundwork, Outspoken, Rancid, Avail, Blindfold, etc...
Moss Icon "Lybernum Wits..." LP (Vermiform) -> repress of this 89 gem...poetic emotion 6.00
Born Against CD (Vermiform) -> combines their LP and 10"! **Please List 1 or 2 alternatives** 8.00
Universal Order of Armageddon 12" (Gravity) -> 3 songs = pretentious?... reality is: this roars 4.90
Second Story Window LP (Gravity) -> long-awaited San Diego h/c release 4.90
Assfactor 4 "Smoked out" 7" EP (Old Glory) -> this is simply awesome; 9 songs, from S.C. 2.50
Mukilteo Fairies "Special Rites" 7" EP (Kill Rock Stars) -> 6 absolutely stunning songs 2.75
Rock Stars Kill comp LP+7"/CD (K.R.S.) -> w/ u.o.a., Tourettes, GIMCP, mukilteo fairies, etc... 6.25/8.25
Avail "Dixie" LP/CD (Lookout) - yeah! the 'rockingiest' band in the u.s. 6.50/8.50
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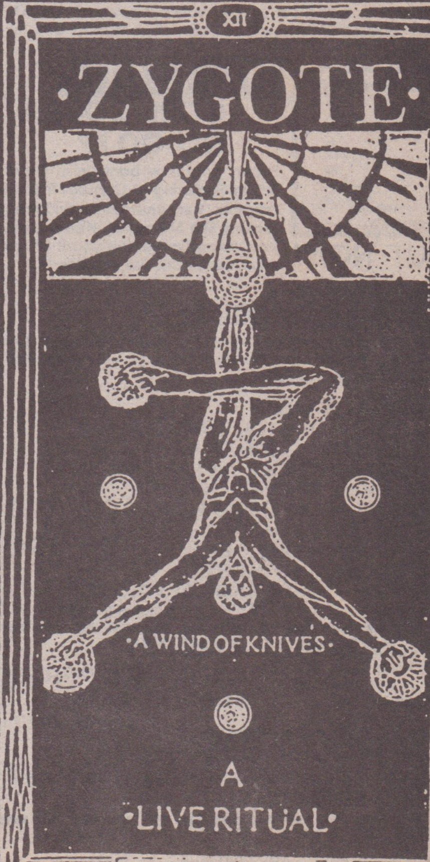

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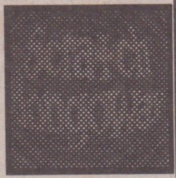

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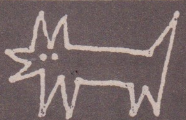

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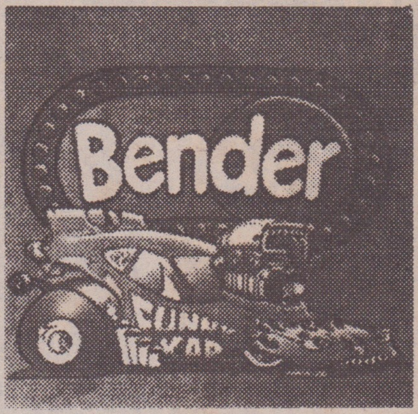

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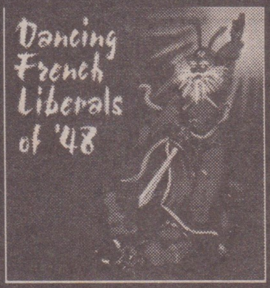

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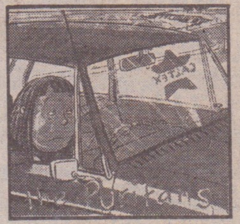

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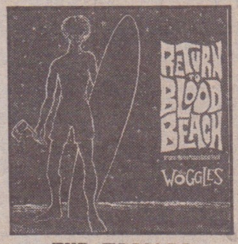

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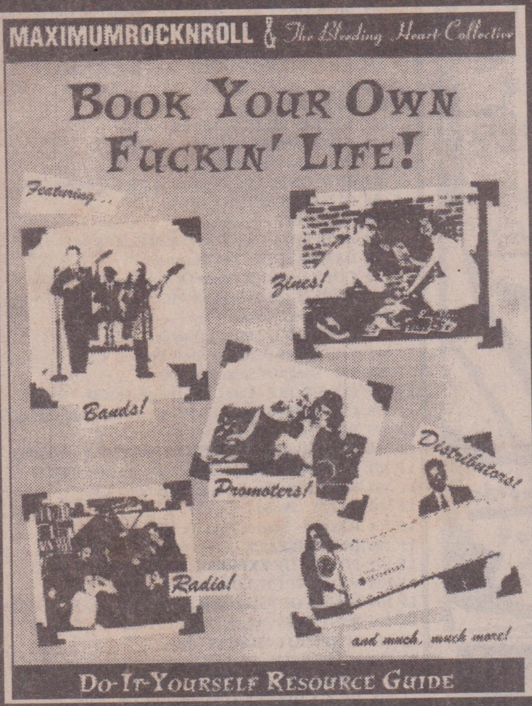

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